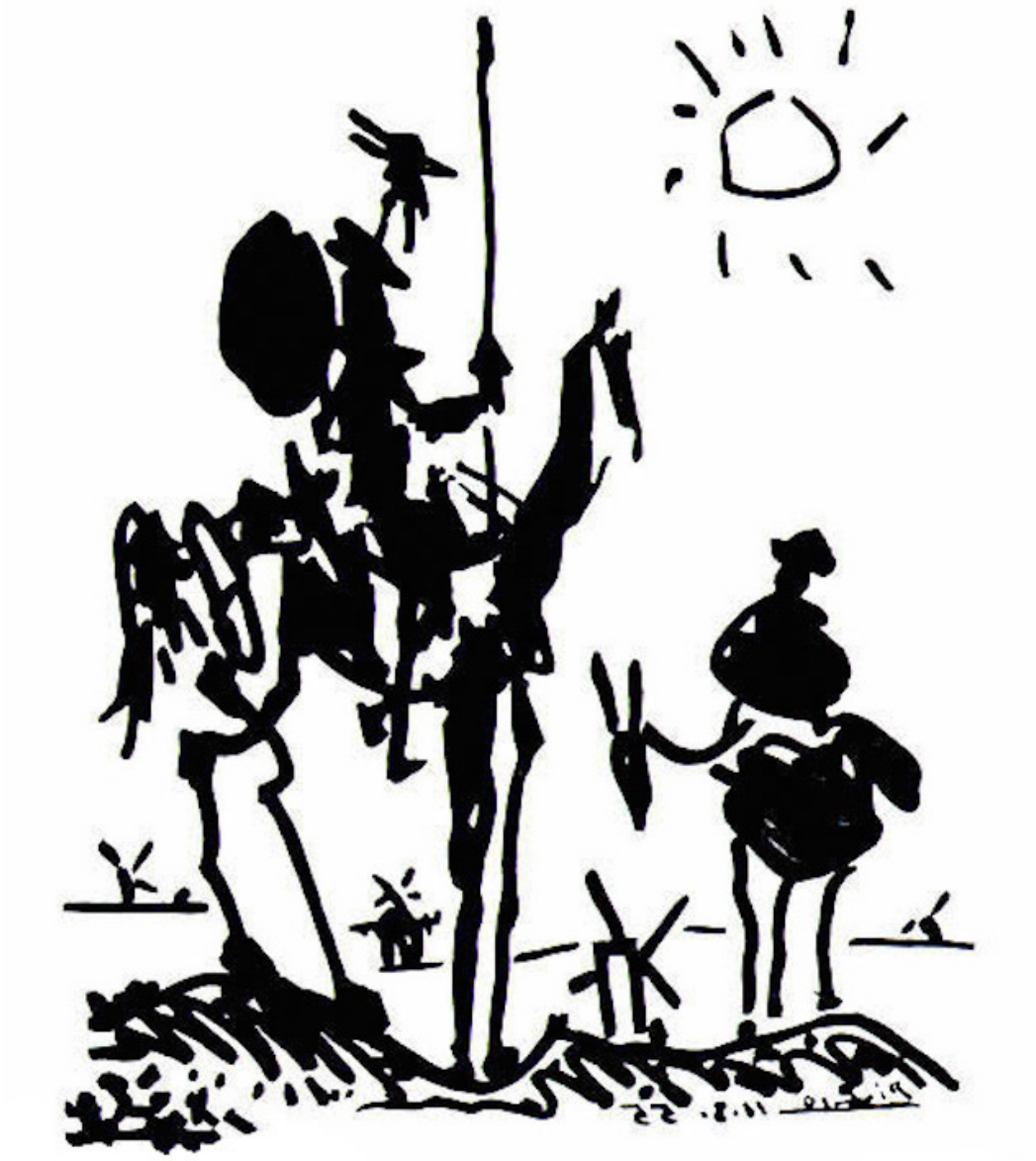
Breadcrumbs 2015

Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

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Preface

Greetings,

Breadcrumbs kicked off in 2015. These are the thoughts written from 2015 to 2017. All writings since 1989, including current issue, are available online in a variety of locations.

This work is blogged at:

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com/

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. 'Yay' if it is your fate to figure it out. 'Oh well' if it is not. And 'so it goes' either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity." Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

'The Stillness Before Time' is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. 'The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim' is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The 'Breadcrumbs' titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into

this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

'The Return to Wonder' blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if You are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind's eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if You do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen You have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give You the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever You will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning 'sowing' (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are You. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time,
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com
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Breadcrumbs 2018
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Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
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Imagination: The Great Usurper
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Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
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Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
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Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/michaelsrabbithole.pdf

Of Meaning & Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All
https://ofmeaningandpurpose.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofmeaningandpurpose.pdf

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
https://ofnoiseandsilence.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofnoiseandsilence.pdf

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/standouts.pdf

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com
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To Be, or Not to Be
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The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed
https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com
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Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

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Jester Amok
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https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311100495387&type=3

My (Not Quite) Haiku
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Once Upon a Christmas
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Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
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Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
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Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.pdf

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecorollariesofyajekim.pdf

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestandardripostes.pdf

Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while, might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

Leftovers

To become a skeptic, a cynic, a doubter, an agnostic, one becomes an adversary of delusion,
An antagonist to the fallacies of mythology, superstition, and other cultural assumptions.
The mind of the critical thinker is its own reflection of what is real, and what is not.

* * * *

What hope can there be for harmony, in a world swirled and hurled asunder,
By the exponentially accelerating technologies of death and mayhem.
War is peace in this Darwinian leap into the survival of the fittest.
And those who endure, those who abide the dystopian future,
Are not necessarily the stronger, or the more intelligent,
But those most adaptable to the pendulum of time.

* * * *

No matter how assiduously one may give heart and mind,
Over to some idea, some creed, some meme, some groupthink,
No individual existence can ever be close to being exactly the same.
Despite all thought and done, all are exclusive blends of the same stardust.

* * * *

The personal pronouns – I, You, he, she, it, we, they, me, him, her, us, them –
Should be considered in all these thoughts rather loosely used,
Given that ‘we’ are really nothing more than the nothingnesss of awareness,
Playing a game of charades conditioned by time, drawing toward a whimpering conclusion.

* * * *

Measuring our deterioration one graph at a time;
Kind of like an already abysmal poker hand that only draws worse.
The good news is we will be leaving behind a prodigious assortment of videos and such,
For the extraterrestrials to check out, when they finally show up, maybe.

* * * *

Best to be somewhat cautious with that body.
It is the only one You will have on this relatively brief journey.
It is more than a little fun to toss it around, and gratify it with every form of indulgence,
But know that there are many consequences to each of the deadly sins.
Pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, and sloth,
Should never to be taken lightly.

* * * *

The grace of youth, the wonder of innocence, sooner or later, quickly or slowly,
Gives way to the inevitable decline and fall of sickness, injury, aging, and dying.
The end of all entitlement, no matter how grand, is most assuredly guaranteed.

* * * *

The idolatry of form has drawn many a mind throughout the rise of humankind.

How many whimsical notions have been fabricated across the world,
Faces we can see, rather than the one and only we cannot.

* * * *

Is money to be considered an end, a raison d'être, in itself,
Or a means to survive, a means to experience one's fleeting existence,
In as many satisfying, entertaining, hedonistic, even enlightening ways, as possible?

* * * *

What is light? What is dark? What is good? What is evil?
What is right? What is wrong? What is agony? What is ecstasy?
And what is the impenetrable awareness, permeating all things imagined?

* * * *

Likely not many are watching You, or thinking about You,
Near as much as your monkey-mind might choose to believe.
You are only the center of your imaginary version of the universe,
And every other life form, all across this mystery, the center of theirs.

* * * *

How can there be even a trace of loneliness,
Once the eternal aloneness of the ultimate nature is discerned?
It is not a thing to be dreaded or forestalled, once the monkey-mind is transcended.
Embracing its indivisible inviolability is the most genuine faith.
No idolatry or glass cathedrals required.

* * * *

Sophistication in any field of endeavor,
Is a matter of how the given capacities and limitations,
Double-double-toil-and-troubling their way into conscious awareness.
Who are the most skillful, but the few-and-far-between, allotting their fullest attention.

* * * *

So what?
To everything.

* * * *

For as long as there is air, and a body-mind bent on existing,
You are free to breathe it in and breathe and it out,
A witness to the mystery beyond measure.
Enjoy in joy as best ye are able.

* * * *

The scientific mind is ever observing, measuring.
Ever exploring everything, in every way imaginable.
True science transcends all frames, all boundaries.
The profound challenge is to keep it harmless.

* * * *

Your only constriction, is being locked up in the temporal body.
The indivisible youness, You truly are, knows no bounds.
Only imagination binds itself to its given universe.

* * * *

There are no exceptions, no exemptions, no get-out-of-jail cards.
All are destined for one expiration date or another.
More certain than taxes, to be sure.

* * * *

We are all the center of our unique little dream; every sentient life form is.
None can be the same, no matter how diligent the effort,
And why even try? Why even bother?

* * * *

Narcissism is defined as the pursuit of gratification,
From vanity or egotistic admiration of one's own attributes.
If You are past all that, if You have transcended the given mind-body,
Why should You not esteem your essential Self, with every ounce of your being?

* * * *

The thoughts of time, mixed and remixed, times beyond counting.
Who knows what was scribbled when or where,
And why would it matter?
Wisdom is the coin of eternity.

* * * *

Consciousness is relatively capable of anything imagination can conceive,.and quantum physics allow.
It boils down to playing out the blueprint, the programming, of the given seed line, as it sprouts into time.

* * * *

What is an orgasm, but the mind’s most innate high,
A very present, very pleasurable detonation in the timeless now.
A disintegration, a dissolution, of any sense of self, of any sense of separation.
Is it any wonder our species gallops the edge of obsession about everything to do with it?
Sexuality is the wellspring, the underlying force, the fulcrum of human history.
Power, renown, prosperity, the creativity of art, science, technology,
All have come about as aphrodisiacs to its gratification.
And all of it, the evolutionary outcome,
Of the genomic ambition to abide evermore.

* * * *

So many faces come and gone, in the rolodex of life.
So many moments spent together, so many things shared.
What happened to them all, what stories unfolded into destiny?
The things we can never know of our dreamtime, are many and large.

* * * *

Every eye, a subjective filter.
Objectivity is the ruse of idealistic notion.
No matter how detached, how indifferent the endeavor,
It is ever seen through the personal coloring of the conditioned mind.

* * * *

What are all human beings but liars, cheats, thieves, murderers, and anarchists.
In the cradle of the genetic lottery, we are the jungle from which we were spun.

* * * *

What is so dysfunctional, so surreal, about the human species,
Is its obsession with what others think, and what others think about them.
Groupthink has been a mainstay of our survival in this dreamtime,
But its interminable absurdities are beyond measure.

* * * *

Existence creates many questions, answers to which, often raise many more.
And on and on, knowledge bounds into its fabricated future.
What is the parable of Adam and Eve,
But the plucking of knowledge from the garden,
And then carrying on with whatever its imaginary whirl concocted,
Eventually swirling into the marvel and madness of these our so-called modern times.

* * * *

Unless You have managed to achieve the higher percentiles,
Best to be practical and frugal, best to live within your means.
Exorbitant debt can get unmanageably ugly, way too very quickly.

* * * *

This cosmos, this world, was not created by meekness,
By fear, by hope, by political correctness, by any absurdity whatsoever.
The vagaries of the human condition, are but a hiccup in the kaleidoscoping eternal theater.

* * * *

Is the moi, You think You know, the moi, I think I am?
Of course not, nor would the visa-versa ever be bona fide, either?
We are all one-of-a-kind imaginary universes, each and every one, at center stage,
All of it happening in a quantum sort-of-maybe indivisible way.

* * * *

Consciousness is an insatiable force.
Were it to heartily devour the entire universe,
Were it to experience absolutely everything imaginable,
It would not be enough, it would still yearn for more, more, more.

* * * *

Same old story in yet another tale.

The cast, the crew, the stage, has changed,
But the patterned narrative is very much the same.

* * * *

A great curiosity, a great absurdity, about this two-legged drama,
Is why so many are so concerned what others think or do.
What is all this judgment but a survival mechanism,
Bred into being in the jungles of long ago.
Yay or nay, it is ever entangling.

* * * *

All concepts, whether of some deity,
A horse, a chair, a rock, a star, or some abstract quantum formula,
Are born of limitation because they can never be more than formulations of temporal consciousness.
No sound will ever be more than a vibration, no perception will ever be tangible,
Including the You, that You in mind-body believe so real.
It is all a dream born of imagination.

* * * *

If history has proven anything,
It is that far too many always manage,
To talk themselves into just about anything.

* * * *

Very dubious whether our seemingly innate attachment to the past,
To whatever tradition, to whatever time and geography, we might subscribe,
Is leaving many if any real options in the future just round the bend.

* * * *

If there is a purpose in all this, then surely this here, this now, is it.
An immense theater in which You, a drop in all, are the all in a drop.
The real and only You, sovereign, absolute, indivisibly immaculate.

* * * *

A word of warning to the young: Avoid doing really dumbass things whenever possible.
If what You are undertaking is akin to walking eyes-closed across a busy freeway,
Then it might be best to do some checking in with your common-sense meter.
That is assuming, of course, that You want to arrive at some ripe old age,
In a reasonably healthy body, with a reasonably functioning mind.
And rest assured, this is a ‘do what I say, not what I did’ suggestion.
Life is longer than You realize in the early years, and blunders cannot be undone.
Believe me when I say, that I was probably as foolish as You, and have paid many penalties.
Our kind is hard-wired for narcissism and hedonism, and moderation is a tack requiring great discipline.

* * * *

Imagine all the life forms on this garden planet,
And realize that You are of the same clayness as each and every one.
Look out into the sea of stars, and discern the same.

All are cousins of the same source.

* * * *

Every geography, in its own time, is its own brand of modern,
All very likely, equally resistant to other renderings of the same.

* * * *

Nature's dogma is the unwritten law determined and enforced by quantum mechanics:
Irrevocable, irreversible, unalterable, unchangeable, immutable, undeniable,
Incontrovertible, indisputable, permanent, binding, absolute, final.

* * * *

Time to get another trim, cut another nail.
Time to eat another steak, drink another bottle of wine.
Time to take another jaunt, another walk, another shit, another piss.
Time to fill another form, smog another car, pay another bill, lace up another shoe.
Time to abide another debate, cast another stone, suffer another injury, endure another death.
How many times does one need to do something or another, to catch the drift?

* * * *

Who contemplates?
Who perceives?
Who knows?
Who cares?
Who feels?
Who loves?
Who hates?
Who hopes?
Who believes?
Who does anything?

* * * *

Somewhere in time, somewhere in space,
Some mind first said it, first wrote it, first built it.
Different mind, same mind, all derived of the same essence.
The same unfathomable, indivisible, ineffaceable, ineffable mystery.

* * * *

Assuming any survive the dystopian now daily unfolding,
They will be walking in the ruins of self-absorption and greed,
Unlike any time, the world and all its critters, has ever seen.

* * * *

Ultimately, the final stage, is to let go,
All You have done, all You have not done,
All that the world is, all that the world is not,
And just silently wander in unutterable solitude.

* * * *

You are but a fleeting window in the seed principle's theater of dreamtime.
Think what You will of its inexplicable mystery, You are but a player,
And all your conclusions, all your assumptions, mean nothing.

* * * *

Quantifying, measuring, everything imaginable, what is the point, really?
Being ever-present in your inexplicable walkabout,
Now, that is a challenge, indeed.

* * * *

Science and technology stand on the shoulders of all those who have come before.
Turtles all the way down, and all the way up, too, for as long as the dream plays out.

* * * *

Time and space are but a mortal fabrication of memory cells, of neuron trails.
The nothing more, nothing less, of quantum vapor, playing the indivisible real.

* * * *

So many sermonizing from some pulpit in their mind: 'Don't do this, don't do that.'
All based on utterly absurd, often contradictory notions, written thousands of years ago,
Warnings of a go-directly-to-hell naughty list, kept by some Santa Claus up in the clouds.
Well, any defensive lineman worth his salt, knows to shove back or sally around the blocker.
There is not any dogma, any on-high authority, that means squat to those bent on Self-discovery.

* * * *

If You take your body, your vehicle, your temple, your meat machine, for granted,
It will only be too unhappy to again and again, in many ways,
Remind You of the error of your ways.

* * * *

Different geographies, different cultures, different languages, different livelihoods, different clothes.
Different foods, different sports, different creeds, different absurdities.
Different this, that, and the other thing.
Same monkey.

* * * *

And what would this inane world be like, if we all respected each other,
If we all treated one another, as we would ourselves choose to be treated?
Is the so-called Golden Rule anything more than an ideal, a soporific notion,
To which vanity only rarely allows more than lip service be paid.

* * * *

Revenge has a long memory,
And it is only through self-restraint,
That it is not severely exacted at some point.
How many are fortunate that they have not endured,
What others have contemplated with one apparatus or another.

* * * *

What a curious thing, how flesh can in one instance be so enticing,
And in another, be only just a few clicks well past horrifying.
Everything abides in one slice of relativity or another.
Perception is all, and all must endure one way or another.

* * * *

Not even one moment in your entire existence, has ever been more than a dream.
None of it has ever been truly real, but for the ephemeral nothingness,
That is as close to ‘reality’ as this mystery can ever be.

* * * *

What solution can there be to the interminability of it all,
When the universe You were in no longer exists.
When You are, each and every moment,
Ever streaming past some point of no return.

* * * *

Human beings are absolutely no different,
Than any other biological creatures in this manifest realm.
And we will, each and every one of us, disincorporate the same as every other,
In Mother Nature’s magically indifferent dream of space and time.

* * * *

So many interesting things to do in any life,
That are entirely satisfied by a spoonful of imagination.
The real thing, often being far too out of reach,
Or too bothersome to bother doing.

* * * *

So many wandering about,
Regurgitating one blather or another,
When right smack dab in the miasma of their mind,
Is the most inexplicable mystery they could ever hope to discern.

* * * *

Time travel?
How can You cross something that does not exist,
As anything more than an imaginary notion?

* * * *

To exist free of vanity is a rare feat, indeed, and more often than not only in deep sleep.
Whether it is even possible on more than sporadic occasions when awake,
Might well be instigator for the greatest vanity possible,
And even get You dangled on a cross, or molded into a garden statue.

* * * *

Those furry things that swing from branch to branch; yes, You are very much related.
What is a few million years of evolution, when You really should be talking,
About the many billions, it took to build the stage in the first place.

* * * *

There is little or no point, in trying to explain or justify anything, to anyone, really.
May as well remain mute, to those who will never understand the inner quest.
The apologist for the ephemeral, is ultimately only babbling away to Self.

* * * *

As perfect as the word, the number, the note, the line, the hue, might be,
It is instantly but a perception, forever caught in the amber of imagination.

* * * *

Everyone believes whatever falsehoods they want to believe,
Until doubt perhaps slowly sprouts in one cranny, one nook or another.
And from that moment on, who knows where the long and winding road will lead.

* * * *

The task is to discern the nature of heaven in the hell humankind has made of paradise.
There is no god, no devil; there is no good, no evil; there is only consciousness imagining all.
And You are really very much on your own, in figuring it out, in whatever way your destiny ordains.

* * * *

Words, numbers, notes, lines,
And other such conceptual intrigues,
Are the limitless playground of imagination.
They cavort through nothing to their mind's content.

* * * *

If You are acting out some dogma, You are beating a wrong tack.
There is no right way, there is no wrong way, there is only the Way.

* * * *

What a tale to tell, of all these perpetual monopoly games,
Striving for vanity and greed's supremacy in the Game of Mammon.
Which we must all participate – like it or no – to some degree.

* * * *

What is called goodness, is consciousness without ulterior motive.
What is called evil, is consciousness distorted by perception,
Into every imaginable contortion of self-absorption.

* * * *

The Seventh Day was much more a paradise,
Than the human mind has fashioned in the Eighth.
And the Ninth is coming up to bat, the Tenth is on deck,
And what might be played beyond that, only the mystery knows.

* * * *

Rest as easy as the abrasive traces of the mind-body allow,
In all the traumas your existence has inspired in its neurological frame.
It is the anxiety all life forms balance in order to survive,
In order to propagate a future for its kind,
Until extinction snuffs it out.

* * * *

Best not to declare most anything impossible in the human paradigm,
For there always seems to be some mind, in one cubicle, one garage or another,
Looking to find one way or another, to prove You wrong, yet again.

* * * *

Why should You not be somewhat irritated, frustrated, irascible,
That your innocence was defiled, corrupted, maligned,
By the wearing quagmire of human inanity?

* * * *

“It is this way,” said one. “No, it is this way,” asserted another.
“No, it is neither of those ways, it is this way,” bickered yet another.
And on and on and on and on … all the rights, all the wrongs,
All the ethical dilemmas, of all who juggle such notions.

* * * *

Religious fervor ebbs and flows, rises and falls, in the bell curves of space-time.
Eternal life is the essence, the genesis, of the ever-present now,
The born again-ness of each and every moment.

* * * *

To consciously be the light unto thy Self,
Is up to You, and You alone, to explore and perceive.
An ever-present journey through a long and winding mind, to be sure.

* * * *

What need for worship, for piety, for virtue,
For belief, for faith, for dogma, for idolatry, for ritual,
Once You have discerned, what You truly are, is prior to all perception.

* * * *

Even the intelligent, the honorable, the healthy, the beautiful, the loving,
Earn the undivided attention of maggots and other dignitaries of obliteration.

* * * *

Meditation is suspending the worldly attributes, fabricated by the sensory mind,
And instead wandering about, in the timeless indivisibility of the quantum ether.

* * * *

So many distractions this manifest creation offers.
Tangible and intangible, in every ways-and-means imaginable.
But what is a Self to do, when all become so passé,
When even watching it is bother.

* * * *

The body may exist, the mind may think, but is it really You doing any of it?
Are You really any more than witness to the given nature-nurture?
Attached only to the mesmerizing churning of the senses,
And the innumerable vain notions they parlay?

* * * *

Forget everything, and what else will You be,
But what You are, have ever been, will ever be,
Minus the space, minus the time, minus the fiction.

* * * *

It is your desire for more, your fear of less, that leaves You time-bound.
That leaves the born-again-death of eternal life ever just out of reach.

* * * *

That which was never born has no measure.
It is an indivisible essence, a potency igniting all.
All discrimination is born of the miasma of imagination.

* * * *

We all seek out others who perceive the world the same,
And yet no one ever does, no one ever can,
Because it is just not possible,
To negate the solitude, the aloneness, within all.

* * * *

Do You think any worm chewing on your eyeball in some future-past,
Would ever care any more about You, than You do that chicken?
Everything is cuisine for one indifferent beast or another.

* * * *

Best to introspect your own cabaret before judging another's.
We are all cousins of the same mysterious puddle,
And we all live in glass houses.

* * * *

Awareness is the immortal connection,
That indivisibly transcends all creations small to great,
Across all heavens, all hells, further than any eye but one, will ever see.

* * * *

Once You are free of karma, whatever happened,

To reach this timeless, ephemeral moment, no longer matters.
Here You are, the one in the same, as liberated as You care, or un-care, to be.

* * * *

Even the sharpest, most strident blade, cannot pierce the awareness unborn, undying.
Timeless, changeless, ageless, indivisibly, immortally indifferent, to any stab or slice.

* * * *

How some minds spend their existence in the ecstasy of creative fire,
And others abide, unable to lend more than an occasional spark,
Is a mystery, for which spectators tithe a great deal of coin.

* * * *

This spinning garden world is both womb and graveyard,
And the existence between, but a wormhole,
In the grand matrix of oblivion.

* * * *

Ego is the source of all flaws, the playground of all flaws, the upshot of all flaws.
What other creature across this world, daily sustains such a burdensome weight.

* * * *

Star stuff, come unto life.
Thou art quantum, thou art God, thou art whatever,
Forever and evers beyond.

* * * *

What is sex, what is an orgasm, but stimulation.
Friction, by whatever means accessible.
Cloaked with every imaginable justification of mind,
But really nothing more than the most primal urge to procreate,
Playing out the genetic lottery's ultimately pointless pursuit of immortality.

* * * *

What is this phenomenon called life,
But a collection of extremely obtuse notions,
To which a completely imagined self is so attached.

* * * *

The best learning is spontaneous, anonymous,
Where teacher and student connect deeply,
And perhaps never see each other again.

* * * *

What need to have some group, some herd, corroborate the obvious?
What need to teach, to illuminate, that which cannot be taught?
What need to pretend, that which is only ever pretend?

* * * *

What culture, what tradition, what meme, what ethos, what garden,
Can withstand the onslaught of so many billions,
In just a few hundred years?

* * * *

Misogyny and misandry are the loathing of innate differences,
Selected in the puddles, the jungles, the diverse geographies, of long ago.
What it took to survive, to abide, in those way-back-when's, are far different stories,
In these our modern, materialistic, overwrought, so-called civilized times.

* * * *

The dark side of our indelible tool-making ability, all our technologies,
Is how often we are overwhelmed and burdened, even subjugated,
By their efficiency, by their sovereignty, by their omnipotence.

* * * *

As if any individual, any group, any culture, any mindset,
Can really change or control a world, a universe,
This colossal, this diverse, this complex,
This unutterably mysterious.

* * * *

A bubble of awareness, nothing more, nothing less.
Naught but imagination, coupled with the sensory feed,
Dressing it infinitesimal to infinite, as the given mind allows.

* * * *

Who is not both predator and prey, hunter and quarry, slayer and slain,
At capricious junctures in this temporal theater of existence.
Each has its time, each as its place, and the rub,
Is knowing when, is knowing how.

* * * *

The same conversations have been going on since the advent of language.
Only cultural distinctions shaped by geography and time,
Have made them appear different,
And humanity has never dealt well with contrasts.

* * * *

Go to that state of solitude, that awareness prior to time,
That eternal here-now prior to consciousness,
Where no other has never abided.
That placeless place,
The source code of creation.

* * * *

What is any history, any saga, any memoir, any narration,

But a set of partial perceptions of one mind or many,
Precisely asserted by one storyteller or another.
What really transpired any given here now,
Is very likely always a dubious assumption.

* * * *

Mind-altering substances can be teachers, guides, companions,
That aid the exploration of the relativity of consciousness,
And the inexplicable mystery from whence it arises.
Harmful only if they are misused and abused.
Moderation, equilibrium, equanimity, in all things.

* * * *

It is in consciousness that all heavens and hells reside.
In awareness, the ineffable ethereal of all things,
There is naught but the serenity of oblivion.

* * * *

You are going to have to let go of everyone and everything eventually.
The choice is whether or not to wake up and embrace it choicelessly now,
Or continually to be carried astray, by the countless mirages of mind,
Until that last wheezing breath, takes You away, deaf and blind.

* * * *

The truth is equally within all things from small to great,
And only those who surrender to its beingness,
Are free of imagination's constraints.

* * * *

It can be more than a little challenging, looking into that mirror,
And seeing the geezer or hag, You so easily ignored when You were young.
Along with all the many aches and pains and regrets of aging,
Probably one of the hardest parts about growing old,
Is recalling that You were once young.

* * * *

Any given dogma is about power and control,
And desire and fear will ever give way to the carrot and stick,
That extract the tithing toward whatever coffer,
Some other inevitably contrives.

* * * *

Time does not exist.
It never has, and never will.
It is entirely an invention of imagination,
And without the neural pathways fashioned by evolution,
Its presumption, the dreamtime of creation, would never have entertained.

* * * *

To abide in the timeless truth of this manifest reverie,
One must focus attention upon that which is prior to consciousness.
That momentary awareness, ever prior to the me-myself-and-I of conscious design.

* * * *

The sound of one hand clapping is the sound of …
The big bang five trillion big bangs ago,
The moment just before a sneeze,
The other hand clapping,
A dust ball swirling,
An atom splitting,
A minnow winking,
A wave's furthest reach,
The wiggle of a loose tooth,
Dust settling upon a dewdrop,
The moment before a door slams,
Wind wafting along the edge of a rock,
Time changing on the face of a digital clock,
A water balloon bursting through a chain link fence,
The brush of a butterfly's wing upon the surface of the moon,
A paper plane gliding through the stillness of a room,
The ground falling toward a descending plane,
Sunlight reflecting off a beetle's back,
A wheel bouncing above the road,
A mosquito's needle piercing,
A gnat flapping one wing,
The space between the eyes,
A crippled cockroach dancing,
A tear tugged downward by gravity,
A spit wad just before smacking its target,
Angels dancing madly on the proverbial pinhead.
The pause between breaths, the breath between pauses.

* * * *

A question for the scientist, who harbors in any inquisitive, rational, un-aligned mind,
Has a hypothesis to spare, and inclination for observation within and without:
Are all the passions of consciousness enhanced by oxygen deprivation,
Born of the many stresses and strains fashioned by suffering?
Is something so simple, root cause of so much angst?
Root cause, to all that has fashioned the human paradigm?

* * * *

You have more than most could ever even dream,
And still, You cannot open that tight-fisted grip.

* * * *

Consciousness can never catch-up, much less overtake,

That which only presence of the timeless awareness knows.

* * * *

You are not the body, nor are You any fiction born of mind.
The first and last freedom ambles free and clear of any other.

* * * *

Sobering as all these and many other thoughts may be,
They are ever of the same vanity as all things temporal.

* * * *

To exist mindlessly, or mindfully, that is the question.
And, really, ultimately, what choice has there ever been?

* * * *

The given moment is always the first time, the last time, the only time.
Discerning that clearly, freely, absolutely, is what 'born again' implies.

* * * *

The aging mind is crisscrossed by scores of rutted paths,
With fewer ruts wandered as time nears its inevitable end.

* * * *

No point in creating another absurd dog and pony show,
For the same choir that is always coming back for more.

* * * *

All preferences are inconsequential at the awareness level.
Choicelessness is the nature of the quantum indivisibility.

* * * *

Regarding all the vampires in your foamy wake,
The wonder is that You ever trusted any of them.

* * * *

Into illusory weaving,
Samsara entices You again and again.
Such an unwavering, tenacious opponent, indeed, indeed.

* * * *

If You never witnessed another scene, smelled another scent,
Tasted another flavor, heard another sound, felt another texture,
Would it really matter?

* * * *

It is not your body, nor is it my body.
It is merely a temporal container from which to witness,
Yet another mortal dream, play its Self out.

* * * *

The manifest universe is but an endless array of hooks,
That catch and bind all who are not nimble and carefree.

* * * *

Nowness is the bow of the boat, knifing through the still water,
And the boat and its wake, are the imaginary pretense of existence.

* * * *

Your cosmos disappears and reappears every kaleidoscoping moment,
In the ever-bubbling wake of imagination's ever-present dissolution.

* * * *

Many are called, few are chosen.
So, what does it mean, that You are drawn,
To peruse these and so many other similar thoughts?

* * * *

As a smile is to a frown,
It is far less taxing to be good, than it is evil.
Far more simple, to live in truth, than it is to promote lie after.

* * * *

If You were really granted one wish, what would it be?
(More wishes and world peace excluded)

* * * *

How did You forget not to piss in your own back yard,
And that in reality, the whole world is your back yard?

* * * *

The universe has expanded to this singular moment,
That You might be witness to your indelible mystery.

* * * *

The only way You imagine the perception of past or future,
Is through the eternal, very present nowness of awareness.

* * * *

Awareness is the constant in the grand experiment.
Everything else, the variables of imaginary notion.

* * * *

What is this hypothesis called 'All' but each and every one.
The same nothingness, dreaming an individual play of time.

* * * *

From relatively subtle, nondescript, innocent beginnings,
Did the insidiousness of this dystopian reality take root.

* * * *

We all have advocates.
We all have detractors.
It is a monkey thing.

* * * *

You are the singularity, the unicity, the oneness.
All sense of duality is delusion spawned by illusion.

* * * *

Fitting into one mindset or another, why, really?
What is this fear of standing alone, absolutely free?

* * * *

Limitation is splintered in every way imaginable.
Perfection has no frames, no boundaries, no limits.

* * * *

The manifest world entices You and repulses you,
Like a yin-yang symbol spinning round and round.

* * * *

How can words ever be as exact as You would have them be?
So much can be mislaid or misinterpreted in any translation.

* * * *

Alas, poor body, used and abused over time, in so many ways.
Slowly, surely, becoming a torture chamber of its own design.

* * * *

All creation stories are but theatrics of imagination,
Speculating realities that have never,
Nor will ever exist.

* * * *

The ephemeral nothingness of awareness is ever the same.
Only consciousness, only imagination, is ever-changing.

* * * *

No one can compel anyone to think, to believe, anything,
To which they do not, wittingly or unwittingly, collude.

* * * *

Imagine if all humankind could clearly discern the ultimate.
How different might this whirling garden dust ball really be?

* * * *

Of the five elements: earth, water, fire, wind, and ether,
You are the flawless singularity within and without all.

* * * *

You, too, shall one day be a carcass on one ground or another.
Be not proud.

* * * *

Nothing before, nothing during, nothing after.
How much more simply can this mystery be seen?

* * * *

Steer your paradigm back toward its source.
Move prior to all egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-heliocentric fabrications.
You need not subscribe to any limitation born of mind.

* * * *

Neither happy nor sad, kind nor bitter, humble nor vain,
The eternal awareness of the quantum essence simply is.

* * * *

Why be bound by the confinements of any arbitrary tradition,
When You can soar alone in the immensity of a clear mind.

* * * *

All quantum patterns must reside in the ambiguity, the tyranny,
Of the genetic lottery's given set of capacities and limitations.

* * * *

We are all our own law, our own judge, our own jury,
The execution of which, You must liberate your Self.

* * * *

Why is it so challenging for so many to grasp, to fathom,
That they are simultaneously, both creator and created?

* * * *

Will the first day really be any different than the last?
Or any different, than they were every day between?

* * * *

When one deity or many are imagined,
There is inevitably doctrine, idolatry, fraud,
And every vain gradation of absurdity imaginable.

* * * *

So many people, places, things,
You might have done so differently, or not at all,
But then where would You be, but somewhere else, exactly the same.

* * * *

Life: sometimes a gift, sometimes a curse.
Attitude is all, and oftentimes, it sucks greatly.

* * * *

A long cultural tradition means little, if You have gleaned nothing more from it,
Than a handful of obtuse egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-heliocentric notions.

* * * *

Everything is timelessly, indivisibly connected.
All dualistic perceptions are entirely imagined.

* * * *

Any die rolling across a table,
Is as much an evolutionary process,
As any transitory fate of the so-called living.

* * * *

You already are the eternal life of the quantum indivisibility.
The only question is whether or not You have discerned it.

* * * *

You are That which many call God, creating this vast dream,
Each vessel absolutely unique, yet through it all,
There is truly not even one other.

* * * *

The astounding thing about these temporal, mortal containers,
Is that they are ever healing, ever surviving, as best they can.

* * * *

We have all witnessed completely different universes,
Each in our very unique way, each very much alone.

* * * *

Trust God? Hah! I would sooner trust the Devil,
Though they are, in truth, very much the same.

* * * *

Traditions are inevitable in minds steeped in patterns,
Ever seeking a sense of security in the face of chaos.

* * * *

The crashing waves are not the eternal ocean,

From which they rush foaming across the sand.

* * * *

Instead of being grateful for what You have,
You hunger for more this, more that.
Consciousness is insatiable.

* * * *

Many require some vintage time,
For any writing to be worth considering,
As if the weight of history really means anything.

* * * *

Words, expansive as they may be, will never be more,
Than the contortions of that born in the dream of time.

* * * *

A most curious thing how soon we all become hoarders,
Of more far more memories than we can ever remember.

* * * *

Why is there always this need to research the obvious,
Except perchance as a means to avoid decisive action.

* * * *

As You gossip about others, so others likely do about You.
It is a monkey-mind thing across the entire dust ball.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

So many commemorate after someone departs,
But who was there while they were supposedly alive,
But an unfathomable bubble of unborn-undying awareness.

* * * *

No need to make a big deal about anything, really.
Here You are, enjoy it as best You can, if You can.

* * * *

From the ultimate quantum still-point,
How meaningless all sounds given concept,
All motions given flourish, all dreams given reality.

* * * *

The newborn is pure awareness,
Lost in the sensory play, no direction known.
And then the winds of space and time begin their sculpting.

* * * *

You are the awareness prior to all notions of consciousness.
You are in the mind-body, but not of it.
Be here now.

* * * *

There is no need to believe in God when You are God.
No need to believe in anything, really.
Just being is enough.

* * * *

So many existential questions without answer.
What can anyone do but become very present.

* * * *

Between the nowness of eternity and the dream of mind,
'Tis a ceaseless in and out … in and out … in and out …

* * * *

Victory in any conflict is based on some level of attrition:
Of time, of energy, of resources, and, ofttimes, of existence.

* * * *

The brain stem, the original evolution of the mind,
Is as in harmony with the primal awareness,
As any point of consciousness can be.

* * * *

There are a near-infinity of perspectives,
Upon which to endlessly, repeatedly ponder,
Until You are able to still the mind, and be free.

* * * *

There is likely no deity watching You from on high.
Only You peering out with two eyes,
And within with one.

* * * *

You are not, have never been,
And will never be, what You think You are.
You are not any sound that imagination has ever devised.

* * * *

If there is some all-powerful divinity out there,
Then it is on him/her/it to make it known to everyone.
No point in playing all these idolatry games we call religion.

* * * *

Fallow time is time well spent for any field of endeavor,
But especially in those involving the human genome.

* * * *

The quantum cosmos You are, is the only master,
And all its faces and forms, your myriad teachers.

* * * *

Words create, words preserve, words destroy.
Use them wisely as all your attachments allow.

* * * *

Indivisibility is indefinable, immeasurable, timeless,
And yet how we do carry on, in our very human way.

* * * *

Gone, gone, gone, so quickly gone,
And only the glimmering notions of memory,
To keep You believing anything ever really happened.

* * * *

A quantum dream of awareness,
Which in consciousness must be endured,
For whatever time the given mind and body allow.

* * * *

Why is this moment so fresh, so clear?
Because the present is where eternity abides.
The quantum nowness is the only reality possible.

* * * *

How can the infinite ocean know its ultimate nature,
But through the imaginary sagas of it countless drops.

* * * *

Anchored in the infinite abyss, You witness the elements,
However they mix and match, however they ebb and flow.

* * * *

If You know your Self,
And are your own steadfast friend,
Why would You ever need an imaginary one?

* * * *

Human silliness might be truly depressing,
If it were not laced with so much absurdity.

* * * *

Everything is of one patterning or another.
To do anything outside that patterning,
Requires conscious deliberation.
And even that is patterned.

* * * *

That which You recall is that to which You cling.
What a weight all the mind's baggage,
In the perception of now.

* * * *

How can the finite ever be that which is indivisibly infinite,
But through astute discernment it is already so,
Has ever been so, will ever be so.

* * * *

Is the glass half-full, is the glass half-empty?
Glug, glug, toss, crash, tinkle.
What glass?

* * * *

Because we can discern neither beginning nor end,
We postulate infinity, and even that is speculation.

* * * *

Different names.
Different faces.
Different times.
Different places.
Same mind, same jungle.

* * * *

The balance between the greatest ecstasy and the least agony,
Is somewhere towards the-not-very-easy-to-recognize middle.

* * * *

They mouth the words, use them with such earnest flair,
And all the while, know nothing of what they really mean.

* * * *

Another great creation, discovery, invention, innovation, adventure,
Grand experience of one sort or another.
Yawn-ho-hum.

* * * *

So many looking everywhere for magic, mystery, special signs;
Unable to see it in every right-here-right-now manifest moment.

* * * *

Sometimes a tinge of reality; other times, fantasy.
Whatever works in imagination's given moment.

* * * *

The specialist is attuned to the nuances of underlying form.
The generalist to the intuitive expansiveness of the essence.

* * * *

It all boils down to this singular existential moment,
Forever stage to the dreaming of consciousness,
Playing out whatever imagination divines.

* * * *

Creations require creators, and creators, creations.
All inventors and inventions are one-in-the-same.

* * * *

How weary one becomes of the abuse of others,
In their interminable attempts to sustain their vanity,
Or right some alleged wrong, they may barely remember.

* * * *

What is judgment but a Darwinian selection process,
Invoked in the evolution of different strands of DNA.

* * * *

So much time spent trying to solve so many insoluble human problems.
Why so serious?

* * * *

If humankind were as great as it likes to believe it is,
Would it have made such an abysmal mess of things?

* * * *

Truth is not in the regurgitation of any writings across time.
Dogma and idolatry are the quagmire of undiscerning minds.

* * * *

Sometimes You succeed, sometimes You fail, sometimes You stalemate.
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Is there anything in this mad monkey-absurdity of a world,
That does not subscribe to one form of vanity or another?

* * * *

The perpetual challenge for humankind seems less about what to believe,
Than it is to examine, to query, the seemingly instinctual drive to believe itself.

* * * *

The young, by their nature, can never appreciate,
What they have, or what they had, until it is gone.

* * * *

What is one to do when vain madness is considered normal,
And the show run by the endless greed for more of the same.

* * * *

Are human beings really all that different than seagulls,
In their noisy skirmishes for tidbits in the ocean waves?

* * * *

Likely even heaven is no big deal on the second day.
Reason enough why all the amusing people are in hell.

* * * *

How can You kill demons who just end up inhabiting other forms?
Different names and faces, but ever the same monkey-mind aspects.

* * * *

Why would anyone ever believe some deity,
Would ever be bound by any human concoction?

* * * *

Religion is a smokescreen projected,
By those who will use You to their own ends,
In as many ways as You will allow.

* * * *

You cannot help but see the truth,
That is every moment within and without You,
If You have enough doubt, enough skepticism, to erase the fear.

* * * *

One Mind to rule them all, One Mind to find them,
One Mind to bring them all, and in the lightness bind them,
In the Garden of Gaia where all true Guardians till.

* * * *

Nationalism is nothing more than tribalism on a grander scale.
The monkey-mind on steroids in a jungle of global reckoning.

* * * *

Explore your story,

Until it expands into all stories,
And beyond all stories, and prior to all stories.

* * * *

What more can anyone do but his/her best,
In the winds of the many adversities,
That haunt any given existence?

* * * *

Whether You call it good news, or bad news,
You are that which is mystery, that which is quantum,
That which is matchless, supreme, absolute, indivisibly singular.

* * * *

What does a newborn know of fear and desire,
Until the winds of time swirl in mind,
For a smidgen or so of time.

* * * *

How can any all-mighty deity be anything but all-inclusive?
Exclusivity is the realm of false deities advocated by tyrants.

* * * *

There are those who lead cults, those who blindly follow,
And those who stand back aloof, and wonder at the absurdity.

* * * *

Drawn to existence, drawn to oblivion, You ache for both,
In the ever-flowing currents of space-time born of imagination.

* * * *

Consciousness battles a never-ending war, over uncountable differences,
That have never really mattered at all, in any way, in any shape, in any form.

* * * *

Why care about any of it? Why not care for all of it?
So many contrary choices in the momentary mist of dreamtime.
All real, all unreal, in the perception of any given mind.

* * * *

What is any so-called life, but a streaming of vague impressions,
To which nearly all, become so resolutely, irrevocably, attached.

* * * *

What can anyone hold onto, but a collection of imaginary notions,
Created by the frame of reference, founded upon one's conditioning?

* * * *

There is ultimately no who, no what, no where, no when, no why, now how.
How could there be, when there is ultimately no other, upon which to reflect?

* * * *

Just because cookies are all different sizes and shapes,
Does not in any way mean they are not of the same dough.

* * * *

Rather than call it God, call it quantum.
And You are it, and it is You.
There is no other.

* * * *

An unexamined life is an unlikely probability,
In those whose thoughts been prompted by an education,
Bent on making the given mind whole and true.

* * * *

To comfort and aid those in need, those whose redoubt is self-reliance,
Is much easier than trying to save those, who will not help themselves.

* * * *

And those whose inner beacon is bright,
Are often ignored or martyred or worshipped.
The same truth within all, is only rarely discerned.

* * * *

Putting on a mask, wearing a different costume,
Gives pause to the identity, the personality,
To which You have become so attached.

* * * *

Regarding the God that so many idolize,
What form can there be, pray tell,
In that which is formless?

* * * *

For the worshippers of Mammon, it is all about gold,
Which leaves plenty of the real thing for the rest of us.

* * * *

Though sometimes he appears to take a break, Darwin rules,
And is probably taking notes alongside the Reaper at the exit.

* * * *

Enjoy while ye may for as long as ye may, or may not choose,
For this reverie must conclude as all things manifest do,
Whether by your own hand or some other design.

* * * *

There will always be some order in the orchestration of civility.
Humankind does not long tolerate chaos.
It is a monkey thing.

* * * *

Existence is suffering.
No one get a free pass.

* * * *

The intelligent and well-intentioned, are generally always rather a pleasure,
Unless they are annoyingly self-absorbed and arrogant in their waggishness.

* * * *

God and Satan, heaven and hell, have always been dogmatic absurdities.
Naught but collusions of human imagination, none ultimately real or true.

* * * *

Is it so simple as to say women need a nest and brood to nurture,
And men, a man cave, in which to be away from the turmoil,
And once and awhile, a little in-and-out to keep the peace.

* * * *

Such a temporary thing, this body.
Was it ever really yours?
How could it be?

* * * *

Love thy Self.
Absolute narcissism,
With a uniquely quantum twist.

* * * *

Pointless, absolutely pointless.
When did it ever really matter?

* * * *

It is not in the ineffable ‘out there,’
That You will discern true and lasting peace,
Or serenity or tranquility or happiness or contentment,
Or that quixotic state called love.

* * * *

When You say ‘I Am,’
Is it with or without the body,
And all its imagined history in mind?

* * * *

There can be no sense of space or time,
Without the indelible presence of awareness,
Within which to imagine every imaginable difference.

* * * *

Unconditional acceptance of this grand dreamtime as it is,
With all its light and dark, its good and evil,
Is about as loving as it gets.

* * * *

All these voices telling You to be this or that.
What is a Soul to do but put everything in its place.

* * * *

With so many deceits,
Truth has a rough time,
Getting much attention.

* * * *

Your fate is written in the ever-shifting sands of time.
Your task is to write it all down before the wind blows.

* * * *

How is it we cherry-pick so much conflict and horror,
Over the simplicity of peace and contentment and grace?

* * * *

Until You discern the wonder,
Of the unfolding eternal moment,
You will never truly see Eden.

* * * *

Who cares if You love each other.
Just getting along reasonably well,
Would be paradigm shift enough.

* * * *

Curious that we are so caught up,
In whether or not there are life forms on other worlds,
When we are so bent on destroying so many fellow earthlings on our own.

* * * *

The other four-letter words:
Love, cute, good, fate, envy, luck …
Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.
(More as mind allows)

* * * *

It is all that I am.
It is ALL that I am.
It is all THAT I AM.
IT IS ALL THAT I AM.
What is the matter, You deaf?

* * * *

Everyone and everything, and everything between and betwixt, the same awareness,
Waking up to whatever dreamtime, the patterned consciousness,
Of the given nature-nurture, ordains.

* * * *

Likely fairly unsettling, what might come about, if we all really said or did,
Whatever was playing out, in the nonstop prattle, of our little monkey-minds.

* * * *

What was it, in the whatever way back then,
That inexplicably made You say or do or feel that?
Stick to the script, boy, stick to the script.

* * * *

For those who espouse Middle Eastern lore,
The Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost,
Are all within and without You.
The Holy Quantum Trinity:
Creating, Preserving Destroying.

* * * *

Each of us plays out the day-to-day in our own unique Shakespearian fashion,
And within the ever-present consciousness, within the timeless awareness,
The quantum indivisibility, call it what You will, witnesses all as one.

* * * *

Chances are, a dense mind will not perceive the inexplicable,
No matter how adroit and lucid and profound the exposition.

* * * *

The mind, harbor to every conceivable passion,
Must be ignored by those earnestly intending,
To merge back into quantum indivisibility.

* * * *

There are so many things to regret in any given existence.
Try not to wade out in the deep-dark more often than not.

* * * *

Consciousness usurps awareness in every way, ever calling itself real.

Death tends to put a damper on this vain little pastime,
Ergo, tribalism, ethnicity, groupthink,
And all the traditions,
All the norms, in which they wallow.

* * * *

What becomes of anything born of this quantum mystery, is lost and gone forever,
Unless some witness manages to etch it in the ever-shifting sands,
Of their relatively brief moment in the given sun.

* * * *

Chances are, the who-what-where-when-why-how, You imagine You are.
Is not the who-what-where-when-why-how, You really are.
Somewhat mutually-exclusive, actually.

* * * *

Within the big picture, details, and from details, the big picture.
The predictability, of patterns within patterns within patterns,
Is as sure in a single quantum, as it is an entire universe.

* * * *

There is the way You wish it was, and there is the way it is.
To fight the tide, or not to fight the tide, that is the question.

* * * *

Hang around a bunch of old folks in their daily-diminishing zone,
And You are likely going to listen to a lot of moaning,
And be attendee to way too many funerals,
If You are prone to bothering with such things.

* * * *

Are those who believe they are the definition of rationality,
Really any more sane, than those who discern they are not?

* * * *

All meaning and purpose is born of imagination.
All very temporal, very brief persuasions, at best.

* * * *

So much right, so much wrong, so much good, so much bad,
What a species we are, to live in such a morass of judgment.

* * * *

So many wandering about,
Really believing their brief existence important.
More than just an exceedingly teensy-weensy, itsy-bitsy, particle of dust,
In the grand quantum dust storm we call a universe.

* * * *

Every group should always assign a Devil's Advocate function on a rotating basis.
Someone who questions all the assumptions, all the conclusions,
So often rendered by the collective mind.

* * * *

The great challenge is to be content with your own life.
To cease worrying about what everyone else does or thinks.

* * * *

Who at the greatest depth, does not see themselves as a beautiful soul,
Despite the ravages of time, so often convincing themselves otherwise.

* * * *

You only think You are the same persona every moment.
Sort of a you-are-you-are-not, mind-body-gorp kind of thing.

* * * *

You are everyone and everything and the infinity between.
Drink deeply the awareness of any and all,
Or of nothing at all.

* * * *

Duality exists only in the dreamtime of consciousness.
Reality is singular, through and through, for all eternity.

* * * *

Be the awareness, witnessing, and be free.
Be the awareness witnessing through the filter of consciousness,
And be bound by whatever whimsies it partakes.

* * * *

All lives are full of regrets, all are full of good deeds, and everything possible between.
Put aside all vanity, and discern what contentment You can, in an existence well-lived.

* * * *

Not everyone is intoxicated by this brief existence.
For some, enough is enough, long before it is done.

* * * *

Just because someone does not get their hands bloody,
Does not necessarily make them any less a barbarian.

* * * *

It is consciousness that presides over the passions.
Awareness is tranquility, serenity, through and through.

* * * *

Accumulating a great deal of power or fame or fortune,
Is to deal with any number of monkey-minds who want a taste,
And some who would without hesitation or remorse,
Happily swindle it, in any way possible.

* * * *

The bottom line to all existence,
Boils down to DNA's striving, in every way imaginable,
To continue for as long as possible.

* * * *

Whether words, numbers, notes, or any other device born of conscious design,
All concepts have their capacities and limitations,
Their raison d'être.

* * * *

In any game, rules are manipulated,
Stretched, ignored, penetrated, muddied,
And colored in every shade of gray imaginable.

* * * *

To call the United States of America, either a democracy or a republic,
To call it anything but a mammon-worshipping corporate oligarchy,
Is to blindly, absurdly, gloss over the bitterly harsh, often cruel reality,
That it has become little more than a greed-serving, dystopian war machine,
Raining destruction down upon innocents and enemies alike, all across the planet.

* * * *

What is birth? What is death?
And what is this surreal dream between?
Can anyone more than churn out endless speculation?

* * * *

Newborns are fresh out of the oblivion; the elderly and decrepit soon to return.
Those between, are myriad courses, upon which death munches, as time designs.

* * * *

How is it that those who believe they are the creations of some deity,
Do not in the same breath, wonder where that deity on-high came from?

* * * *

Think You are ready for the dark world that is coming?
You will, hopefully, not have to be around to find out.

* * * *

Outward and inward, inward and outward.
Which is which, when the which-which of it is not.

* * * *

So much absurdity to wade through in this tarnished world,
And to what end ever the insoluble question.
Live and learn, die anyway.

* * * *

Best not to rubberneck in dangerous situations.
Peeking out from behind the rock may get the noggin blown off.
Duck and cover, is a well-documented survival strategy, as is getting out of Dodge.

* * * *

Usually best to wrap your head around the way things are.
Expecting anything to be other than what it is,
Only tends to make for wacko.

* * * *

For a certain portion of life, especially during the younger years,
We must all experience first-hand, to understand how things work,
But at some point, the distillation of intuition, tends to cover the bill.

* * * *

It is much less about what anyone thinks, than what You think they think.
The challenge is not to fabricate undo turmoil upon yourself,
For no reason other than a shadow's passing.

* * * *

Meaning and purpose are nothing more than vain notions,
To which self-consciousness has subscribed since its origin.

* * * *

Whatever words are used to label the mind's perceptions,
It is the nameless authenticity, that must be daily endured.

* * * *

Any game works smoothly and cheerfully,
Only as long as everyone follows the same rules,
Or quickly recognize the new ones in play.

* * * *

We are all witness to the eternal Way.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Equal participants in this game of charades.

* * * *

Yes, there is no doubt God created this infinite cosmos,
So that so many could be unimaginably stupid about it.

* * * *

Impossible to undo anything once it is done.
Whatever time may or may not be,
There is no going back.
And time travel? forget about it.

* * * *

Yet another case of "Believe what I say, do what I say, not what I do."
Hypocrisy, an innate facet of the monkey-mind's self-protective shield.

* * * *

The quantum matrix is witnessed within and without,
They being but concepts, about that which is neither.

* * * *

Is love truly real, or merely another smokescreen of the mind,
Founded upon the neurological underpinnings of the mind-body?

* * * *

To disconnect Self from nature,
From the rules of the game board,
Is to separate from that which is true.

* * * *

God forbid the human pandemic ever gets off this planet,
And does to other garden worlds what it has done to this one.

* * * *

Do not beg forgiveness,
For every ill thing You have ever done.
An earnest apology will do.

* * * *

Why would anyone be at all interested in working up the food chain,
In some hierarchical, bureaucratic, so-called spiritual corporation?

* * * *

We are talking stark and logical and practical irrationality,
Not warm and fuzzy, comfortable, light show mezmorabilia.

* * * *

Vanity really being all there is,
We would as well just slit our throats,
And save ourselves the bother.

* * * *

Of humankind it can be said:
So much potential, so much obliviousness,
Too bad, so sorry, so it goes, oh well, shall we try again?

Or give up the ghost before the haunt begins?

* * * *

Across the world, across time, Mad Hatters babbling resolutely,
About every sort of nonsense, about every sort of absurdity,
To what end, at best the duration of a Cheshire Cat's grin.

* * * *

Them that cannot hear these words,
Them that cannot look past one conviction or another,
Well, give 'em an ample chunk of gnat dung to chew on until it sprouts wings,
And carries them to the greater heights of the absurdity and horror, in which they in deep sleep dwell.

* * * *

Depending how many siblings there are,
You are probably one of the most expensive nights,
Your parents, bless their hearts, ever had.

* * * *

Beauty is only skin deep, but ugly is a coating,
Of that which has its way all the way through.

* * * *

And on the eighth day,
God woke up, grumbled it ‘was’ good.
Another flood long overdue, likely this time without a Noah.

* * * *

Om, om, om … peace, peace, peace:
Tranquility, peacefulness, restfulness, calmness,
Serenity, repose, quietness, stillness, undisturbed, untroubled.

* * * *

The human species is in a wings-of-wax,
Accelerating-exponential, flight into the Sun.
Rest assured, Icarus, the great fall will not be pretty.

* * * *

It is much less important who said it, than what was said,
And then only what the given listener, is prepared to hear.

* * * *

The back-and-forth of a spontaneous one-on-one discussion,
Can be much more far-reaching than any lecture,
Because there is but one ear to knead.

* * * *

What do geezers and crones have left to be vain about,

Without a fair dollop of barefaced delusion,
At the helm of wishful thinking.

* * * *

What is death but the end of a dream of existence in one container or another,
A structure the ultimate You, never really more than donned for a brief while.

* * * *

Curious how so many spend their lives evading the aloneness,
They truly are, and have ever been, and will ever be,
In this inexplicably singular mystery.

* * * *

More of the same old indelibly, pathetically wearisome, human bullshit.
Some may be able to act it out in some delusionary cheerleader mode,
But we who do not abide blinders, must, alas, see it for what it is.

* * * *

What is the known universe, but whatever You consider it to be?
Imagination, ephemeral wind that it is, is as narrow as it is wide.

* * * *

Sanity, rationality, stability, soundness, lucidity, reason, poise, steadiness,
Is relative to the facet You are playing in the crest-jewel of consciousness.

* * * *

Do the math, do the words, do the music, do the dance, do the whatever,
They all double-double-toil-and-trouble, down to the same eternal emptiness.
The least common denominator, of the ever-most-excellent Great Nada.

* * * *

Unless the odds are too terrible-swift for it to even matter,
Conflicts of any hue, tint, shade or tone are generally best won,
By knowing the ill-starred adversary, better than he knows himself.

* * * *

Touch your nose down to your toes,
But for imagination's assertion,
Does it really feel like You?

* * * *

Too much knowledge is just more to forget.
A busy mind is not necessarily a fertile mind.

* * * *

Does merely thinking something ever really make it so?
Is imagination so powerful, as to make anything more than it can ever be?
Is cotton candy, puffy as it appears, ever more than spun sugar?

* * * *

What is a day in the nothingness of eternity?
And would seven of them really be any more?

* * * *

It took a while for the seed You call You to develop,
And when it runs out of steam, where will You be?

* * * *

Despite all the moral outrage of these modern times,
One can only wonder how much mind-altering substances,
Contributed to the ascension of the human paradigm.

* * * *

Far more arrogant to assert something You cannot possibly know,
Than it is, simply not pretending anything, You know You do not.

* * * *

Damned if You do, damned if You do not.
Heavened if You do, heavened if You do not.

* * * *

Nothing forward, nothing behind, nothing when, nothing where,
The wake of space-time, nothing more than the imagination of mind.

* * * *

What is courage but a composed indifference to personal safety,
A state of mind caught in even the bitterest wave of the given moment.
Existence is, after all is said and done, only a body, only a life, only a dream.

* * * *

So many concerned about saving and changing humanity,
When they cannot even begin to save or change themselves.

* * * *

Stream of consciousness, stream of imagination, stream of mind.
Call it what You will, it is the same eternal mystery,
Playing out however fate wills.

* * * *

None can long thrive against Mother Nature.
She will have You sooner or later,
No matter your pride.

* * * *

Way too much bother to off everyone,
Who does not agree with your prescribed view.

Likely a very big pile of bodies, indeed.

* * * *

What is the simplicity of rational, balanced thinking
– Lucidity, clarity, precision, intelligibility, transparency –
But a tranquilizing endorphin for the seething mind.

* * * *

There are no experts, there is no mastery,
Once You realize there are only beginners,
With minds full of more insights than most.

* * * *

Giving your way to another without qualm or regret,
Is a combination of esteem and compassion,
A recognition of the namaste vein.

* * * *

A candle only passes on the flame to another.
It is for wick and wax to sort out the details.

* * * *

The attitude to which You are most attached
Is the well from which You daily draw water.

* * * *

Who were the first of our kind,
Before the fabrication of deities and dogma?
Or has fear and fallacy always run this monkey-mind show?

* * * *

Impossible to go through this mortal existence,
Without raining on many parades along the way.

* * * *

What is any authentic scientist, but one who feels beckoned,
To explore his fleeting patch of dreamtime to an nth degree.

* * * *

Exposed to any deity, prescribed any creed, condemned to any hell,
What is there to do, really, but guffaw at the endless vanity of it all?

* * * *

Hard to get caught if You do not do it,
Or perchance have the flawless plan,
And the backing of some vain deity.

* * * *

Galadriel, Lady of the Golden Wood: The world is changed.
I feel it in the water. I feel it in the earth. I smell it in the air.
Much that once was is lost, for none now live who remember.

* * * *

To debate for or against some deity,
Some idolatry born of mind, some mythology born of time,
Is to miss the mystery of the allness of it, aloof from all theatrics of the human genome.

* * * *

Who, what, when, where, why, how, are You,
But a set of temporal attributes that have no actuality,
But through the quantum vibration of light and sound and form.

* * * *

As infinite on the outside, as it is infinitesimal within,
And never even – a point, a line, a plane, an object – between.
The imagination, born of consciousness, is the origin of all genesis.

* * * *

What is the difference between rape and brutal rape?
Between murder and a cruel or vicious or inhuman murder?
Where is the line between metaphors, when assault is the real issue?

* * * *

Another legend in his/her own lizard mind.
Any insect would no doubt think the same.

* * * *

All other creatures, small to great, still wander in this Garden of Eden world.
We are the ones who departed, the ones who stopped seeing it.
We did not get kicked out by some vain deity.

* * * *

The political mind evolved through the group dynamics,
Bred into the species over millions of years.
We are literally political animals.

* * * *

To discern the eternal life, the myriad binds of mind must be undone.
Cut the Gordian Knot of consciousness to discern the freest state of mind.

* * * *

What You really are cannot perish.
How can that which was never born ever die?
It never has, it never will.

* * * *

We all give our greatest attention to things we want to experience,
And the rest must abide in the ‘Boring’ and ‘Very Boring’ files.

* * * *

Whatever it might be that You feel called to create,
What others think should be of little concern.
Create for creation’s sake; process is all.

* * * *

The sponge absorbs fully, wipes away, squeezes out.
So too life’s weaving journey from newborn to corpse.

* * * *

Live and learn, die anyway.
Full of whatever has been gleaned from the worldly universe.
All lost and gone forever as memories languish,
And the final breath wheezes out.

* * * *

Do not make things more complicated that they are.
Yoda: Try not. Do, or do not. There is no try.

* * * *

Are You really as curious about things as You once were?
Or is that just what giving everything full attention is?

* * * *

The cosmos has always swirled before the senses,
Parts of which You are drawn to attend, or not.

* * * *

We are a species that does not tolerate differences well.
Which rarely if ever bodes well for individual thinking.

* * * *

Yet another itsy-bitsy nuance,
That means little if not nothing,
To even the most earnest layman.

* * * *

Here we all are, each and every moment,
All playing our imaginary selves,
All alone, all together.

* * * *

How many zeroes is it to infinite?
How many to infinitesimal?
And of what concern to the many

Who cannot be bothered to count that far?

* * * *

Jesus was attempting to modify Judaism; Buddha, Hinduism;
And instead, both got new religions named after them,
And on and on, they too splintered ad infinitum.

* * * *

It all has to end one someday or another,
So You may as well do whatever needs doing,
To depart without too many regrets in that bucket list.

* * * *

The speeding bullet is but a moment away.
How You react is the essence of your story.

* * * *

Attachment is a state of mind.
It is not really You 'doing' all this and that.
To be merely witness is nothing more than a flick of the switch.

* * * *

Every age has it conscious witnesses whose artistic endeavors,
Leave behind many creations in thought and deed,
For as long as subsequent times abide.
Some quickly disappear,
And others become great burdens.

* * * *

The awareness upon and within which consciousness skates,
Is an unfathomable mystery, prior to and beyond all measure.

* * * *

That any given windfall or disaster is construed as some deity's will,
Shows the depth of absurdity to which the monkey-mind is capable.

* * * *

The inexplicable expanse, is as much within, as it is without,
When the line between inner and outer, in awareness dissolves.

* * * *

When even more beyond counting, ever leaves someone unsatisfied,
How can a monkey-mind ever but bemoan its deep-seated discontent?

* * * *

From the eternal eye of awareness,
Through the sensory plays of all existence,
An infinity of universes are created.

* * * *

The sovereign moon orbits absolutely, indivisibly, inescapably indifferent,
To all the vanities playing out on the spinning dust ball,
With which it has long danced.

* * * *

If You seek a personal relationship with some deity,
Then get to know your one and only Self,
At whatever level You aspire.

* * * *

Once the course of any stream or river is set,
Its path is not easily changed, much less undone,
But through Mother Nature's most industrious efforts.

* * * *

In the ever-streaming course of human events,
Time tends to do more things with a lifetime of creation,
Than the lifetime itself could ever hope to attain.

* * * *

What a cruel, absurd joke it is,
To be recognized or acclaimed for anything.
The intrinsic is the highest order.

* * * *

What to do when You no longer want anything from this world or any other?
Why, nothing, of course.

* * * *

Every living thing from small to great,
Imparts a teaching, a vision, a totem, a talisman,
To any with eyes to see and ears to hear.

* * * *

Call it chance, call it fate, call it destiny, call it what You will,
Every existence is fashioned by a never-ending series of flukes.

* * * *

Just because someone is foolish enough to promise the future,
Does not mean You have to be foolish enough to believe it.

* * * *

Imagination imagines itself real, but it is not.
It never has been, and will never be,
More than figments of mind.

* * * *

This entire playground, this entire universe, is but fodder, chaff,
In the discernment of this kernel of awareness, this ultimate Self.
To discover You are the entire ocean in one drop is the brass ring.

* * * *

All creatures small to great are born of the same mysterious source,
And, in that ultimate reality, all are quite equal in this mortal fray.

* * * *

Treat your Self.
Be here now.
Bliss out.

* * * *

Ooh, ooh, mystery.
Ooh, ooh, brain freeze.

* * * *

Who cares, really, what happened in some way-back-when.
Here You are, right now, take a break from time, be free.

* * * *

Once You quiet, once You calm, once You still, all the many notions,
What is there but awareness, free of any sense of other.
Anything less is just quantum theater.

* * * *

Sometimes great genius is noted in its own moment, sometime later, often not at all.
The whimsy of consciousness is unending in the passage of the space-time born of mind.

* * * *

What is birth but the beginning of a dream of time, and death, its end.
And ever the great and powerful Quantum of Oz,
Before and after and between.

* * * *

Joy, bliss, ecstasy, heaven, nirvana, paradise, insight, illumination,
Delight, elation, harmony, rapture, happiness:
Yours for the seeing.

* * * *

Time – clocks, watches, calendars –
Stream toward their inevitable expiration.
The insects will not be caring about such things.

* * * *

The joy of youth is taking so much for granted.

The challenge of aging is watching entitlements evaporate,
Like a dewy morning giving way to the afternoon sun.

* * * *

How much desire, how much fear, is ignited by the chemistry,
Invoked by the tension of poor breathing, of oxygen deprivation.
Unleash your Dragon: Breathe fully, breathe boldly, breathe aware.

* * * *

Has anybody liked me? … Must … check … phone …
Has anybody liked me? … Must … check … computer …
Has anybody liked me? … Must … check … phone …
Has anybody liked me? … Must … check … computer …
Has anybody liked me? … Must … check … phone …
Has anybody liked me? … Must … check … computer …
Has anybody … anybody … anybody… anybody… anybody…

* * * *

What does it take to waylay the conditioning,
But full attention to the moment, called eternal life by some.
That which is prior to the mind-body, and the dream to which it is so attached.

* * * *

Every existence will at some point, be entirely extinguished,
And all the while, the quantum matrix, absolutely indifferent.

* * * *

Rest assured all ye who would envy and resent them,
The one-percenters and their minions are just as prone to pooping,
And peeing and heartburn and lunacy and suffering and dying, as everyone else.

* * * *

The horror, the absurdity, the futility.
What world is worth saving, were it even possible?
What can any detainee in this madcap monkey-mind asylum do,
But find what serenity and contentment they can in the empty squalor of it all.

* * * *

Young-juicy-sweet becomes old-shriveled-tough.
One is best used for stew, the other for gnawing.

* * * *

Given a reasonably vigorous body, an intelligent mind, and a certain fearlessness,
You may well be able to experience an agreeable statistical sampling,
Of much of what is possible within the human paradigm.

* * * *

Can You ignore the pain, the slings and arrows of aging and dying?

Can You rest easy in the ever-youthful fountain of awareness within?

* * * *

From the eternal serenity of your mother's womb,
You big-banged into your ever-expanding universe.

* * * *

Will You turn off the switch of your mind-body existence for your Self?
Or will it be shut off for You in some inescapable serendipity?
Only Mister Grim and his handy-dandy scythe know.

* * * *

If there is no other, then what matter what any think of You, or You of them.
Learn whatever You wish, experience whatever You want,
But it is all for naught by winter's end.

* * * *

Show me some supreme being that does not include You,
And I will call it just another hollow absurdity born of mind,
Another idol to whom one tithing or another is likely due.

* * * *

Yet another dubious war created by chicken hawks and agencies out of control,
And a foreign policy that blows chaotically in the winds of greed and self-absorption.
And a nod to Hunter S. Thompson's quip about the music world: There's also a negative side.

* * * *

The Way is simplicity its Self.
Only You perceive it complex.

* * * *

To be at peace, to be immersed in the ultimate awareness,
That this mortal dreamtime offers in each and every streaming moment,
What greater quality of mind could there be than the intangible brass ring of eternal life?

* * * *

Curious how so many, work so hard to help others, who will not help themselves.
How many times do You pick someone up, before You realize gravity is stronger?

* * * *

Martyrdom tends to raise the departed to far loftier heights,
Than their intrigues could have ever dared hope,
Had they remained mere mortals.

* * * *

Worldviews are like assholes, everyone's got one.
Sometimes they work out tolerably well,
And sometimes they do not.

So it goes.

* * * *

Any so-called – spiritual, sacred, transcendent – experience,
No matter how comforting, how reassuring, does not for indelible truth make.
It is but another moment, so very quickly come and gone,
In the grand abyss of eternity.

* * * *

Pure awareness, agnostic, totally attentive,
Fully absorbed in the eternal moment,
Is the highest state of beingness.

* * * *

Exceedingly challenging to hold on to something as ephemeral as nothingness.
To be, or not to be … requires an acumen far more artless than most minds allow.

* * * *

Were You not so attached, to all the perceptions about your imaginary cosmos,
Of the given existence, it could doubtless be asked: Did it ever really happen?

* * * *

Sticky wickets at every turn, in every nook, in every cranny.
Vanity's many-colored rainbow, casts a net far and wide and deep.

* * * *

All the handsome boys and beautiful girls, always touting their good fortune,
Until they, too, inevitably join those much less favored by the genetic lottery.

* * * *

Listen to all the birds, and realize their little brains,
Doubling-doubling-toiling-and-troubling in bird consciousness,
Are in actuality not all that different than your own.
We are all cousins of the same puddle,

* * * *

To the ultimate witnessing, the awareness prior to all dimensions,
It has never even once mattered who-what-where-when-why-how about anything.
That has always been, will ever be, for the dream of consciousness to sort out, however it imagines.

* * * *

What here after, or here before, can there possibly be,
When there has never been anything, but here now.

* * * *

Is there really such a thing as a soul?
Or is it merely the same quantum awareness,
The same nothingness, equally permeating everything?

* * * *

You are the same awareness, the same oneness,
That has witnessed all eternity and its countless creations.
Only imagination, lost in vanity, pretends otherwise.

* * * *

Hell, as some quotable once said, is in the details,
And there always seems to be more than a random few,
Wandering about in the here and there of the every where.

* * * *

Despite being the inexplicable infinity of all potentials small to great,
You must abide the capacities and limitations of the given vessel.
In the words of Quintus Arrius: You are all condemned men.
We keep You alive to serve this ship. So row well, and live.

* * * *

What bounds can there be in the ultimate that You truly are?
We are all playing out the conditioning of the given mind-body,
In this ever-changing dreamtime born of sensory perception.

* * * *

How long someone will stay around,
When You offer little more than good will and fellowship,
Is the defining mark of genuine friendship.

* * * *

One of the most detrimental things parents can do to their children,
Is steep their youth with an excess of entitlement.
Discipline and grit and gumption,
Are handy out there in the real world, such as it is.

* * * *

No deity on high is going to resurrect your absurd little identity,
And its ever-changing, very mortal meat machine.
You are condemned to oblivion.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

For the young, a long, winding road ahead.
For the elderly, a vague meander looking back.

* * * *

There is an absoluteness,
In which neither within nor without,
Nor any other distinction of consciousness exist,
In any way, in any shape, in any form.

* * * *

It is all nothing, and no something, no matter how enticing, no matter how convincing,
Will long detain the earnest seeker from discerning that which is beyond all doubt true.

* * * *

The many memes of groupthink are cementing consciousness,
Into an eclectic range of extraordinarily contorted assumptions,
Baseball caps, cowboy hats, chewing tobacco, not excluded.

* * * *

You cannot save anybody, much less everybody.
The dreamtime has been doomed from the get-go.

* * * *

A big factor in mortal existence, is your ability to endure your own suffering,
And your response to the suffering, throughout the translation of your cosmos.

* * * *

You compose your own chronicle every day.
Wretched or sublime, it is ultimately the same.

* * * *

Is civilization really any more than an all but utterly futile attempt by men,
To help women feel secure, stay as clean as possible, and perchance be happy?

* * * *

And the quantum spun itself into everything, ever timeless, ever absolute, ever indifferent.

* * * *

As awake as You well might be, is reconfiguring the programming even remotely possible?
How else will You act out your day-to-day, but in the algorithm, You have in time acquired?

* * * *

Everyone has their own sojourn,
To either meander wherever they feel beckoned,
Or blow whatever direction the tempests of dreamtime sends them.

* * * *

Your egocentricity is really no different than the sun gods of ancient empires,
Building grand monuments, erecting imposing tombs, contriving divine legends,
Flailing as You do, at the impermanence, to which all things every moment succumb.

* * * *

If others cannot see it, there is absolutely no reason,
To debate, argue, or get all uppity or furious about it.
The many-are-called-few-are-chosen rule ever applies.

* * * *

What is a sail but a compass to the wind.
What is the mind but a cosmos to awareness.

* * * *

So many so caught up in one dogma or another – so conditioned, so habituated, so brainwashed –
That it would likely never occur to them, they are not at all free and clear, in their imaginary prison.

* * * *

What is any thought but the drip-drip of consciousness,
Coming and going, condensing and evaporating,
As does the ephemeral vapor of any cloud.

* * * *

Who did that? What happened?
When did it take place? Where did it take place?
Why did that happen? How did it happen?
Who is the who, who is asking?

* * * *

For anyone perceptive enough to take notice,
The Yellow-Brick-Road serendipities it has taken,
To reach this here-now, are long-and-winding, indeed.

* * * *

So many countless ways to look at everything.
So many filters of every size, of every hue,
Of every fashion, under any given sun.

* * * *

Approaching it all as nothing,
Instead of the something, the senses deceive You into believing,
That is the key for those born to see.

* * * *

From the innocence and optimism of youth, to the distortion and skepticism of old age,
Through it all, we must mindfully cultivate our garden, and sow whatever time allows.

* * * *

Clinging to anything too intensely, is like clenching your teeth.
It only gets more stiff, more painful, perhaps extremely harmful.

* * * *

So many devices we have invented to dispatch ourselves,
And every unfortunate creature in our juggernauting path.

* * * *

Awareness is simply awareness, without any attributes, whatsoever.

It is only consciousness which conceives every variety of distraction.

* * * *

What need to believe in anything, really,
Once the eternal beingness of awareness,
Resumes its default position at the helm.

* * * *

Mind-altering substances across this magical world are the gift of eternity to its Self.
The challenge, given their hedonistic potential, is a certain level of moderation,
And how well You utilize them for right purpose, at least once in a while.

* * * *

Be that totality, that vastness, that solitude, that quietude,
Where there is no within, where there is no without.
Where there is no where-when, but here-now.

* * * *

There is an innocence to any first-time experience, that cannot be repeated,
No matter how unblemished the mind, no matter how unsullied the inner eye.

* * * *

What universe do You perceive, but the one You project,
Through the frame of reference, You imagine yourself to be.

* * * *

All sense of time, all memory, even of just a moment ago, is unreal,
Naught but a figment of imaginary duplicity,
A lie unto thy Self.

* * * *

The facelessness through which all perceive their cosmos,
Draws many a Narcissus, to one reflective pool or another.

* * * *

Pass what may, the mortal conclusion, is at some point assured.
The veil cloaking the sensory mind, is but a momentary dream.

* * * *

It is more often than not an error,
To think You are the smartest guy in the room.
Arrogance is one of pride's surest ways, to fall fast and hard.

* * * *

Is any religion, any cultish belief system,
Really any more than contrived philosophical babble,
Double-double-toiled-and-troubled-fire-burned-and-cauldron-bubbled?

* * * *

If everyone stayed the dogma of their ever-wagging tongues,
We would all be much more equal in our little dreamtime worlds.

* * * *

Some would wake up happier than a tick on a vein, every day studying the nuances of gnat wings,
And others to a lifetime of gypsy-like wandering, reaping experience after experience.
What cause generates the specialist in some, and the generalist in others?

* * * *

Life is solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

How long can You listen in absolute stillness,
To a babbling brook or crashing ocean waves,
Before the restless mind reasserts its twaddle?
A challenge beyond measure, indeed, indeed.

* * * *

There is no authority, much less a higher one.
To say You are author of your consciousness is as close as it gets,
And then only for the briefest of temporal whiles.

* * * *

What is history, but the recycling of monkey-mind patterns, bred in the jungles of long ago,
Regurgitated daily, with new permutations and technologies, seasoning the feast of dreamtime.

* * * *

What more could there possibly be, than this ever-present existential moment?
All else is nothing more, than the smoke and mirrors, of every imaginable distraction.

* * * *

Imagination is bound only by the limits of any given dimension,
That is set by the quantum mechanics regulating the groundwork.

* * * *

We each discern clarity in our own unique way.
No point looking back once You are born again.

* * * *

Live and let live, live and let die, die and let live, die and let die.
All choices You may well decide a time or three in any given day.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, You have been interacting with all your so-called life,
Is all in your head, an ephemeral dreamtime, entirely imagined from the get-go.

* * * *

Why so many feel such inclination to shackle others in some sort of dogmatic prison,
Is the story of power, of fame, of fortune, of greed, of every imaginable pleasure,
Playing out the same patterns, over and over and over, like a broken record.

* * * *

The cosmos is rumored by many thinkers,
To have begun infinitesimally, indiscernible small.
Such is the nature of all things imagined.

* * * *

To inflict pain and suffering for overacted, overplayed theater,
What is the point, but more unnecessary, often pathetic drama.

* * * *

You know what You did, why You did it.
Why do You need any recognition or reward?
Why care what anyone else thinks about You, really?

* * * *

How astounding all the creativity that humankind has wrought,
And to what happy-sad endgame, will it take us, before it is over?

* * * *

So many badly written plots out there in the wide world,
That could use a few more rewrites to skew things aright.

* * * *

An unseen force, in which all existence rises and falls,
An ocean churning for whatever time eternity gives way.

* * * *

Some familial connections,
Seem like little more than a elusive rumor,
That You were perchance brought up in the same dwelling.

* * * *

The limits of the mortal container are not the limits,
Of the eternal awareness, witnessing the field of view.

* * * *

More people might be more content,
If they tried relishing their given madness,
Instead of conforming to some therapeutic mold.

* * * *

Not everyone wants to exist in this world or any other.
What is suicide but someone saying they are no longer interested,

In the hullabaloo of their imaginary version of the world.

* * * *

And why would You need to keep kissing some deity's derrière,
Because he/she/it, without your knowledge or consent, created You?

* * * *

In the disinterested relativity of the all-things-human paradigm,
There are very, very likely, many, many, far worse rolls,
Than the one about which You are whining.

* * * *

Is the difference between night and day, dark and light,
Anything more, than bearing of the lamp, and set of the room?

* * * *

The You, that You play, is but history.
The You, that You really are, is eternal.

* * * *

You are not, have never been, will never be,
The You, that You imagine your dream to be.

* * * *

Every mind-body has its capacities and limitations.
Exploring those limits, are the adventure life offers.

* * * *

Nature-nurture is a fluid dance,
Between mind-body and the winds of time,
Together weaving a dream of existence, unlike any other.

* * * *

Some other here, same now.
Some other now, same here.

* * * *

One Ring to rule them all,
One Ring to find them,
One Ring to bring them all,
And in the awareness bind them.

* * * *

Indifferent to all pasts, indifferent to all futures,
Indifferent to any and all assertions,
The awareness You are,
Simply is.

* * * *

When your time is up, your time is up,
And a probable amount of pain and suffering,
Between the occasional snippets of pleasure.

* * * *

Pretty amazing, how much can quickly transpire,
To those so ill-fated, as to exist in interesting times.

* * * *

What You imagine You are, is but quantum stardust.
What You really are, is far older, is far younger,
Than anything that can ever be conceived,
As anything more, as anything less,
Than everything, and nothing.

* * * *

Everybody has their ethical bubble, sheening in the light of their given time.
There is a lot less grief, not expecting others, to sheen in the same way You do.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, exist only if You give the mind,
Over to the sensory feed, and the myriad thoughts it inspires.

* * * *

What is any dogma but mindless regurgitation,
Of things that have never mattered,
Of things that never will.

* * * *

Some monkeys get so crazed and violent, so postal,
Because their anguish, their anger, become so all-consuming,
That consequences – penalties and costs – lose all meaning, all concern.

* * * *

Challenging enough to transcend your own dogma,
Much less tolerate the constriction of everyone else's.

* * * *

The joy of youth, is innocent ignorance, of all the agonies and ecstasies,
That lurk in the shadows, on the long and winding road ahead.
You never know what You had, until it is gone.

* * * *

Sometimes You do, sometimes You do not.
Such is the nature of the weather, too.

* * * *

Everyone pooping their vanity,
For everyone to see and hear and feel and taste and smell.
Such a yummy-yum-yum world.

* * * *

Speculation is not truth.
It is all speculation.

* * * *

As touchy-feely as it ever seems, it is but a dream.
In truth, no different than one in the depths of sleep.

* * * *

You are a prisoner to your desire,
Until You click the Ruby Red Shoes,
And sincerely discern it, when You say,
"There's no place like home."

* * * *

Scientific objectivity is flushed down the drain,
When funding dictates a self-serving outcome.

* * * *

Yes, You answer to this name or that,
But You are not, You have never been, You will never be,
What any word, what any concept, what any sound, what any vibration, implies.

* * * *

Most anyone can bring a child into the world,
But are all capable, are all worthy, of parenthood?
Is really the only question, the only answer, that matters.

* * * *

The play of the mind-body,
Is but a three-dimensional dream, for You to alone witness.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The mystery spawned You,
And You created a vast universe.
A partnership of senses and imagination.

* * * *

You are the field flowering,
In every sensory form imaginable.
All together playing, dancing out, Eden’s fate.

* * * *

What is the existence You would lead,
If your pile of gold was beyond any need or want?
That is the state of mind, in which those who see clearly, dwell.

* * * *

Place a near-infinite variety of containers,
All unique shapes and sizes, into a vast ocean of water.
In what way can the liquid within the seemingly individual boundaries,
Ever be separate from the indivisibility of the ocean?

* * * *

There must invariably be awakened witnesses,
Wherever, whenever the original nature,
Has manifested consciousness.

* * * *

Suffering is the consequence,
Of identification with the mind and body.
In truth, You are the awareness,
Prior to consciousness.

* * * *

All mortals are shaped,
By the forces of space and time,
As figurines are by molds.
Free will? How so?

* * * *

Afraid to embrace the all within and without?
Oh, what the heck, dare to give it a go.
Take a walk, stare at a wall.

* * * *

This awareness of the oneness is the capstone,
The distillation of experience and knowledge into wisdom,
The eternal insight into the immortal essence,
Of a mortal existence well spent.

* * * *

If something is truly calling You,
You may well do whatever it takes,
To bring about its manifestation.

* * * *

The universe is a vast matrix,
In which all things dance,
In every manner imaginable,
Within the limits of the paradigm.

* * * *

Collapse of the so-called modern world,
Is nearer an nearer with every passing moment.
What precarious times await the future.

* * * *

Humanity has imagined so many possible futures.
But which will time's continuum actually harvest?

* * * *

It is all the vain, mortal assumptions,
That continue pulling You back,
Into this imaginary dream.

* * * *

The sensory play is spontaneously created,
Through the mystery of consciousness,
To witness an infinity of dreams.
Thou art a drop of That I Am.
How could this not be the Truth?

* * * *

It is not some other who defines You.
It is your own imaginary musing,
That creates all thoughts,
Both good and ill.

* * * *

Consciousness will play out,
As consciousness will play out.
That I Am is unconcerned.

* * * *

Challenging to play your self, and your Self, too.
To eat your cake, or not to eat your cake,
That is, indeed, the question.

* * * *

What is all this accumulation, anyway?
This incessant gorging of the mind,
With every sort of trivial pursuit.

* * * *

The consequences of the many choices we made, or were made for us,
Shape each and every existence, each and every mind, in ways beyond counting.
Causes spin into effects spin into causes spin into effects spin into …
And on and on the finite play of human consciousness,

Swirls and whirls and slices and dices,
A paradigm unto its Self.

* * * *

See the indivisible,
Hear the indivisible,
Smell the indivisible,
Taste the indivisible,
Feel the indivisible.

* * * *

If this indivisible mystery is indeed formless, boundlessly infinite,
What are all the scientists, mathematicians, linguists,
And other conspirators of the mind to do?

* * * *

What is the difference between pleasure and pain,
Between right and wrong, between good and evil, between love and hate,
But a variety of electromagnetic spectrum responses,
Some agreeable, some not.

* * * *

Within every detail, a collection of nuances.
And within those nuances, a few nuances more.

* * * *

To be as a child, is to return to that indivisible state of pure, eternal awareness,
Prior to the smoke-ridden consciousness, to which time requires subscription.

* * * *

All humankind is caught up in one mythological set or another.
They are all very much the same, really.
Tribal formulations that the given group holds in common,
And perchance get along well enough for the genomic coding to survive and pass on.

* * * *

If all is that which is truly that which is God, then what is good, what is evil,
But an illusory dance between consciousness and its Self.
And You, the source, the witness,
Just pop in – whoever, whatever, wherever, whenever, whyever, however – You please.

* * * *

It is the mind that divides; the mind that unites.
What is free will, but the choice between duality and unicity,
The choice between what is real, that which is choiceless, and what is not.

* * * *

If You always do your best, if You always strive in a mindset of quality, of excellence, of virtue,

Then succeeding or failing is only of cursory consequence, a relatively negligible detail.
Process is all, and goals merely imaginary pauses along the eternal journey.

* * * *

And what is the raison d'être of always growing, growing, growing?
Always developing, always expanding, always snowballing,
When the biosphere underfoot, is rapidly becoming beyond-the-pale unlivable?
How far will we take it, before the web that maintains life as we know it, becomes all but undone?

* * * *

It is a more-than-well-documented-very-historical-across-the-game-board fact, that the multitudes
– Crowd, horde, throng, pack, flock, herd, mass, host, gang, mob, rabble, call it what You will –
Can be easily manipulated to, with extreme enthusiasm, go along with just about anything.

* * * *

You are that which is mystery, that which is unknowable, that which is eternal,
That which is prior to all attributes, all properties, all characteristics, all arrangements,
That which is prior to all the divisions, all the contrasts, all the dualities, born of consciousness.

* * * *

To all critics: Please go away.
Find something real to do with your existence.
Is it not obvious to You, that what You think is of little or no concern,
To those who embrace the great solitude, whose lives are streaming with its creative force.

* * * *

All groups, all cultures, since the origin of language,
Have used their natural environment to communicate their world.
The sun, the moon, the planets, the stars, the climate, the geographical features,
The myriad fellow creatures from small to great, all played parts in every mythological paradigm.
In these our modern times, we use our own creations to decipher the universe about us.
Technologies, politics, religion, business, media, personalities, ad infinitum.
Every conceivable mind-made, artificial, contrived invention,
Has all but usurped the relationship with nature.
The rules of the game are ever the same,
But ignorance leaves us deaf and blind and dumb,
To the one and only reality, that all creation is eternally interwoven,
At such an indivisible level, as to make any part, absolutely inseparable from anything else.
Imagination, and all its fabricated notions, all its dualistic concoctions,
May believe it can control this biosphere, this cosmos,
But it cannot make-believe for long,
Much less forever.

* * * *

From the unassailable inner eye of the one witness,
Prior to consciousness, unmoving, uncommitted, indivisible, all-seeing,
What is there to crave, what is there to consume, really, but sensations of the mind and body,
That ephemerally pass, ever-changing, from one streaming moment to the next.

Nothing more than quantum, drifting through the awareness,
Like clouds moving across in the sky.

* * * *

To live fully in the moment, requires that every moment be immediately perceived and released.
Life eternal, is an ephemeral quality of mind, a state of unconditional detachment,
In which the You that is the timeless awareness prior to consciousness,
Observes without giving weight to the incessant vanities,
Of the fictional me-myself-and-I, that You imagine your Self to be.

* * * *

What is any thought, any idea, but the thunder of a lightning strike in the quantum mind.
And in creative and troubled minds, a flashing thunderstorm.
One ecstatic, the other agonizing.

* * * *

Perfect detachment is a state of stillness, of pure awareness,
Prior to consciousness, and its ceaseless state of consumption.

* * * *

You drink a cup of water from your tap, and then You take a whiz.
The wiz travels through pipes, and washes into the river, and down to the sea,
Little land critters, and little water thingees, drinking at it all along the ever-streaming way.
And they, in turn, whiz, and their whiz merges with your whiz, down to the sea.
And in the sea, all the water critters drink and whiz, back into the sea.
And the radiating star, high above the sea, sears its surface,
And the whiz slowly evaporates, up into the air sea.
And the air sea drifts and flows, this way and that,
And the whizz is drawn up into the heights, high above.
And the whiz joins other whiz, and forms into drops, into clouds,
That move back over the land, towards the mountains, where it sprinkles,
And drizzles and rains and sleets and hails and snows, down to the ground far below.
And on the ground, it moves to creeks, to rivers, above and below the ground,
And slowly the whizz moves down, from mountainsides to the valley,
And to the well, where it waits to be drawn back into pipes,
And from the tap, poured into cup, for You to drink.
It is an indivisible, an inexplicable journey,
To which You are ethereal witness.

* * * *

The predators, the vampires, the parasites, the scalawags,
Will always find a way to dominate, to control, to thieve, to pillage, to debase,
The prey, the quarry, the victim, the mark, the dupe, the fool.
At the most essential, primal level, Mother Gaia,
Ever remains a Darwin-esque saga.

* * * *

Explore your world, your cosmos, to your own satisfaction.

There may be nothing new under the sun,
But it is new to You.

* * * *

Though all that is, is of the great quantum,
Few are drawn to discern the unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still swallow the red pill.
And why would anyone ever choose, to endure this inquiry into the unknown?
The hollowness of ignorance, of believing your universe authentic, is its own form of bliss.
Alas, in that way-back-when, that You could not help but notice something askew,
That You could not help but ask that first question, take that first step.
Red pill, blue pill, was there ever really-truly any choice?

* * * *

The rabbit hole be deep, the rabbit hole be dark.
The rabbit hole be in every which way, long and winding.
Save your Self the bother, enjoy the bliss of ignorance, take the blue pill.
You will never know what You missed, for, in truth,
There is nothing to know anyway.

* * * *

Never too late to take the red pill, but once You do, there is no going back,
Though You may fall into a hole, or get caught in briars along the winding way.

* * * *

As long as You believe it all real and true,
You will enjoy, You will suffer, the ceaseless passions of existence.
The spaceless, timeless, prior-to-consciousness state,
Is a tranquil sea, attached to nothing.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how, is one who enjoys?
Who-what-where-when-why-how, is the one who suffers?
Imagination is indifferent to the agonies and ecstasies it inspires,
In the ubiquitous quantum sea, through which it larks.

* * * *

What You might want from one who sees this,
You must discern within your Self.
It is a timeless journey, an epic lifetime quest,
Which You must make, step-by-step, breath-by-breath, utterly alone.

* * * *

It will likely not be until humankind,
Is on the harsh, cutting rocks of its mind-made creation,
That it will perhaps, just perhaps, finally discern the unatonable error of its way.
And even then, how many will call it God's will, and pray for salvation,
Or denunciate anyone and everyone else but themselves?

* * * *

Suspension of rational thought,
For hope, for belief, for faith, for superstition, for idolatry, for dogma,
How is that even remotely possible?

* * * *

Thought is the stagnancy, in which the mind harbors the notion of existence.
Only in awareness, is the quantum essence playing at the cutting edge of dreamtime.
Thought is death, awareness, life eternal; the conceptions of consciousness merely vibration.
Waves crashing upon neuron shoals, naught but imagination, confabulating sensory perception real.

* * * *

Breathe in … relax … breathe out … relax …
There is nothing to know, there is nothing to do, there is nothing to be.
Give your Self credit for space-time served.
Breathe in … relax …

* * * *

Nobody can ever know what You have gone through, what You have experienced,
What You have perceived, what You have endured, in your trail of ecstasy and agony.
Nor can You more than speculate, any other's version of their world, their universe.
We are all, as alone together, as ships passing, in some nebulous, moonless night.
Only as knowable, as any given insight, any frame of reference, might allow.

* * * *

Where is any god, any deity, but in the innate primal recesses of imagination's origin,
And its need, for there to be some meaning and purpose, for this inexplicable existence,
As if the inexplicable existence, the existential tussle, is in itself not raison d'être enough.

* * * *

There is a limit to all the finite pretenses of knowledge.
The unknowable must forever remain unknown.
Science, despite all its heady determination,
Can only claw away so much at the quantum mist.

* * * *

What can You truly know about anything, really,
But the fabrications of mind, devising the sensory play of time,
And what does that signify, but arbitrary concoctions,
No matter how well-cloaked in objectivity.

* * * *

All identity, all identification, is nothing more,
Than the wind of imagination, playing impromptu make-believe.
And when every mind is doing it, it becomes a synergistic collusion, we brand humanity.
Nothing more than confabulated delusion from the illusory get-go.

* * * *

How attentively can You listen, and for how long,
To a babbling brook, to a roaring river, to a crashing wave,
They who babble and roar and crash ever eternal.
The no-mind, the mind without mind,
Is a mind full of eternity.

* * * *

The human drama has no solution, no resolution.
It will carry on in its dysfunctional, wayward journey,
For as long as the species meanders this world or any other.
So, the trick is to endure and enjoy the ride as best as ye are able,
In the ever, inexplicably mysterious, so it goes of it all.

* * * *

A mystery, far too incomprehensible, far too enigmatic, far too ambiguous,
To ever more than nibble and scratch and plumb and ponder.
All any mind can ever really do, is be it, is do it,
As the dreamtime moment allows.

* * * *

The rare few who begin to earnestly look within and without, prior and beyond,
At the cosmos their senses proffer, are those to whom, the world less and less matters.
They are the world-weary, they are those who hear the call, no words can fathom.

* * * *

Concoctions of sweet, of sour, of salty, of bitter, of umami,
All built of the same quantum mystery, all dancing upon the quantum tongue.
Each of the five sensory organs – eyes, ears, nose, tongue, skin – and the brain into which they link,
Are wormholes to their conditional, to their arbitrary, to their temporal, rendering of a cosmos.
You daily travel space, You daily travel time, You daily wander, in the dream of mind.

* * * *

There is truly only this ethereal moment,
Which none can never really touch or grasp,
Only perceive through, and imagine happened,
Play out whatever assumptions the sensory-mind,
Through its filters of conditioning, perchance gleaned.

* * * *

Regarding the so-called supreme being, worshipped by many, and known as God:
For being an absentee landlord, and very dubious even at that,
He/she/it sure gets a lot of credit for things,
To which only assumption and hope give weight.

* * * *

In order to survive, to abide, to thrive, justifiable or not,
Every vested interest embodies its purpose, its mission, its raison d'être,

In every conceivable way, through every conceivable means,
For as long as capacity and limitation allow.

* * * *

It is unlikely the account, the saga, the legend, the myth,
The self-imagery anyone has playing over and over in their minds,
Would, much less could, ever resemble the one history would carve into stone.
Assuming, of course, that some chronicler would ever even be inspired to scribe anything.
Ultimately, all forms are but anonymous, vaporous ghosts in the mists of time.

* * * *

There are some things for which there can be no proof.
Some things that are not subject to the finite boundaries of mind.
Some things for which any answers are too small or too large for any question.
Some things that must remain forever unknown to the ceaseless conjectures of imagination.
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Walk through it as You would a dream; detached observer, ethereal witness.
Inscrutable, enigmatic, unfathomable, mysterious, impenetrable, unreadable, unknowable,
Indecipherable, inexplicable, incomprehensible, sphinxlike,
Yet transparent all the while.

* * * *

Each of us with our own unique universe, each of us with our own unique world view.
Each of us with our own unique set, our own unique frame of reference, that we all deem normal.
Each of us perceiving through the untold filters of our time-bound nature-nurture matrix.
Each of us forever here now, forever absolute, forever indivisible, forever alone.

* * * *

Where do You think your wit comes from if not the ever-present, indivisible, quantum essence?
Of course, there is intelligent design at the helm of this inexplicable mystery.
And of course, it is indivisibly You, and You indivisibly it.
There is nothing to get all vain about,
Because everyone and everything else is, too.
All notion of duality is but delusion of the sensory mind.

* * * *

What cosmos does a bat perceive?
A tiger? A dolphin? A bird? A cockroach? A tree? A flower?
Surely, You are not so self-absorbed, as to believe it is ever, can ever, be the same as yours?

* * * *

A garden world chock-full of two-leggeds,
Many believing they are the pinnacles of normal,
All judging their naughty-nice translation from on high.
Who can ever measure up for long, if at all?

* * * *

Awareness is the eternal purity, the eternal clarity, of all dreamtimes.
The silky-smooth elixir, the cosmic brew of those rare few,
Called to discern, to witness, the only reality.
Source to all, source to none.

* * * *

Human consciousness is really nothing more than imagination,
Playing an eternal game of hide and seek with its imaginary self.

* * * *

What difference between the current in waves crashing,
And the heartbeat simultaneously pulsing in your veins?

* * * *

We are all caught, we are all bound, in the truths and lies,
The paradoxes and ironies, the ecstasies and agonies,
The joys and sorrows, the glories and absurdities,
All built by space, all built by time, in the maze of mind.

* * * *

All your busy-ness, convinces You that You exist, that You are truly living.
But are You really any more, than yet another imaginary persona,
Destined to be quickly sidelined, to be quickly forgotten,
In the human paradigm's fleeting dreamtime.

* * * *

How many waves did You hear, how many birds did You see,
On that distracted-lost-in-thought wander along the shoreline?
Give attention to your life; it will be gone before You know it.

* * * *

Exploring existence, exploring reality,
Why would anyone in their right mind,
Give themselves over to such absurdity?

* * * *

No new technology can more than offer brief respite, brief reprieve,
From the consequences of its accelerating exponential.
Fingers can only plug any dike for so long,
Against the indivisible vibrancy of eternal nature.

* * * *

Every mind, a solitary journey, a mortal epic, in the dream of time.
The challenge is getting past the sorrowful allure of loneliness,
And clearly discerning the unfathomability of aloneness.

* * * *

The digitalization of the human paradigm,
Will likely prove a huge black hole for chroniclers,
After technology's inevitable, likely not too distant collapse.

* * * *

Discard all the overlays of your conditioning;
You are the quietude of the sovereign mystery.

* * * *

Mind and body, and the world, the universe, they create,
Are a laboratory in which we are all observers,
Exploring whatever we imagine.

* * * *

Pay attention, so many often exclaim,
But to what are You meant to pay attention?
Whatever draws it, grasshopper, whatever draws it,
And perhaps, if discernment's edge razor-sharpens enough,
The draw may, at some point be, to the awareness,
To the ineffable, eternal source, its Self.

* * * *

The senses invoke the make-believe of space and time, but without them where would You be?
What happens to a mind evolved in time, when locked completely alone, in a dark, soundless chamber?
What mind-body can long abide sensory deprivation, without tumbling into unutterable madness?

* * * *

If You hope to withstand the harsh winds of the world,
Cherish and nurture, and perchance share, the given innocence.
It is always there, it is always within, if You will the time to discern it.

* * * *

Everything of consequence is bell-curving, in an ever-accelerating, up-and-up-and-up exponential.
How far toward the indifferent star above, will the human paradigm soar,
Before wings melt, and x's and y's, stall and fall?

* * * *

Any innocent only knows whatever they are told.
And if they are told an untruth, then that untruth becomes their truth.
And will remain so, until they perchance develop the wit, the insight, to question all things.
To meander out of their cave of origin, and perchance discern the greatest vision.
And perchance one day, if is their destiny, even set themselves free.
It is, without doubt, a long, rocky, solitary, row to hoe.
With no guarantees of any yield, whatsoever.

* * * *

Be the formless, be the awareness, be the nothingness,
Be the You that is really not, has never been, will never be.

* * * *

Without fanfare, without assertion, without warning,
Mother Nature is judge and jury and enforcer and executioner,
For all who are not mindful, for all who do not heed her unwritten laws.
Ignore the indelible, ignore the way, and suffer the consequences.

* * * *

Lives ripple through all the lives they meet: friend, acquaintance, foe …
And through all the lives they meet: friend, acquaintance, foe …
And through all the lives they meet … And through …
For as long as memory holds fast against the tides of eternity.

* * * *

Do not for even a second, believe your ancestors, even way, way back when,
Were any less intelligent just because their tool-making and other abilities,
Had not achieved the ever-expanding bubble of these-our-modern-times.
It has been a step-by-step evolutionary process, as is any creative enterprise.

* * * *

Those who frolic mindfully in the waves, the currents, of space and time,
Know to dive into them, or give way to their trajectory,
Never to stand proudly against them.
To bend, to lean, to bow, to give way, without breaking,
Is the sovereignty any blade of grass, ebbing, flowing, knows without knowing.

* * * *

Awareness, is both the least and greatest common denominator.
The underpinning of consciousness, of all things known and unknown.
The quantum indivisibility, through which duality cavorts the mortal ground.

* * * *

Good and evil are the concoctions of consciousness,
Of imagination, of the mind born of time.
The garden itself is blameless.

* * * *

The matrix universe, an unfathomable quantum sea, swirls on and on and on,
Oblivious to cause and effect, to consequence, to destiny,
To any and all notions born of mind.
Space and time are but figments of imagination,
Inspired by the senses in the processor to which they are wired.

* * * *

Whether or not there is some all-mighty deity observing your every move,
Is about as significant as You watching an erratic ant.
Of passing interest, at best.

* * * *

What would it be like to never see another human being ever again?
To have no voice, filtering through your mind, but your own?
How long could You abide the solitude, the aloneness?

* * * *

That You existed even a moment ago, or will even a moment hence,
Is nothing more than imaginary, illusory, delusional, notion.
This moment, this here now, is the one and only reality,
And no thought can infiltrate its timeless nature.
All consciousness can do, can pretend to do,
Is play out its make-believe, its dream of time,
In whatever way the patternings, the memes allow.

* * * *

The awareness You truly are is but eternal witness,
Bound in one form or another, trapped in one patterning or another,
For as long as there is a manifest theater, a matrix, for dreams of consciousness to wander.
The inexplicable cosmos is but a quantum playground in which You will act out,
Whatever agonies and ecstasies, the given patterning allocates.
There is no escape; You are a captive of time.
Enjoy or suffer; attitude is all.

* * * *

Only the limitations of the senses persuade You, convince You,
Condition You, mesmerize You, hypnotize You, blind You,
Into believing You are at all separate from anything.

* * * *

The other is but an apparition in your mind, an imaginary presence that does not really exist,
But is always upon your shoulder: watching, advocating, imposing, judging,
Your every thought, your every action, your every everything.
To discern that there truly is no other, that You are, in reality, all alone,
Is an insight few have the wit, the strength, the focus, the audacity, to ascertain.

* * * *

I do not need You,
And You likely do not need me,
And why would there be a problem with that?

* * * *

Understand the union, the merging, the yoga,
Is not about the mind-body, about which You are so vain,
But the You, that is the eternal awareness, in the all and nothing of it.
The inexplicable cannot be made any more explicable.

* * * *

The quantum essence is formless, shapeless, indefinable.

Forms are the inexplicable weavings of patterns.
To warrant them the inexplicable creations,
Of some even more inexplicable deity,
Must surely include the most inexplicable You.

* * * *

The point of symbols, icons, totems, charms, talismans, amulets,
Is to realize, to fathom, they are in You, they are You.
For it is You, who are the many-faced god.
You who are the unborn-undying quantum matrix,
Ever illusory, ever nameless, ever dancing, for all eternity.

* * * *

How fiercely many a mind does slash and tear and scratch and gnaw its imaginary self.
Conquering the cosmos, building great empires, saving any and all,
Are much simpler than taming the inner beast.

* * * *

Natural selection is what got the world to this point,
But it is unnatural selection that is taking it to a level,
Only conceit and greed and ignorance, can confabulate.
What will bloom in Eden after our fall, is anyone's guess.

* * * *

What is the stock market, what is globalization, what is this massive consumerocracy,
But so many people whipping each other and themselves,
Without even realizing it.
We are all slaves of one caste or another.

* * * *

Excess is always debilitating in any given long run.
Austerity breeds a hunger for the upside of any bell curve,
While overabundance inevitably sets in motion the road to decline.
Discipline, gumption, grit, individually, collectively,
Are the gauges of any rise and fall.

* * * *

Break down existence into its many parts,
And what is it You have not seen and done,
More than enough many times too many?

* * * *

How many ways are there to die?
A list that technology daily lengthens.

* * * *

The fruit of the garden is really nothing more,
Than imagination unleashed upon its own creation.

Not banishment as much as self-imposed exile.

* * * *

Is it free will to play out, to act out, the only character You could have played?
It all seemed so unknowable, so unpredictable, so challenging, so indelible, every moment,
But has that mind-body You call your own, ever really been anything more, than a genomic algorithm?
The mystery of awareness, the mystery of You, witnessing the mortal program it was bestowed?
Were choices, that were made all along the long winding trail, ever really choices at all?

* * * *

We are all bits and pieces of our lives in our minds.
No one else can know all that it took for You to reach this here, this now.
Existence is for each and every one, no matter how great, no matter how small, an epic journey.

* * * *

Paying attention, being somewhat cautious, is not paranoia; paranoia is caution, unsprung.
The world is still a jungle, whether it be lions and tigers and bears,
Or Hondas and Chevys and Fords.
No need to hide in a closet; just pay attention when wandering about.

* * * *

The world is changed. You can feel it in the water.
You can feel it in the earth. You can smell it in the air.
Much that once was is lost, for none now live who remember it.
All bell curves collapse, and where will You and yours be, when the dominos really begin falling?
If You have not already begun taking steps, it is time to think hard, prepare strong,
For a when-shit-hits-the-fan rough road in the times rapidly unfolding.
Batten down the hatches, lock and load, watch and wait.
Hope for the best, prepare for the worst.
May sound trite, but it be true.

* * * *

Judgment is the attribute of a mind making every effort to maintain its universe supreme.
Be and allow, unwritten companion to the Golden Rule, is only grasped,
By those who discern the invisibility of the relativity.

* * * *

No pattern abides forever; any given seed blossom but once.
But that of which all patterns are made … that indivisible quantum essence …
That which creates … preserves … destroys … that is immortal … that is mystery … that is You.

* * * *

That destiny, that fate, that kismet, that karma, You vainly believe You somehow just changed,
Well, friend, understand that destiny is really nothing more than the result,
The synergy of all the choices, of all the consequences,
That rippled in thought and deed.
Nothing uncanny or supernatural about it.

* * * *

All combined, the many-faced other, has thought everything of You,
And You, in many times, have thought everything of them.
And what matter, really, once it is discerned,
That You are every other, and every other is You.
The many differences are but the theater of dreamtime.

* * * *

What if the messiah that comes down from on-high to save you,
Is not even close to what You truly believed he would-could-should be?
What will You do then, Faithful Pilgrim? Keep waiting, keep praying, keep hoping?
Or perchance, awaken to the reality, that any saving, is in the realization of what You truly are.
Yes, You are immortal, once You discern the paradoxes and ironies,
Within and without all things manifest, all things dreamtime,
And that all heavens, all hells, are but states of mind.

* * * *

What is existence, but oblivion wandering consciousness,
And non-existence, oblivion non-wandering unconsciousness.
The mystery's definitive on/off state, the byte of life, so to speak.

* * * *

To the indivisibility, a gazillion-gazillion universes,
Simultaneously transpire, in one gazillionth-gazillionth of an instant.
You are that, I am that, we are all that, no matter the attributes, no matter the contrasts,
Imagined by consciousness, in any space, in any time, in any dimension.

* * * *

The fate of those without great doubt, is to wander in the miasma of time.
The only thing that can save any from such a temporal destiny,
Is if they possess the eyes that see, the ears that hear,
The many clues, the many tips, the many hints,
That surround each and every one in their daily wander.
It is a many-are-called-few-are-chosen-fewer-still-volunteer endeavor.

* * * *

Can You exist in the moment, totally here now, without any sense of self-imagery,
Any thought of the personal idolatry, in which a lifetime of conditioning,
Has brainwashed You, to be in a constant state of ever-becoming.
A Gordian Knot, to which there is only one, blade-of-discernment solution.

* * * *

The bubble of consciousness, in which the awareness You are resides,
Is nothing more than an imaginary contrivance, the convoluted consequence,
Of insatiable desire, and its every moment tango, with the abiding fear of not being.

* * * *

Everyone has their own version of this hellish heaven.
It is random and subjective and arbitrary and capricious from the get-go,
And the price of admission is death, a payable-on-demand exit,
Back to that oblivion, from whence all things come.

* * * *

There is nothing right about not knowing, there is nothing wrong about not knowing.
It is the reality that the mind, in all its differentiations, has difficulty acknowledging.

* * * *

One must somehow realize a certain sense of irony and paradox,
A certain shade of doubt, of disbelief, of qualm, to see at all clearly.

* * * *

The streaming dreaming of consciousness sometimes enjoys, sometimes endures,
Its ceaseless jabbering, its mesmerized affirmation, of all things manifest.
A quantum cosmos, playing real, in the muddle of imagination.

* * * *

There are consequences to everything You do, to everything everyone does,
Sometimes good, sometimes not, sometimes very much not.
And your life, and the lives of everyone else,
As well as every other organism from small to great,
Is all about surfing the ripples, in whatever relativity they abide.

* * * *

All sorts of things You do not know,
All sorts of things You have not experienced,
And does it, when-all-is-said-and-done matter, really?

* * * *

You cannot do what You cannot do,
And You likely have difficulty, not doing what You can.
You are your capacities, You are your limitations, in this relatively brief dream of time.
Do not hesitate to investigate all things, as thoroughly as inclination allows.
What greater regret can there be, than a stone left unturned?

* * * *

What is the raison d'être, of a puzzle, of a riddle, of a brainteaser, of a koan,
But to sharpen, to whittle, to sculpt, the wit, for whatever undertakings may come.
It is the playing ground, the schooling ground, the training ground, the doubting ground,
Of the critical thinker, the pessimist, the skeptic, the cynic, the seeker of truth.

* * * *

From nothingness to something, from something to nothingness, nothingness all the while.
All things emerging, all things forming, all things disappearing, all things dissolving.
The source, ever tranquil, ever indivisible, ever unfathomable, ever absolute.
The many shapes, the many patterns, nothing more than appearances.

Sands shifting, rocks falling, currents flowing, winds blowing.
Attributes, elements, qualities, quantum vibration, all.
Primal chaos, creating-preserving-destroying,
In the vast synchronicity of eternity.

* * * *

The many sorrows of the world,
May be less about needing fewer heroes,
Than it is about needing more intelligent plebeians.

* * * *

Very obvious, very clear, very true, to the relatively few.
And to the many others: blindness, miasma, illusion, delusion.
Many may be called, but few are chosen, and fewer still volunteer.

* * * *

What your mind-tongue craves and what your body needs,
Are likely way too often very, very different things.
Be mindful, your future health hinges on it.

* * * *

There have been billions of dreamtimes in the evolving monkey-mind,
As have there been in every genomic line across every time,
In this Gaia-induced musing of the quantum kind.

* * * *

Vanity is nothing more than the mind's attachment to the senses,
And the thoughts they conspire in the body, in which they stream.

* * * *

The Lost Tribes: Is it really just about some ancient desert peoples forced into exile?
Or could it be about the unique few, whose inexplicable destiny it is,
To someday awaken to what they actually are?
A Tribeless Tribe, so to speak.
As with anything, as with everything, it is what You make it.
What is any history, but a means to preserve, to sustain, to bolster, the given cultural mindset.

* * * *

The insights, the revelations of eternity, are for any,
With the wit, the calling, to discern its timeless truth.

* * * *

What desire, what fear, what confabulation of mind,
Can ever touch that which is untouchable by naught but imagination,
And then … and then … and then … only in imagination's whirling mind-bound reel.

* * * *

Pure observation without measurement, pure awareness without movement,

Without ripple, without wake, without time, without space,
Is not that the highest form of science?
Is not that the way to discern the reality of the eternal,
Within and without, the within and without, that has never really existed?

* * * *

Believing You know anything, is but a false security, to which most minds cling.
To be as a child, alone and free; to be the tabula rasa of this instant; to be unborn, undying;
Is to be the mind, realigned with the ever-present eternal moment, and its inherent, indelible insecurity.

* * * *

The challenge is to get back to the timeless garden, the eternal Eden,
Of which no other creature on this spinning orb, has ever lost vision.

* * * *

The religious mind, lumps the great unknowable, into a concept called God,
And then dreads and worships and dogmatizes, whatever idolatry comes to mind.
What is the point of all the mind gorp based entirely on arbitrary, dualistic imagination?

* * * *

Why would a dog ever need to conceptualize it was a dog?
Or a whale, it was a whale? Or an ant, it was an ant? Or a tree, it was a tree?
All creatures, all life forms small to great, simply play out their given nature as the moment calls.
Only we hapless two-leggeds, are lost in time-bound labyrinths of self-imagery,
And all the ecstasies and agonies they endlessly weave.

* * * *

How did all this world's life forms evolve from the dynamic of origin,
But through an extraordinarily laborious, haphazard selection process,
In which countless unknowable universes were created and destroyed,
Before humankind's little twinkling of space-time spawned into being.

* * * *

What is ego, but the fear, the dread, the post-traumatic stress disorder,
The self-protective veneer, the fortress keep, in our imaginary fiefdoms.

* * * *

Why is any groupthink, any mindset, any meme, so earnestly asserted,
But to sustain, to multiply, its corporate nature, in the weavings of mind.

* * * *

What is this deity, so many fear and worship, and call God, by one name or another?
Is it a he, a she, an it, a not-it? Is it everything, anything, nothing?
Is it any more or less, a figment of imagination,
Than You, or anything else?

* * * *

Do not fool yourself, that it was anything but vanity,

That brought Jesus to Jerusalem, and cast him into history.
Whether innocent or calculated, his demise was as predictable as any,
Who brashly, foolishly, fly in the face of the powers that be.
Might has always made right, and it always will.
To accept it, as some deity's intention,
Is a fickle game of thrones,
To which no one ever need subscribe,
If they have the wit and courage, to stand alone.

* * * *

The only difference between any You and me, is a seemingly different eye,
Wired into different central processing units, programed with different frames of reference,
Wandering – all alone, together – in different dreams born of imagination.
We call it life, we call it existence, but what is it, really?

* * * *

The world is changing, so quickly changing, into something,
Not nearly as attractive, as it once-upon-a-time was.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Consume anything, everything, squander the inheritance.
The future is not your problem; screw your kids, and your grandkids, too.
Live high, live large, play out this Ponzi scheme, to your narcissistic, hedonistic heart's content.

* * * *

Consciousness weaves into concept,
An exalted perfection, that can never be.
The horse, that is but an imaginary conjuring,
Is a horse, that never was, a horse that will never be.
Where in nature, is even one number?
Even one perfect circle?

* * * *

What is natural selection?
An evolution of sexual discrimination?
The attraction of likes? The loathing of dislikes?
Of intellect? Of whim? Of spontaneity? Of happenstance?
Of brawn? Of beauty? Of claw and fang? Of stone? Of wood? Of steel?
Of alliance? Of intrigue? Of deception? Of tyranny?
Of irony? Of paradox? Of absurdity?
All of the above, and more.

* * * *

How much time can any creator afford, to allow themselves,
To scrutinize anything that distracts them from their calling?

* * * *

Words, numbers, notes, and other symbols, are all equally unable,
To do more than describe, to point out, the mystery that spawns them.

* * * *

An itsy-bitsy bit of nothingness, becomes and itsy-bitsy quantum,
Becomes an itsy-bitsy molecule, becomes an itsy-bitsy form, becomes an itsy-bitsy life form,
Becomes an itsy-bitsy consciousness, becomes an itsy-bitsy imagination,
That one day fathoms the unborn-undying awareness,
It is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

It is perchance time, for those rare few, who are truly done with the dream world, truly complete,
Those rare few, who are content, to artlessly be, the most essential, timeless state,
To let go of mind, to return to that, which is prior to consciousness,
To that awareness, which is Eden's greatest potential.

* * * *

Everything is absolutely simultaneous, in the indelible indivisibility of the totality,
But You, You must eyes-wide-open wander down the unfolding trail,
Oblivious to whatever is around each and every bend.
Free will looking forward, fate looking back.
The ecstasies, the agonies, the comedies, the tragedies,
That You play out upon your Self, are unending and beyond all pales.

* * * *

What will this world, this cosmos, this unfathomable creation, be like in one year?
In one hundred years? In one thousand years? In one million years? In one billion years?
In one trillion years? In one quadrillion years? In one quintillion years? In one gazillion years?
As if a year, one single whirl around our puny little star, really happened in the first place.

* * * *

Nature is process, an artistic force,
Each and every moment creating, preserving, destroying.
Absolutely indifferent, to all beginnings, to all endings, to all goals, to all outcomes.

* * * *

What is this ineffable mystery, but pure awareness, but pure intelligence,
Playing out every potential, every possibility, that it might aspire to manifest.
To dream, in whatever fashion, in whatever dimension, its infinite dynamic ordains.

* * * *

It is not about belief, it not about dogma, it not about idolatry, it is not about groupthink.
It is not about tradition, it is not about rituals, it is not about symbols.
It is not about becoming anything or anyone.
It is simply about being,
What You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

,Desire and fear have been dynamic, intertwined forces in the human spectacle.
What is it to be without desire, without fear, and is the mind even capable of it?

Needs research; every scientist his/her own experiment, his/her own laboratory.

* * * *

You are herein introduced to your Self.
From your Self to your Self, so to speak.

* * * *

To what are You ultimately attached, but the conditioning,
Of a mind, each and every moment consuming, translating, a sensory feed,
Through the filters of a time-bound frame of reference, inspired by the given nature-nurture.

* * * *

Lamenting any loss, any change, what point, really?
When nothing even for an instant stays the same,
In the quantum matrix of this ineffable mystery.

* * * *

You are not the You, that identifies with this corporeal body,
Or this life, or this world, or this cosmos, or any fragment of the great unknown.
You are the indivisible oneness, and that ethereal quantum state,
Is enough for any earnest seeker turned seer.

* * * *

The witness, the awareness, the youness, indivisibly permeates all consciousness.
The other, the otherness, is ultimately naught but a fabrication,
Naught but an imaginary, dualistic notion,
Of quantum design.

* * * *

Where will believing the best or worst of others take You?
Into what adventures, what rabbit holes, will You tumble?

* * * *

Setting aside the fixation, the obsession, the passion, of any given delusion,
Requires a steadfast detachment, that relatively few can easily, willingly muster.

* * * *

You need not accept anything that is not legitimate or meaningful,
Just because some hypnotized meme-ish alliance espouses it,
Or because some renowned name or title is attached to it,
Or because it is a product of the fermentation of time.
If something does not stand on its own inviolable merit,
There need not be any wavering about putting it behind You.

* * * *

The flowers of tomorrow are the seeds of today,
And their seeds the flowers of the tomorrows after,
And on down the line in the long and short of it.

* * * *

There is no middleman between You and the mystery You are.
There is no need to perpetually struggle over questions that have no answer.
There is no need to believe, to worship, to follow, to pray, to grovel, to tithe, to dogmatize,
To dread judgments from an on-high, to quake over imaginary heavens and hells.
You are That I Am, You are that which is unborn, enduring, undying,
As untainted and free, as You allow your state of mind to be.

* * * *

What are the senses but readers of the indivisible quantum energy,
And the mind, the corporeal, finite neural processing unit,
That organizes their steaming input into a world,
Into a cosmos, in which You wander alone,
In the ever-churning midst of dualistic otherness.

* * * *

That I Am.
Of which untold seers,
In every time, in every geography,
Have quested, discerned, affirmed, proclaimed:
That I Am, it is You and You are it.
There is no other.

* * * *

Many have a very challenging time facing the fact,
That this three-dimensional existence, is but a touchy-feely dreamtime,
That absolutely nothing is permanent, that forever, is nothing more than an absurd concept,
A sound, whose only reality, is but an insignificant vibration in the indivisible,
That has no binds to time, no commitment to form, whatsoever.

* * * *

Any and all seeds are but one-time blueprints,
Which may, or may not, manage to reproduce,
And cast their given patternings a bit further,
In the kaleidoscoping dream of space-time.

* * * *

Still the busy mind, and without giving anything any thought, simply be the awareness.
Give full attention to each of the senses: the eyes that see, the ears that hear,
The tongue that tastes, the nose that smells, the flesh that feels.
Pay attention to the momentary now, ever-streaming,
Through the neural network, to the central processing unit.
Where is your world, where is your cosmos, without the given mind,
Projecting, reflecting, through the byzantine filters fabricated of imagination?
All creation, is but the ceaseless patterning of nature-nurture, set in motion, some long ago.
A handiwork, that has never been anything, but an indivisible quantum matrix,
Never more than an inexplicable dreamtime, of unknowable origin.

And the timeless unborn-enduring-undying awareness,
Solitary witness, that You are it, and it is You.

* * * *

Is anyone ever all one thing or another?
We are all the multi-faced monkey-mind.

* * * *

All laws, all principles, all canons, all decrees, all rules, and all other such things,
Are entirely born of the arbitrary, dualistic minds of humankind.
There has never been any deity but nature,
And its indivisible dynamic,
Is witness, judge, jury, enforcer, executioner, as needed.

* * * *

What You discern, what You glean, from your world, from your cosmos,
Is but a reflection of the frame of reference, the filter, doing the translating.

* * * *

There is no part, no fragment, there is only the indivisible whole.
The divisible, is but the fabrication of imagination,
And its relentless notions of duality.
Play the part, become the whole.
The nameless, prior to consciousness,
And it countless designs, born of limitation.

* * * *

Feel the burning sun warm against your face.
Feel its power, its radiation, permeating your being.
Feel its perpetual capacity to create, to preserve, to destroy.
Is it any wonder that the peoples of old worshipped it,
And that the dominant, imagined themselves gods.

* * * *

There it is again, beneath all the interminable facades of conscious design,
The essential as-real-as-it-gets youness, right here, right now,
Eternally present, in an ever-timeless sort of way.
You are the irrefutable awareness.
There is no other.

* * * *

Look at all, that the agonies and ecstasies,
Of your ephemeral, very mortal existence, have taught You,
And know, that it will all be lost, when the glimmer of that last electrical signal dims,
When the body and mind, to which You are so habitually attached,
Turns off the light, and without further ado,
Quietly exits the dream.

* * * *

You are the mystery of You, the wonder of You, the eternity of You.
Only sensory perception, imaginary notion, separate you,
From that most inescapably authentic reality.
Realize it, grapple it, know it, be it.

* * * *

The crippled beggar in some gutter,
May be the richest man, in all of human history.
And the Midas, with castles of gold across the globe, the poorest.
What is enough, and what is not enough?
Attitude is all.

* * * *

To awaken to eternity, You, the inexplicable awareness,
Must doubt everything to such a great degree,
As to be able to shake off the mind and senses entirely.
To become so inwardly at peace, as to be neither mind nor body.
A state of timeless beingness, for which few have either capacity or inclination.

* * * *

What was it that evolved the human ego?
Was sense of self formed by the competition over mates,
Over hunting grounds, over fishing holes, over resources, over possessions?
Was it the interplay of the given group, the many reflections of others judging this, judging that?
All the dynamics, all the relationships, all the struggles, the array of manifest time,
Gradually sculpting the mind, into the one through which You gaze.

* * * *

To discern your own mind, to discover the portal to the unknown,
What other point, could there truly be, to this rather mundane play?

* * * *

Even as quickly as sensory news travels through the synapses to the brain,
By the time it filters, by the time it registers, in the given mind,
The ever-present now, has indivisibly streamed on.
As immeasurable as it may seem,
Even eternal life, cannot keep up with reality.

* * * *

The filters of any given monkey-mind, in its imperfect frame of reference, are all about measuring,
Estimating, summarizing, evaluating, calculating, labeling, stereotyping, judging.
But it is the choices made in action and deed, that sculpt the day.

* * * *

Male and female, are merely long genomic strands of an evolutionary process,
Designed for relationship with nature, relationship with each other, relationship with our selves,
That this ever-changing epoch, and all its technologies, have in every way usurped.

We are all suffering in many ways; we are all struggling, to find our way.

* * * *

What is always ironically absurd, is how scientists measure,
And measure and measure, again and again, and nothing really changes.
What futility, to believe our egocentric genus, will ever evolve beyond its paradigm.
Imagine the massive collection of books and videos and photos and graphs and … and … and ...
That the aliens will discover, in the scar tissue of this garden, when they finally arrive.
Or perhaps, they already are here, watching us play out our narcissistic game.

* * * *

Best always be mindful, that some little thing You do today,
May well come calling with your death warrant tomorrow.

* * * *

What fun is it just to drive the vehicle if You have no idea,
What is going on under the hood, and beneath the wheels.

* * * *

Are You really any more than an imaginary notion,
Inspired by the dreamtime, into which You were cast?

* * * *

Yes, You have learned so much, figured out so much,
Yet here You are, right here, right now, really no less ignorant,
Than You were as a newborn babe, swaddled in cloth, in the given manger.

* * * *

A certain genesis, a certain cosmos, a certain star, a certain world,
A certain distance, a certain whirl, a certain tilt, a certain evolution,
And voilà, here You are, playing out a mortal dream in space and time.

* * * *

The unfolding history of every generation,
Sows the seeds of both ecstasy and agony,
For the progeny, and the unborn beyond.

* * * *

When You get down to the nitty-gritty-brass-tacks gist of it,
You are really nothing more than the clear space of awareness,
With a very long list of ever-changing imaginary assumptions.

* * * *

Consciousness is really nothing more,
Than lightning strikes, given meaning and purpose,
Along the neuron trails of the brain.

* * * *

There is an uncertain amount of irony and paradox,
About rationality, when it is marinated in emotion.

* * * *

The real pandemic for humankind will likely be starvation,
And that could take place very quickly given the glacial melt-off,
That is accelerating far more exponentially than the algorithm designers,
Can wrap their heads around in the scribbling of their behind-the-eight-ball code.

* * * *

Awareness is dimensionless, without limits, without boundaries, without attributes,
Filled only by the vaporous notions of consciousness, its absorption with, its adoration of,
Its interminable permutations, incessant convolutions, never-ending frivolities, of imaginary origin.

* * * *

What is a degree, what is a certificate, but a piece of paper,
That confirms You have learned how to think,
In some well-established box.

* * * *

If You are so fortunate, so privileged,
As to attain the 'self-actualized' ethereal of Maslov's Hierarchy,
If You are able to rise above the temporal, the mundane, worldly tiers of the 'physiological,'
Of the 'safety,' of the 'belongingness and love,' of the 'esteem,'
Count your Self blessed,
For if the human paradigm has any real meaning,
It is in the transcendent, creative mind, in which intelligence contentedly dwells.

* * * *

To be agnostic, to be uncertain, is to explore for your Self,
No direction known, no answers sought, no conclusions made,
Is to be as eternally present, as consciousness in space-time allows.

* * * *

So subtle, as to be ever obscure.
So esoteric, as to be sought by the rarest of the rare.
So inexplicable, as to stand alone, no matter the space, no matter the time.

* * * *

History as it is unfolding in day-to-day current events,
Is less about scholarship, than it is reaction to the given moment.
It is only as the gaze broadens, distills, to a larger context, that perspective,
Begins the slow, long and winding process of detached reflection,
That will one day harvest a footnote in some chronicle.

* * * *

What is the difference between a flake of gold and a grain of sand,
But a level, a degree, a magnitude, an intensity, of quantum vibration.

The appraisals deigned by consciousness, are naught but imaginary notion.

* * * *

Where anyone takes the quest for truth,
Is entirely a subjective reckoning.
How far and wide any seeker travels, to discern,
That it was all within and without, from the very beginning,
Is the chronicle, the saga, the myth, the epic, that all must alone navigate.

* * * *

What is any modern world, any current era, any contemporary timeframe,
But the timeless present, kaleidoscoping within the relativity, of any given mind.
It is only as real, as tangible, as imagination, inspired by the sensory feed, determines.

* * * *

So many failures, so many errors, so many flaws, so many imperfections, so many mistakes,
So many blunders, so many trespasses, so many brutalities, so many desires, so many vanities,
So many regrets for so many things, for which You must first and foremost, forgive your Self.

* * * *

Why believe anything, why fear anything, for which there is no rational proof?
To fear the irrational, is to dread what is really nothing more,
Than the imaginary dross born of mind.

* * * *

What is it, in the interwoven continuum of space and time, that stimulated the human mind,
Into becoming so ingenious at tool-making and countless other disciplines?
What a phenomenal whodunit the evolutionary aspect,
Of this unfathomable handiwork.

* * * *

All life forms exist in a choiceless eternal vulnerability,
That knows neither birth nor death, nor any measurable notion.
Instinct is the patterning established in all, through the Darwinian shaping,
Of each and every genomic strand, over millions and millions of years of evolution.
Consciousness, as the human ego fields it, assumes an invulnerability that is utterly fictional.
The assumption of free will, of choice, despite all illusions to the contrary,
Is every moment shackled to the instinctual roots of origin.
To suppose that You are truly and completely free,
That You have reign over your choices,
Is a dubious assertion, indeed.
The ultimate truth of it is,
That in any manifest dreamtime,
You can no more alter the given part You play,
Than any other living thing acting out its minute function,
In this inexplicable, indelible, indivisible, immutable, cosmic hologram,
Born in the vapors of imagination, moving to and fro, in the clear space of awareness.
To give over to the vulnerability, You in reality ever are, is a reflective view, to which few are drawn.

* * * *

Whether or not You chose to manifest in this dreamtime,
Is prior to all knowing, and need not be even the barest of concerns.
The point in fact is, You are here, You are now, and for perhaps no reason at all.
Which means You have the opportunity to play around a bit, in whatever way may call You.
There will be consequences, there will be ecstasy and agony, there will be death.
Ultimately, all smoke and mirrors, but certainly real enough at the time.

* * * *

The quantum cosmos, a hologram matrix of creation, preservation, destruction.
Rising, falling, ebbing, flowing, ever-churning through the stillness of awareness.

* * * *

How can the here-now, the ever-present moment, ever be born, destined to one day die?
How can that which is without attributes, that which is indivisible, ever exist?
How can there be light or dark? Sound or silence? Right or wrong?
How can there be any this, any that, in an indelible mystery,
In which space and time are not, have never been, will never be?

* * * *

In one quantum, all quantum; in all quantum, one quantum.
One for all, all for one, in the one and only indivisible there is.

* * * *

What is there but awareness.
To call it infinite or infinitesimal is meaningless.
To give it any purpose, to slather it with any attributes, is irrelevant.
To even brand it truth, is a beyond-the-pale absurdity.

* * * *

Life is an ever-changing cosmos, a convoluted maze with many, many doors.
You wander through the halls of your mind's translation, your imagination's rendering.
Some doors open, some do not; some open easily, some never at all; some open now, but not later;
Some are locked now, but open later; and some, many, most, never will.
Each mind has its fate, but only looking back.

* * * *

The weight of the world is but imaginary notion.
Still the mind, ignore the senses, waylay all the desires and fears.
Attend to the awareness prior to consciousness, and, poof,
The world disappears in the stillness of eternity.

* * * *

The sexual compulsion, and the continuation, the proliferation, of the existence, for which it evolved,
Is really nothing more than an instinctual, hypnotizing, overwhelming, primordial force.
A directive from the innermost reaches of every genomic strand across Gaia,
Striving to survive whatever 'forever' the dreamtime allows.

* * * *

Nothing mattered before the beginning, and nothing will matter after the end.
And what is everything between, but a stream of every variety of imaginary notion.

* * * *

The horror! The horror!
The absurdity! The absurdity!
The bother! The bother!

* * * *

Stop believing all the deceptions the conditioned mind endlessly weaves.
You are the eternal awareness, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

What a desolate conception of God has emerged in so many human minds.
How can any abide any vision that is not all-inclusive, all-accepting?
Any view that is cloaked by every imaginable dogmatic absurdity?
What is the point and purpose of all this incessant, nonsensical conflict,
Over what is, and has ever been, nothing more, than fictional confabulation?

* * * *

What does any timeless, immaculate moment become, but a snapshot in memory.
A marker encoded in the filaments of the neuron matrix.
Imagination does the rest.

* * * *

The malevolence of resentment, envy, distrust, spite, suspicion, protectiveness,
Covetousness, bitterness, greed, jealousy, and hatred, are not easy passions to resist.
Cultivate benevolence whenever possible, if You hanker for peace, both within and without.
And, if not, well, there are indeed any number of boulevards to murder and mayhem.
There is, after all, a certain serenity, a certain equanimity in self-righteousness.

* * * *

Human consciousness is a vortex of desire and fear,
And every variety of passion they foster,
Which will draw You in, as far as You cannot resist,
With all the flesh and mind delights of Power, Fame, Fortune,
And the Seven Deadlies: Pride, Envy, Gluttony, Lust, Wrath, Greed, Sloth.

* * * *

How desolate the lives of those whose soul meaning,
Is counting the coins in their growing mound of false gold.

* * * *

Any personal deity is nothing more than an imaginary illusion-delusion.
You are the only thing personal, wandering about this quantum mystery.

* * * *

No philosophy can ever more than point and sally at truth.
None can dictate more than piecemeal injunctions and futile remedies.
Language can never be anything more than barren distraction,
From the inherent mystery peering out from within.

* * * *

Mother Gaia is becoming an ill-tempered, impatient dragon,
At the unrelenting mismanagement of her elemental quantum nature,
By the countless two-leggeds, foolish enough to assert unrestrained dominance,
Over a mystery, which can never be known, much less mastered.

* * * *

The clock hands go round and round and round, and You ever the same.
Whoo-hoo for eternity playing out the dream of space and time,
In the awareness of your most thunder, perfect mind.

* * * *

You were told You were this, You were told You were that,
And now You meander the ever-present dream of space and time, believing it all true.
A make-believe meme, a conditioned pattern, an autonomous invention,
Woven into the ceaseless chatter of the consciousness,
Each and every moment streaming,
In the clear spaceless, of timeless awareness.

* * * *

Regarding the contemporary destiny of this garden world,
Humanity seems intent on learning a very harsh lesson of balance,
In a most strenuous, most convoluted, most painful manner.
Earth will abide, but as to whether life will or will not,
Has the jury waiting and watching a tad longer.

* * * *

Fabricating deities and majestically convoluted depictions of heavens and hells and purgatories between,
Is really little more, than an intricate way, of declaring how clueless so many truly are.
Much more delusional, much more bothersome, much more absurd,
Than just being quietly, simply, honestly agnostic.
How much more profound it is to neither know nor care.

* * * *

How can the immaculate awareness You truly are,
Ever be more, ever be less, than what it is right here, right now?
What is this fleeting corporeal existence but a timeless, unborn, undying dream.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how are You,
But empty attachment to a sack of bones and goo,
A collection of filtered perceptions, of vague memories,

A meme, a recording, a scratchy record, going round and round,
The same song, playing over and over, until breath and beat, do You part.

* * * *

You are the witness, the arbiter, of your version of this sensory-created mystery.
Even if You subscribe to some well-established mindset,
It is ever your interpretation.

* * * *

Using the tools of rhetoric to enhance empty agendas,
To embellish middling intelligence, or emotional quotients,
Only undermines the power of reason, in the pursuit of veracity.

* * * *

How could the timeless awareness You truly are,
That which is without attributes, that which is absolutely singular,
Ever be, in any way different, or in any way separate, from anyone or anything else's?
There is no divisibility, but through the imaginary notions of consciousness.

* * * *

What is heaven, what is hell, but potentials of mind, given over to equanimity or volatility.
What more can any ask of their dreamtime, than to have a mind at peace with its Self,
A mind that is content, a mind that is serene, a mind that is eternal, unto its origin.

* * * *

Life is a long and ever-streaming swim.
Will You stay in the shallow end, the deep end,
Or wander back and forth, as the given moment calls?

* * * *

Chances are, that the pain You are feeling so deeply, is all in your head,
And if it actually is of the body sort, well that is not a forever thing, either.

* * * *

You are the mysterious unknown, peering out into a universe,
Entirely conceived by an organized collection of neurons.
Some sort of quantum be, quantum see, kind of thing.

* * * *

There is only the timeless instant, the eternal moment.
There is only right here, there is only right now.
There is no yesterday, there is no tomorrow.
In the ever-present, hereness-nowness, the indivisible ever is.
There is no past, there is no future, there is no ever was, there is no will ever be.

* * * *

What is the cosmos of a crow, a tuna, a rat, a cockroach, a microbe?
How vain to believe yours any more real, any more important than theirs.

* * * *

In the ocean of indivisibility, the ocean of awareness, the ocean of consciousness,
In which all things, in synchronicity, move hither and thither, to and fro,
Existence is nothing more than a habit, a pattern, a recording,
A dream, in which the nature-nurture of every seed,
Plays out its timeless, inseparable part.

* * * *

To be aware, each and every moment, that none of this is ultimately real,
To not be mesmerized, by the mind's conditioned responses,
Only the rarest of the rare attain, or so they say.

* * * *

Taking personal responsibility, is the foundation of all suffering.
What is the point of being responsible, being liable, being accountable,
For a cosmos, a world, an existence, You had no say in creating.

* * * *

The mystic does not conquer or subjugate or annihilate,
But through surrender of the personal mind,
To that which is total and absolute.

* * * *

How can anyone who has any wit, any savvy, any keenness, whatsoever,
Not doubt, not question, not think critically, is perhaps the greatest mystery.

* * * *

To recondition the mind into being timelessly ever-present,
Rather than being lost in time-bound imagery,
That is the eternal challenge.

* * * *

If You must hope for anything of this existence,
Hope for a quick, unexpected, painless death.

* * * *

Awareness is the timelessness, through which consciousness fashions space-time.
There is naught but now, in which imagination casts itself hither and thither,
Like a wind, that cannot decide whether to be a zephyr or a hurricane.

* * * *

You have never seen your own face, You have never seen your own body.
How could your frame of reference, ever be the same as anyone else's?

* * * *

Maybe You have got it, maybe You have not, but what is there to get, anyway?
You are awareness, You are absolute, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Everyone wandering hither and thither,
Each with their own uniquely eccentric soap opera,
Ebbing and flowing to and fro, in their vain little monkey skulls.

* * * *

God, Brahman, Allah, Tao, Quantum, isness, oneness, absoluteness, totality,
And the infinity of sounds, by which it might also be known,
All fluid words used interchangeably herein,
To give homage to that which is prior to all names.

* * * *

Ain't it amazing how much You do not know,
And yet the first and last knower all the while.

* * * *

A still rock is a still rock.
A still pond is a still pond.
A still mind is a still mind.

* * * *

Who am I? Well, I am me, the same me, as You.
Both of us likely just as attached to our flesh and bone guises,
Just as attached to all our vain notions, in this garden's play of nature-nurture.
We are all nothing more than a relatively brief play of differences,
Cavorting in the same vast ocean of indivisibility,
Ultimately born of the same source,
The same awareness,
The same unknowable unknown.
Name it, label it, describe it, identify it, classify it,
Sanction it, however You will, it is ever the same inexplicable essence.

* * * *

And why not be lazy and apathetic?
The human paradigm is set in flesh and bones.
Nothing will change enough, to make it worth the bother.

* * * *

What do You think the mystery used, but its own quantum clayness,
To create, to witness, to fathom, You, and your temporal universe?

* * * *

What is imagination, but the neural wind of the mind.
Sometimes still, sometimes breeze, sometimes tempest.

* * * *

It is hard to fathom, that rational scientific method, does not reign across the board,

That superstition, mythology, make-believe, idolatry, dogma, fanaticism,
Still have such an enduring foothold in the human psyche.

* * * *

The passion of the mob, can easily and quickly, run strong and deep,
And life and limb come to great harm, if/when the swell becomes too muddled.
Staying away, hunkering down, moving elsewhere, can often be among the safer tonics.

* * * *

What would Jesus have been imparting, if he had lived well beyond the martyred age of thirty-three?
Would it have been the same, beyond-the-pale balderdash, of these last two thousand years?
Or would the tune have changed, morphed, evolved, into something far different?
The things we will never know, are indeed-indeed well beyond counting.

* * * *

The quantum mystery will pretend,
Whatever meaning and purpose You vainly imagine,
And not even one scintilla of it, ultimately real or important, all the while.

* * * *

At some point, is there really anything left in the bucket?
Is there anyone You desperately need to see again?
Anything You desperately need to do again?

* * * *

The Way is neither moral nor immoral.
Isness is not bound by any play of mind.

* * * *

Doubt will carry You, to whatever falsehood You can abide,
And then on to the next and the next and the next and the next and the next,
Until You finally achieve that eternal moment, where there are no more untruths to be had,
That unutterable, timeless realization, where You finally, indelibly discern,
That You are, and have always been, and will ever be,
The way and the truth and the life.
There is no other,
Playing out every possibility.

* * * *

It is more than a little dubious, more than a little moot,
That anyone bothers speaking out, about the way they view reality,
When it so often provokes more conflict, more thistles, in the minds of others.
Far more rational, far wiser, far kinder, to go hang out alone, in some anonymous venue,
Some serene garden bench, some understated front porch, imbibing the spaciousness of awareness.
Enjoying in solitude, in tranquility, what relatively little mortal dreamtime is left.

* * * *

You are your own witness, your own muse, born of the world, the cosmos,

That your many attachments to mind and body, inspire You to believe real and true.
It is but a quantum dream, but one You must play out, for as long as the mortal faire allows.

* * * *

Spiritual militancy only brews more dogma, in an already dogmatized world.
Choosing the path of least resistance, declining to engage in gratuitous conflict,
Is the surest means, to giving one's Self over, to the unbearable lightness of being.

* * * *

Attempting to replicate another's awakening is impossible.
You must perceive and witness your own mind,
Your own world, your own cosmos,
Unutterably alone.

* * * *

This dreamtime offers any educated mind, incalculable ways to discern, to filter, this quantum theater.
Historian, scientist, mathematician, philosopher, anthropologist, sociologist, psychologist,
And on and on and on, for minds born with the grit and gumption to learn.

* * * *

There is no political or economic or religious solution,
To what is happening at the macro level of our two-legged paradigm.
We are acting no differently, than bacteria charging towards the edge of a petri dish.
Biology will out, no matter how viable, how dexterous, how profound, how bona fide, the technology.
All the babble is, and has ever been, nothing more than meaningless mind gorp.

* * * *

How many zeroes to the right or left of the decimal point are really required,
To discern all You really have is one very big, one very tiny,
Null and void coursing through it all.

* * * *

No need to pray for this or that, or that or this.
Just accept what comes, and let go what goes.

* * * *

All the feelings, all the thoughts, in this our human paradigm,
What are they, but much ado about ductless glands and viscera.

* * * *

We tag this indelible mystery with so many names,
Shore it up with so many speculations,
All equally meaningless.

* * * *

We are all wandering our own very unique, very subjective, very alone, version of a cosmos.
A timeless conundrum, an inexplicable mystery, an immeasurable dream,
From all beginnings, through all middles, to all endings.

None of us have ever seen our own face, and none ever will,
Because there is not, has never been, and will never be, one to see.

* * * *

Those who find themselves beneath the Bodhi Tree,
Or utterly alone for forty days and nights in the desert,
Are neither dull in wit, faint of heart, nor slothful in spirit.

* * * *

T-Shirt Karma,
Coffee Mug Dharma:
What Would Jesus Do?
What Would Lao Tzu Do?
What Would Nietzsche Do?
What Would Siddhartha Do?
What Would Mohammed Do?
What Would Zoroaster Do?
What Would Krishna Do?
What Would Waldo Do?
What Will You Do?

* * * *

Where is the division between consciousness and unconsciousness,
For anyone giving the mind, and all its movements, their full attention.

* * * *

You are, indeed, a quantum jester.
A fool, a wit, a wag, a tool, for the indivisible unknown,
To tarry for the briefest of whiles, in an imaginary reverie of space and time.

* * * *

What need do those who have awakened,
Those who have transcended all doubt,
Those who wander in unburdened awareness,
Have for any questions, or the answers they project.

* * * *

Some answers are far too infinite, some far too infinitesimal, for any question,
And those who query, only hear the predictable echoes of their own projections.

* * * *

The mind is a castle keep, and the awareness You truly are, its sovereign.
To allow no other, to haphazardly trample about the dominion,
Is to hold fast against the tempests of consciousness.

* * * *

Would that life were more fair, and suffering not such a mainstay.
In the draw of the genetic lottery, some get a royal flush,

While others cannot even score a high card,
And the remainder muddle in the abyss between.
The winds of nature-nurture carry us where they will.

* * * *

History is so much greater than any culture, any philosophy, any mound of gold.
And the world, the universe, the quantum field, is far greater than anything imaginable.
And the unknowable, the indivisible, the nothingness, prior to all manifestation, is trump to all.

* * * *

It takes a great deal of courage, a great deal of detachment,
To not take life, to not take this world, this dream, personally.

* * * *

Travel time? How can something that does not exist be traveled?
How can You be anywhere but the here now, in which You ever indivisibly reside?
Imagination, the quixotic author of this enigmatic quantum stagecraft,
Is the only time traveler, there has ever been, or will ever be.

* * * *

What are You, what is any form, but a derivative of the indivisible totality.
All but infinitesimal widgets, thingamajigging within the ever-kaleidoscoping quantum matrix.
Consciousness claiming to be this or that, is but the delusion of imagination,
Identifying with ever-changing temporal circumstance.

* * * *

The mystery plays out every preposition:
In-on, at-to, before-after, over-under, above-below, up-down, plus-minus, since-until,
inside-outside, with-without, around-through … et cetera,
And none of it all the while.

* * * *

Your original state is absolutely, indivisibly, unconditionally flawless.
The only question, is whether that unutterably formless, timeless emptiness,
That immaculate awareness ,prior to consciousness, prior to all whims of mind,
Can be steadfastly reestablished, while immersed in the given day-to-day.
It is a homecoming, only the rarest of the rare, ever contemplate.

* * * *

All things under every star across the great unknown,
Are of the same quantum essence ever churning anew.

* * * *

You are as small as You are large, as short as You are tall.
What is the starry-starry universe, but the untouchable You,
And the beaten path, the You, upon which You daily tread.

* * * *

Is there thought without vanity, self without arrogance?
Is a question that requires rigorous observation,
By each and every witness so-inclined.

* * * *

We are what we have always been: self-absorbed in every which-way imaginable.
There are already far too many of our kind, and daily more and more,
And in spite of our indelible aptitude, at inventing every conceivable thingamajig,
It is inevitable, that we will ultimately prove incapable, of surviving our Frankenstein creation.

* * * *

Life is death and death is life; the two are indivisibly intertwined in this dream of time.
To cling to one or the other, is to entirely miss the point, that neither truly are, or are not.

* * * *

No quarter given, no quarter taken,
The ultimate Darwinian reality in this manifest theater.
Might makes right in every dreamer's dream.

* * * *

This mystery is too incomprehensible, to even try to shroud it with rhyme or reason,
And yet we do again and again and again, each and every mind, born afresh,
Striving to comprehend the ever-mystifying nature of the given maze.
Is it any wonder saloons are full, and needles litter the streets.

* * * *

Look deadly, be deadly; look deadly, be harmless;
Look harmless, be deadly; look harmless, be harmless.
Survival is as survival does in this indivisible quantum Eden,
This garden of good and evil, born of imagination's egoistic reality.

* * * *

Your illusory cosmos is your teacher; it is your frame of reference.
It is an interminable streaming of faces and places and every variety of form.
It is all the creatures from small to large, it is galaxies beyond what any eye can see.
It is words and numbers and sounds and symbols, and whatever else consciousness colludes.
It is the imaginary mind, it is the imaginary you, it is the imaginary not you.
And through it all, the ubiquitous awareness, You truly are.
Ever the ever-present, solitary witness.

* * * *

Ethics is the luxury of a full belly and a safe harbor.
Might makes right, it always has, it likely always will.
The best any can hope for is a benevolent claw and fang.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how, is the boundary between pleasure and pain,
Or are agony and ecstasy, suffering and happiness, anguish and joy,

Nothing more than points along a neurological continuum.
A survival mechanism that evolved long, long ago,
In the nervous system many animals share.

* * * *

All this time, all this effort, all this angst, all this absurdity,
Only to finally figure out that it is all nothing more than a touchy-feely dream,
Sponsored by an inexplicable quantum feed.
Argh, indeed.

* * * *

What is human history, but the ever-predictable monkey-mind,
Rolodexing its muddle of consciousness, over and over and over.

* * * *

And to the end of time, to the end of daze,
The scholars and the researchers and the mathematicians,
And the academics and the thinkers and the experts and the philosophers,
And the authorities and the specialists and the highbrows and the eggheads and the polymaths,
Measured and calculated and gauged and quantified and evaluated to the nth degree,
Every this and that, clearly obvious to most everyone else, from the get-go.

* * * *

You are very much alone, You have always been very much alone,
And despite the hypnotizing sensory play about You,
You will ever be very much alone.
How else could the singularity be single?

* * * *

In every end, it will be as it was in every beginning,
As it was in every meridian and every twinkling in every between,
And as it is in every imaginable before, as it is in every imaginable after, as well.
Any notion that your ‘youness’ is in any way separate from the eternal,
Is nothing more than the delusion of the sensory mind-body.

* * * *

Each and every timeless, streaming moment, passes the same.
Call it second, call it minute, call it hour, call it day, call it night, call it this year or that,
It is ever the same quantum eternity, dancing in its own illumination,
And You, the awareness, its ineffable witness.

* * * *

Awareness is the perceiving, awareness is the observing, awareness is the witnessing.
There is no observer, there is no witness; the source is not a thing, it is not consciousness,
It is not at all attached to any who, any what, any where, any when, any why, any how.
It merely is – indivisibly, indescribably, timelessly – free and clear of all attributes.

* * * *

The eternal salvation, so many glibly guarantee, is up to You, to alone discern.
Even if You follow a trusted guide, up an arduous, rocky mountain trail,
You are still required to endure, each and every step, along the way.

* * * *

Time is the flowing of consciousness.
There is no time in the heart of awareness.
Abandon the ticking clock lodged in your mind,
And apperceive the timeless, immeasurable beingness.
You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Do not be ensnared by the temporal mind-body, You imagine your Self to be.
It is naught but ductless glands and viscera, a vehicle of relatively fleeting duration.

* * * *

Everyone marches to the beat of one drum or another.
Some are too loud to be heard, others too muted not to be.

* * * *

The indifferent known, the indifferent unknown,
The indifferent cosmos, the indifferent world, the indifferent space-time,
The indifferent quantum, the indifferent mind-body, the indifferent who-what-where-when-why-how,
The indifferent now, the indifferent awareness, the indifferent truth, the indifferent false,
The indifferent everything, the indifferent nothing, the indifferent whatever,
All the same indifference masked by every indivisible guise.

* * * *

This spinning orb, is the universe's insane asylum, oft times called Hell.
For shards of Soul. who believe themselves separate from the null and void.

* * * *

This manifest theater, this temporal realm,
Concocts an inexhaustible diversity of bullshit.
So it goes. deal with it, get over it, move on.
Alone and absolute, if You can manage it.

* * * *

Discern the timeless stillness of the awareness prior to consciousness.
Become that peace, that tranquility, that calmness, that serenity, that You.

* * * *

Everyone would do well to challenge, to confront, their imaginary deities,
Their superstitions, their fallacies, their delusions, and whatever other dreads,
At least once in a while, to discern if anything noteworthy, really happens.
Take a scientific approach, rather than be some meme-ridden puppet.

* * * *

In any given life, there are some good decisions,
Some mediocre decisions, and some really bad decisions.
Regrets are no doubt piled high and cringing in any given mind.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

The incalculable theaters of mind, already come and gone in the human paradigm,
Ever delineate the future, ever forge the options of new generations,
Ever channel them into unprecedented venues,
From which they cast their progeny into their rendering.

* * * *

What is human existence, but an ever-streaming play of consciousness,
An ever-kaleidoscoping play, of some given mind, attached to some given circumstance,
An ever-emanating play of minds, mesmerized by every imaginable difference,
That the delusions of sensory illusion, can fashion real and true.
Ultimately nothing more than the quantum enigma,
Playing a game of light and shadow.

* * * *

The purgatory of consciousness, offers only fragmented peace.
Heaven is the motionless oblivion of pure, unfiltered awareness.

* * * *

The time born of mind, reigns through the continuity of its many memes, its many patterns.
Consciousness reinforces these repetitive cultural blueprints through conditioning.
Relatively few are inclined, to free themselves from their domesticated lot,
To discern the timeless awareness, at the cradle of all imagined.

* * * *

Gaia is in the remorseless, fell grip of the monkey-mind.
The fruit of the garden, is fated to be its cancerous demise.

* * * *

Quantum awareness, quantum consciousness: omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
What more God could You possibly witness? What more god could You possibly be?

* * * *

To see the reality of this awareness clearly, to discern what You truly, undoubtedly, are,
You must have the concentration and fortitude, of a tightrope walker crossing a canyon.

* * * *

Self-pity, what an odious waste.
Besides which, what is the point of feeling wretched,
Given that You are doomed, doomed to suffering, decline, and annihilation,
No matter how You pander your sentiments about it.

* * * *

What is the universe, but a quantum creation spun of nothing,
And every existence, witness to a unique cosmos of patterned design,
As devised by the senses, in their eternal perception of the winds of illusion.

* * * *

We are only joking ourselves, if we think anyone,
Much less anyone in the political-economic-religious forum,
Is going to steer a safer course, much less turn our little Titanic around.
We only exist, we only abide, at this absurd level of beyond-the-pale statistical intrigue,
Because of oil, electricity, and our beyond-the-pale, tool-making capacity, all fueled, by insatiable greed.
There is no happy ending, no over the rainbow, to the horror story daily unfolding.
Economic and environmental shit-hits-the-fan is inevitable.
How and when, the only question.

* * * *

Consciousness concocts every imaginable speculation,
To grapple with this inexplicable quantum mystery,
But its ultimate reality, is prior any metaphor.

* * * *

What is the dreaming state – the thoughts, the images, the sensations – of sleep,
But the incessant movement of the mind, without sensory reference points?
Is there really a division between consciousness and sub-consciousness,
Or is it merely the mind, facing or not facing, whatever reality is unfolding?

* * * *

The mind is a weaving of attachment, to all its imagery.
Everything thought and done, is founded upon the conditioning,
Of space and time, since the inception, of its first perception.

* * * *

Consciousness is the movement, the vibration, the lightning storm, of the brain.
Mind, is fabricated by the attachment, to the many emotional and conceptual patterns,
The conditioning, to which it abides, for whatever sojourn the dreamtime of quantum ordains.

* * * *

It is a perpetual yellow brick road, littered with non sequitur.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Awareness, alone, serene.

* * * *

What is any description, any identification, any categorization, any hypothesis, any stereotype,
But gray-matter pigeonholes, in which assumptions can be warehoused,
Taken out, cooked, and served up, as needed.

* * * *

It is the nature of reflective, earnest doubt, that no lie will long suffice.
Once You embark on this solitary journey, to discern the truth of this implacable mystery,

There will be a never-ending array, of ever-enticing interruptions and diversions.
Every sort of blind alley, roadblock, dead end, and impasse, imaginable.
But there will be no turning back, there will be no stopping.
Red pill, blue pill, was there ever really a choice?

* * * *

Which came first, the chicken or the egg?
What does it matter, they are both illusions.

* * * *

If You give your self over to Self,
Things just seem take care of themselves,
In a way only You, very much alone, can witness.
No need to pray to some idol, no need to worship some deity.
Just being fully in the ever-kaleidoscoping moment, is more than enough.

* * * *

What is a reasonable profit in commerce, and what is usury,
Depends upon who contrives the rules of the game,
And what the market will bear or bull.

* * * *

Achieving the so-called higher states of consciousness
– Detachment, wisdom, harmony, serenity, equanimity, contentment –
Are especially arduous, and take a great deal of practice.

* * * *

So many issues ahead, in this, the world our kind has crafted:
Overpopulation, resource depletion, pollution, waste and waste disposal,
Ocean acidification, acid rain, ozone layer depletion, global warming, climate change,
Loss of biodiversity, habitat loss, deforestation, urban sprawl, water scarcity,
Economic mayhem, warfare, terrorism, civil unrest, pestilence.
To name a few.

* * * *

The awareness You are, is within all life, from the smallest to greatest, all across creation.
You are every moment being born, You are every moment dying.
Life and death, how are they not the same?

* * * *

Standing for nothing, is the only way to avoid the very common human delusion,
That existence has some paramount meaning and purpose, that values are authentic and true,
That morals, that ethics, are more than just vain inventions of a species, that has yet to come to terms,
With the reality, that it is but the very temporal consequence of evolutionary happenstance.

* * * *

Always agreeable to have enough coins of the realm to stay more than just afloat,
But too big a pile, can wander into the exceedingly bothersome domain of cursedom.

* * * *

Thought has a tendency to get caught up in one little-self fixation after another.
To dwell in the no-self zone, requires great detachment from the world,
And all the incalculable universes, that emerge and subside,
Upon a constantly-changing elemental crust,
That basks in the radiance of a relatively temperate star.

* * * *

You are the sacrifice, your life has been chosen.
And You are carrying a cross of your own making.
We are all martyrs of our own imaginary notion.

* * * *

We must all go-through-it-to-see-through-it, on so many things.
It is the nature of the beast, that we all must all embark anew.

* * * *

What sense can perceive the eternal conundrum of awareness?
What attribute can prove it? What word can define it? What mind can bind it?
Awareness is the sovereignty of all things imperceptible, unprovable, indefinable, unbindable.

* * * *

You are the eternal awareness experiencing manifest form.
To die to the little self, is not physical death, but psychic death.
It is awakening, it is being born again, into the Self, You truly are.

* * * *

Call it all progress if You will,
But that which is not in harmony with natural law,
Has ever been little more than a long and winding road through perdition.

* * * *

The dormancy of a deep, deep sleep, is the recharging of the vitality.
All the activity of personal mythos, all the sensory shimmering in that imaginary center,
All that desire and dread and passion, grind down the corporeal mind-body.
It goes home for a little oblivion, interrupted only by dreams.

* * * *

An indifferent cosmos,
Witnessed by an indifferent awareness.
Is the notion of caring, any less capricious than the wind?

* * * *

Those to whom You are closest,
Those upon whom You can depend,
Manifest reliable affection and respect.
They may or may not be related by genome.

* * * *

Once You discern, there is something more, than the mundane temporal to this existence,
Once You realize, awareness is the ether of this illusory dreamtime, the rest is up to You.

* * * *

No matter how vividly You might remember anything,
It is nothing more, than the mind caught in imaginary notion,
Not the sensory perception, of the unfolding moment itself.

* * * *

How quickly attitude can turn on its head.
How quickly perspective can morph into some contrary state.
How quickly white can become black, light become shadow, good become evil,
Clear become murky, more become less, hit become miss, right become wrong, love become hate,
Similar become different, have become have not, smile become frown, ecstasy become agony,
Flexible become rigid, pleasure become pain, interest become tedium, full become empty,
Kindness become intolerance, compassion become cruelty, inclusion become isolation,
Moderation become excess, exotic become tedious, eloquence become incoherent,
Positive become negative, respect become disdain, esteem become loathing,
Logic become arbitrary, harmony become discord, benevolence become malice,
Modesty become vain, honor become shame, virtue become vice, refined become coarse,
Yes become no, trust become suspicion, tolerance become prejudice, sensible become absurd,
Soft become hard, unconditional become qualified, sincerity become irony, reason become paradox,
Deep become shallow, hot become cold, happiness become sorrow, respect become contempt,
Freedom become coercion, paradise become dystopia, indivisible become divisible,
Reality becomes illusion, truth become delusion, red pill become blue pill,
And vice versa and hither-thither gray on all of the above, as well.
What is the psyche, but a swirling cauldron of passion.

* * * *

Why in any deity's name, would anyone ever need to kill anyone else,
Simply because they do not see this unfathomable mystery the same way?
How absurd must absurd be, before absurd wakes up to its absurdity?

* * * *

All speculations aside, whether coincidences are anything more or less,
Than the mystery creaking dispassionately away, in its synergistic fashion,
Is well beyond the pay grade of we mere mortals, playing out the mortal game.

* * * *

You have always been very much alone.
Your attempts to avoid it, have always proven futile.
It is your eternal nature, no matter the diversity streaming about.

* * * *

You have often witnessed the absurdity, the inanity, the insanity,

Of those who thoughtlessly, fearfully, abide in one form of ignorance or another.
Seek out those who freely tender sound and compassionate wisdom,
And then only to listen, to learn, and perchance to own.
Never give your autonomy over to another.

* * * *

And what is wisdom, but seeing the relativity of all things,
And flowing easily, content, between the insights all garner.

* * * *

Somehow the mysterious indivisible quantum glue of the eternal now,
Holds together, one into the next, each and every streaming holograph moment.
It is just all too frigging boggling, for consciousness, to ever wrap its wee little mind around.

* * * *

You cannot feel that which cannot be felt.
You cannot see that which cannot be seen.
You cannot hear that which cannot be heard.
You cannot taste that which cannot be tasted.
You cannot smell that which cannot be smelt.
You cannot know that which cannot be known.

* * * *

What many call love, is not without endless arrays of conditions.
It is worm-ridden with expectations and tradeoffs and manipulations.
Anything less, than that which is unconditional, is not love, pure and simple.

* * * *

Humanity is only as great, as its capacity to synergize itself, and the web of life, to continuation.
To embrace destruction and death, over of guardianship, is a sure road to chaos and extinction.

* * * *

Some seem born with a certainty about their destiny.
Some never determine any particular fate calling their name.
And some must wait until late in the game to get their ticket punched.

* * * *

The sins of the universe are erased, when the original nature is realized.
The notion of good and evil, is nothing more than human vanity,
Playing out patterning, bred in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

There will be no end to the human narrative, to human storytelling,
As long as there is imagination, to sustain the underlying collusion.

* * * *

In the worship of any and all deities,
What are individuals or groups really doing,

But bowing and scraping to every variety of absurdity?

* * * *

You must be very courageous, very determined, very stoic,
To undo all that has been done, to tackle the unknown.
It is a long and winding yellow-brick-road journey,
From which You will not arrive, as You were.

* * * *

Learn to learn for learning's sake, for its intrinsic meaning.
Do not learn just for grades; do not learn simply to regurgitate.
Do not learn purely for little rectangles of paper framed on a wall.
Do not learn merely for the sake of a few letters following your name.

* * * *

Quantum fact that it is, to state this ethereal kaleidoscoping dreamtime is all one,
Is for many, little more than some after-the-fact, romantic-lyrical notion.
The timeless awareness is the ever-present, intangible reality,
And consciousness, despite all its skillful wordplay,
Can in reality never do much more than grunt and point.

* * * *

Though it is countless times the greatest of challenges,
You are, in the you-are-the-world view, your world's keeper,
For there is not one part or particle that is not,
As equally quantum as your Self.

* * * *

Feel the creator, feel the preserver, feel the destroyer, You every moment are.
You are immortal: No need to argue it, no need to fear it, no need to idolize it.

* * * *

The challenge for each and every one of us two-leggeds, is to first and foremost,
Be our own greatest friend, our favorite companion, our treasured beloved,
And to abstain, as often as possible, from being our own worst enemy.

* * * *

At some point in the hereness, at some point in the nowness,
Some minds, bit by bit, little by little, awaken to the given conditioning.
Awaken to the great doubt, the great question, and in that calamity of consciousness,
Begin a long and winding and solitary, one-step-after another journey,
Towards the brass ring, the salvation, of eternal reunion.

* * * *

Enthrallment with any of the assorted forms of occult power,
Whether it be called paranormal, sorcery, mysticism, spirituality, religion, or ad infinitum,
Are nothing more the continuing dance of consciousness with illusion.

* * * *

Tombs preserve nothing but the dread and hope of a fictitious reality.
The mind-body is an ephemeral means, a temporal carousel,
Ultimately nothing more than a prospective repast,
For a variety of worms and other critters.

* * * *

You may have hurt and used many, You may have had many enemies.
When You see your responsibility, and abide the lessons learned,
You are freed of the bothersome burden of regret and hatred.

* * * *

Is the intensity awash in the true believer's eyes,
Really anything more than the vanity of consciousness,
Embroiled in its own double-double-toil-and-trouble brew?

* * * *

You wander from trend to trend, craze to craze, believing You live meaningfully.
What folly to believe pleasure after pleasure, will satisfy the ceaseless yearning for more.
The insatiable craving of consciousness, for everlasting exhilaration, is a barren vine.

* * * *

Those who would explore the expanses of the eternal mind,
Will wander through many cycles of limbo, of anguish, of despair.
In the play of consciousness, there are no heights without nadirs between.

* * * *

Yet another walking-talking dittohead meme.
A babbling brook may well make more sense.

* * * *

Every culture across the world, across time,
Has indoctrinated its young to think a certain way.
All are imprisoned in one form of conditioning or another.
Even those who plumb the farthest shores of doubt,
Must every moment, deal with the given mind.

* * * *

Telescopes and microscopes, and all the technologies,
Have conveyed humanity to every conceivable small and large,
But it is ever the same sensory set, the same monkey-mind, filtering it all.
We are both masters and slaves, to our tool-making capabilities,
And the imagination, to which we so earnestly cling.

* * * *

Any given existence, is just one thing after another:
Twinklings of delight, punctuated by stretches of misery,
An indivisible dance from whatever beginning to whatever end.

* * * *

No fun hanging on a cross,
And playing statue in some back yard,
Is not really much to write home about, either.

* * * *

Someone may point out this inexplicable, indivisible mystery,
And perhaps offer thoughts and suggestions and cautions and encouragement.
Call them teachers, call them gurus, call them priests, call them mystics, call them what You will.
But there are no followers in the journey, the expedition, the quest, the pursuit, of Self.
There are no disciples, no believers, no devotees, no partisans, no adherents.
Only friends and acquaintances, and perhaps annoying adversaries,
All inquiring, very much alone, into what is real and true.

* * * *

In the innermost voyage of awakening,
Attachment to the given mind-body has less and less footing.
From the ultimate panorama, the corporeal arrangement, the perceptual patterning,
Is nothing more than a temporal, sensory vehicle,
A means, not an end.

* * * *

There are those who journey about the world,
And remain as insular as the day they exited the womb.
And there are world travelers, cosmic dancers,
Who need not step off the front porch.

* * * *

There can really only be one source to this mystery.
The only question is whether it wears a Christian face,
A Muslim face, a Buddhist face, a Taoist face, a Hindu face,
Or any face at all.

* * * *

Life happens.
Death happens.
Nothing happens.

* * * *

There can only be so many geniuses in any given arena of spirited endeavor,
Otherwise, any given fourth or so standard deviation, would be but a new normal.

* * * *

What is any pattern but an energy system,
Interacting seamlessly with other energy systems,
In one vast indivisible all-in-one-one-in-all quantum sea.

* * * *

\If You do not say it now, if You do not do it now, whatever it is needs doing, will not get done.
Now is the one and only moment, now is the one and only space-time, now is the one and only way.
No matter who-what-where-when-why-how says it, no matter who-what-where-when-why-how does it,
If it is not said now, if it is not done now, how else will consciousness play out its imaginary dream?

* * * *

Life and death are intertwined.
One is not without the other,
Each and every moment,
In this ineffable dream,
Of imaginary design.

* * * *

It is attachment to one parochial mindset or another,
Attachment to one narrow-minded, insular vision, or another,
That blinds so many, to the fact, that the same truth is indivisible in all.

* * * *

The gods of the electromagnetic spectrum, run the gamut from long waves to short,
From the cosmic rays, to the broadcast bands: the gamma rays, the x-rays,
The ultraviolets, the infrareds, the microwaves, the radars, the radios,
And whatever other idolatrous icons, indivisibly radiates between and betwixt.

* * * *

You are the quantum program,
You are the quantum programmer,
Creation creating a quantum mirage.

* * * *

The great unknown, a mystery prior to the spontaneity of creation.
No need to fear it, no need to worship it, no need to bow or scrape to it,
No need to name it, no need to dogmatize it, no need to swath it in laurels.
No need to do anything other than to simply be it, as awareness allows.

* * * *

The sea of awareness knows no time,
Knows no space, is bound by no limitation.
What words could ever suffice to expound eternity?

* * * *

All mythologies are mind-made narratives, none abide in the eternal abyss.
They are not foundations, to anything more than arbitrary, capricious, cultural memes.
Thumb-sucking security blankets, for those unable to endure alone, the winds of temporal illusion.

* * * *

There is no normal, no ordinary, no typical, no common, no average, no conventional,
Just a world full of bat-crazy two-leggeds, who think they are rational,

And band together into memes, and dogmatize about it.

* * * *

Jesus ain't coming back, and You will not, either.
Each and every existence is a one-time show, courtesy of the given seed,
And the ever-kaleidoscoping matrix, into which it is cast.

* * * *

Light is a timeless function of the senses projecting into the mind.
Without their every-moment role, as creators of time and space,
What light would be possible, what light would be necessary?

* * * *

Do not be bound by the constraints of this mortal theater.
It is but a play of capacities and limitations.
What is, is without attributes,
And that, is the That I Am, You in reality are.

* * * *

All is indivisibly flawless-faultless-seamless-immaculate.
Only the worldly mind, grapples with it as anything less.

* * * *

Free your Self of the concept of original sin,
The dualistic notion decreed by ignorance upon innocence,
That You were involuntarily forced into, by being cast into the human epoch.
None are born wicked, none are born offending any god or gods,
None are born transgressing any moral imperative.
There is no sin, no evil, only imagination,
Separating itself from reality.

* * * *

Identification with any person, any place, any thing, any quality, any action,
Will only confabulate suffering for You and everyone entering your shadow.

* * * *

Why be envious of experiences others are fated to play out?
Are any parts, really, truly, more important than your own?
Not even one iota of quantum stardust could be more or less.

* * * *

In the figurative, rhetorical, metaphorical sense, we all commit suicide.
Merely by having been flung into existence by the genetic lottery,
Each seeks out, through many choices, consciously or not,
One manner of tangible decline and fall or another.

* * * *

Discern the nature of any life form,

In the awareness peering through their eyes.
There are none who are not cousins of the same puddle.

* * * *

Asceticism is very challenging because sensory pleasures are so tantalizing.
The pain they create is easily overlooked, until the cost outweighs the return.

* * * *

You are reminded of your immortality, yet choose the death of separation.
All for a few coins, the vanity of the senses, and a ceaseless variety of illusive dreams.
We are all parts in each other's plays, witnesses to an infinite diversity.
Use your awareness to discover the unicity of it.

* * * *

You may have traveled long, You may have traveled far,
But through all those countless kaleidoscoping undertakings,
When have You not been the timeless-stillness-hereness-nowness?

* * * *

What species is not bound to the capricious nature,
Of the niche, of the nooks and crannies, in which they evolved.
Some may be more adaptable to change than others,
But all must abide in one yoke or another.

* * * *

Belief is a spurious brainchild of dualistic notion.
To believe, implies that the subject is not connected to the object,
That the beingness is some dynamic force outside You, the observer, the witness.
It is a denial of the unicity of all that is seen, and all that is unseen.

* * * *

You are perchance here, to discover the source of your beingness.
If and when that happens, is souly up the fate, to which You feel called.

* * * *

Everyone and everything, is of the same source.
Everyone and everything, has full and free access to it,
If they have the wit, the interest, the attentiveness, to discern it.
There is absolutely no point in quarreling over it.

* * * *

What need for belief? What need for creed? What need for faith? What need for prayer?
What insecure beasts we are, that such inflated, hollow conceptions, are given more import,
Than the spaceless-timeless awareness, offered in each and every kaleidoscoping moment.

* * * *

From whence comes the ever-present voice, that You are within and without,
Is your portal to the awareness, that You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.

Make the call, take the plunge, score the deal, play the choiceless, ever now.

* * * *

Declare to your Self, what Jesus is rumored to have said:
“I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.”
Now, discern the undogmatic truth, that statement really implies.

* * * *

You may accumulate much gold and many possessions,
But in the final reckoning, it how well You addressed your heart and mind,
That will prove to be the greatest treasure, the greatest gift.

* * * *

You purchase, You barter, You gather, You maintain, You consume,
In every way your space and time allows, yet what are You in the reality,
Before all beginnings, after all endings, and within every play of light between,
But an indivisible handful of spaceless, timeless, unborn, undying, stardust?

* * * *

Anger, annoyance, irritation, indignation, antagonism, bitterness, wrath, rage, fury,
How challenging, not to give oneself over to its remorseless, unquenchable passion.

* * * *

Look at all the stress, all the strain, all the worry, compounding daily in your mind.
All because desire and fear are locked in a self-torturing dance.
To what end, Pilgrim, to what end?

* * * *

The weaving of doubt and negation, are the magic carpet, the ruby slippers,
That will get You back to the integrity of the eternal mind,
The virtuousness of the eternal life.

* * * *

Where are You in the bell curve,
The rise and fall, of the human paradigm?
Who can say, but those at its rightward conclusion?

* * * *

It is the nature of the beast, the Darwinian genome within all of us,
That even the most well-intentioned, the most conscientious, the most diligent,
Run the risk, of harming others to some degree, at least occasionally.

* * * *

Just because You are unhappy with the powers that be,
Does not mean You just hand it over to the village idiot.

* * * *

As You skim this thought, everything manifested, everything quantum, is ever shimmering anew.

A wave of life comes into being, another crashes down, and many roil in the between.
Wave after wave after wave, timeless, without beginning, without end.

* * * *

The obvious fact is that every life form,
Is a drop of that which is the truth, the life, and the way.
To maintain any lesser vision, is delusional, and serves no significant purpose,
Other than to create perpetual, meaningless, divisive struggle.

* * * *

In this ever-changing cause-and-effect reverie, there is no going back, there is no rewind button.
You cannot change what is not changeable, You cannot mend what is not mendable.
You must enjoy in ecstasy, or endure in agony, whatever consequences,
Your ephemeral window of dreamtime has in store.

* * * *

There is much more faith, in timelessly abiding, in the awareness of the given moment
– Accepting whatever gifts, enduring whatever tortures, the eternal dreamtime manifests –
Than can ever be devised, by any fear-based belief system, fabricated of the human mind.

* * * *

Does the dream in your head,
Ebb and flow, from one extreme to another?
Only You can fathom the many thoughts, the many passions,
To which You so steadfastly, resolutely cling.

* * * *

All belief systems of mortal persuasion are fear-based andgreed-laced and mundanely played.
It takes much more courage to stand alone, absolute and free in the indivisible dreamtime of eternity,
Than it ever will milling about, mindlessly ditto-heading, with any time-bound, idolatrous herd.

* * * *

What a curious thing to believe anyone across the world,
Is ever thinking about You as relentlessly as You yourself do.
Even the most saintly of mothers, moves on at some point.

* * * *

You must investigate existence for your Self.
All the words in the cosmos will not magic-carpet You there.
It is a scientific experiment, that must be replicated by all, very much alone.

* * * *

Your mortal stance, when contrasted to the eternity, You truly are,
Is really no longer than that of a fruit fly, or shorter than that of the universe.
What is it that entices You, to believe this worldly theater, this cosmic playhouse, real?

* * * *

You want to hold onto everyone and everything so badly.

No doubt, sand falling through fingers, feels the same.

* * * *

Every life form is bound to one niche or another,
And can only carry on, as long as its adaptability to change, allows.
The web of life, is interconnected in countless ways, and those who shred it too harshly,
Must eventually face the reality, of their own adaptability forever undone.

* * * *

In less than a blink of a blink of blink,
All is undone and done, again and again,
An infinity of times prior to all counting.

* * * *

What an incredible thing, to give your dream over, to whatever winds blow.
To sail through life, no direction known, tacking to and fro, as caprice dictates.
Each and every harbor, yet another quest, another exploration, another adventure.
To set aside dread and desire, to leave behind, all who would dictate otherwise,
Is a life, for which only the rare few, have either enthusiasm or audacity.

* * * *

Only in timeless awareness, is there anything resembling free will,
And even then, the patterned meme, filters the dreamtime theater.

* * * *

What is mating between male and female, but two half-strands of genomic material,
Evolved from the same double-double-toil-and-trouble puddle of life's origin,
Forming together, into a new cosmos of sensory-inspired imagination.

* * * *

You are That I Am,
Which is born again and again anew,
In each and every eternally kaleidoscoping immortal moment.

* * * *

How can the mind that ever longs for certainty,
Ever concede to that, which can never be known?

* * * *

The only thing anyone can be sure of, is that no one can be sure of anything.
Even death and taxes are rather dubious, in the fathoming of the unfathomable.

* * * *

How everything can be so different, and yet so much the same all the while,
Is the ever-present irony and paradox, of this indivisible quantum mystery,
To which all fated to see, must in timeless awareness, mindfully fathom.

* * * *

You peruse these many thoughts,
But how You translate them,
Is entirely based on the frame of reference,
Through which your time-bound mortal dream timelessly filters.

* * * *

Who Siddhartha or Mohammed or Lao Tzu or Shankara or Moses or Jesus or Nietzsche,
Or any of the many, many others, might have been, does not matter even one iota.
Who are You? Ever the same question, ever the same answer, for one and all.

* * * *

It is only your attachment to the drama of mind, that creates all this passion and angst,
That disrupts, what otherwise shoulda-coulda-woulda been, a relatively serene existence.

* * * *

Conditions set by any given mythos, are rarely more than superficially endured,
By those willing to face the consequences, of standing alone against the tide.
Those willing to withstand the inexorable furies, of the given groupthink.

* * * *

Everyone and everything in your entire existence, from the first breath to the last;
Be they family, friends, acquaintances, adversaries, strangers;
Be it Star Wars Legos or a Lamborghini;
Are footnotes in your ever-expanding frame of reference.

* * * *

The fact that You are here in a particular form,
Means You must act, You must function, in one way or another.
Until the body-mind is done, until it is food for worms, You will play out the given role.
The way that happens, is labeled in many ways: destiny, fate, kismet, karma.
All of absolutely no importance to the witnessing awareness.

* * * *

Much of the world already well knows many times over,
That Malthus's expositions on overpopulation were accurate,
That food technologies cannot kick the can down any road forever.
It is a sign of our likely longevity, that we have neither the wit nor the will,
To hold back from our hardwired biological urge to procreate,
Either for our progeny's sake, or for the world's.

* * * *

Despite all groupthink to the contrary, You must work out your own eternal salvation.
Believing, hoping, praying, that some other will do it for You, misses the reality.
Embracing agnostic oblivion, is the genuine potential offered by awareness.

* * * *

To realize, without doubt, that You are the indivisible,
That You are not the temporal body, or the universe it entails,

Is the supreme benediction, the paramount grace, existence can offer.

* * * *

Real and true peace, is an unattainable ideal for the passionate mind.
Only in the stillness of eternal awareness, is its true realization attained.

* * * *

Jesus was never called a Christian, nor Siddhartha a Buddhist, nor Lao Tzu a Taoist.
Neither were any of the many other oracles and seers and mystics and diviners.
Why should the real You, ever endure the burden of any meaningless labels?

* * * *

The likely reality, is that You neither agree or disagree, with anyone all the time.
It is rather the tone and scale, that establishes the barometer of the many choices.

* * * *

Every human being has their own raison d'être,
Their own meaning, their own purpose, their own rationale.
Their own motivation, ethos, inspiration, philosophy, belief, and hope.
All are equally imagined, so there is no point in judging.
Be and allow, as the given moment allows.

* * * *

A child does not yet comprehend its ever-expanding cosmos.
Its innocence is transparent, its mind unblemished, its heart untarnished,
By the untold agonies and ecstasies, the mind-body in consciousness, has in store.

* * * *

It is awareness that is the immortal aspect, not consciousness.
Consciousness is but the filament of imagination,
The means to create and play in time.
It can never be real.

* * * *

The real gold of this ephemeral dreamtime existence,
Is right relationship with nature, with all life in its myriad forms.
To value that which is but glitter, that which is but greed,
Is to miss entirely the quality of existence itself.

* * * *

One Screen to rule them all.
One Screen to find them,
One Screen to bring them all,
And in the absurdity, bind them.

* * * *

Quantum is the multi-dimensional veil,
In which the omnipresent-omniscient-omnipotent mystery,

The nothingness of origin, God by any name, the source its Self, witnesses all.

* * * *

To detach completely from everything, from all clung to by mind and body,
From all things, from all concepts, from all sense of self as identity.
All desires, all fears, all passions, all me-myself-and-I,
So as to be nothing, but the anonymity of pure consciousness.

* * * *

Regret means that You learned something from the consequences of an action.
Some call it, conscience (a.k.a., morality, scruples, ethics, principles, integrity).

* * * *

How much easier, how much simpler it all was,
Before sexuality bloomed into its inevitable genetic spectacle.
We were likely all much better off, much happier,
When innocence was a daily dose.

* * * *

You travel through existence believing it all real and true,
Until in one fated moment of realization, who knows when, kapow!
The cadaver suddenly seems both older and younger than You once thought.
And You spend the rest of your dream watching its bones turn to dust.

* * * *

You must act in order to exist in this manifest dream.
The challenge is not allowing the day-to-day to weigh You down.
To curtail the inherent friction of temporality upon the ever-present mind.

* * * *

In consciousness, desire is an insatiable, unquenchable force,
And fear, its excruciating, insufferable, irrational alter-ego.

* * * *

Existence is short no matter how long, and long no matter how short.
Will You die content with all it has been, all that You have done and seen,
Or forlorn, miserable, lonely, bitter, yearning for more, more, more?

* * * *

No, it is not all about You.
Yes, it is all about You.

* * * *

Assume the words Jesus uttered were a personal vision of the greater source.
So are the thoughts of every mystic, every seer, in every time, in every geography.
The quest for union is toll-free, to any and all who open themselves to the portal within.
The words cannot help but be different, but the essence has everything in common.

* * * *

Everything thought – everything seen, felt, heard, smelt, tasted – is but projection.
A perpetually kaleidoscoping a priori reverie, of remembering and forgetting.
Really nothing more than sensory perception, given imaginary significance.

* * * *

All idols were once very much human,
Or concocted by one mortal mind or another.
There is no deity separate from what You really are.

* * * *

Human history is the synergy of the tribal mind evolved in the jungles of long ago.
The mind bent towards one groupthink or another, be it family or community or nation state.
Sometimes the connection is social; other times economic or religious or bloodline.
Whatever the case, every ripple in this time-bound human paradigm,
Is linked to the unalterable genetic coding within all.

* * * *

What is consciousness but wave after wave bound to attributes.
Awareness is the nothingness, the unknowable unknown of eternity,
Prior to all dimensions, all imaginary dreams of space and time.

* * * *

Youth, where does it go?
Ask the fading rose.

* * * *

Birth is a moment like this, death is a moment like this,
And the eternal life between, is filled with moments like this.

* * * *

In the philosophical-mystical realm, there is no authority,
But what any given other, discerns in the truth of the words.

* * * *

A greater aloneness each and every day,
As family and friends and acquaintances and adversaries,
Finish their races, and You not far behind.

* * * *

Despite all assertions to the contrary, humankind is not the be-all-end-all of this manifest mystery theater.
We have certainly played out a remarkable reverie in our trifling fragment of space-time,
One perhaps not replicated anywhere else across the starry-starry cosmos,
But our egocentric, ethnocentric, geocentric hullabaloo,
From whatever prelude to whatever finale,
Has never really been more,
Than vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity on steroids.
At best a negligible undulation in the electromagnetic spectrum.

* * * *

True religion requires no dogma.
The true church requires no edifice.

* * * *

It is but vanity that sets will to endure so much.
Better perpetual torture than the feast of worms.

* * * *

The decline of age, involves not being near as bright and clever as You once were,
And perhaps finally discerning enough, to at-last-long-overdue apprehend,
You were never near as bright and clever, as You once believed.

* * * *

How can You ever make sense of something so absurdly wacko,
That rationality gave up, and is drinking alone in some forsaken bar.

* * * *

Imagine, You suddenly came into consciousness in an adult body, without any prior experience.
No narration, no knowledge, no conditioning, no language, no attachment, no desire, no fear, no dread,
No family, no friends, no adversaries, no sense of identity, completely alone, an absolute abyss.
Just pure awareness, observing the sensory feed, without it making any sense, whatsoever.
A stranger in a strange land, meandering the pale blue dot, as free as free can be.

* * * *

You are but a momentary portal, to that which is unknowable.
An ephemeral window, between what is, and what is not,
In which the eternal mystery, has the opportunity,
To view its Self, through a worldly dream.

* * * *

You are Quantum: creator-preserver-destroyer of universes beyond counting.
All across this world, in every epoch, You have sung many songs,
And left behind many writings, many creations.
You are all that has ever been, You are all that will ever be.
And in your wake, every possible ripple, every imaginable consequence.
All creation emanates, within and without the indifference, of your eternal awareness.

* * * *

What prosperity is there in preservation?
Destruction and mayhem fatten the Beast.

* * * *

All the pain, all the pleasure, all the agony, all the ecstasy, You have ever experienced,
Have been profound teachings, when seen from the vista, the panorama, of pure awareness.

* * * *

The unknowable unknown,
The never-born-never-die quantum reality,
Is immeasurably, indivisibly, timelessly, absolutely anonymous.

* * * *

What if the entire human spectacle, the entire world, the entire universe, the entire creation.
Is merely a means, a scheme, a ruse, a gambit, a ploy, a plan, a tactic, a stratagem,
For the ultimate awareness, the ultimate intelligence, to discern its Self.
What if the definitive speculation, is all about You sitting there,
Quietly reading these many words, and realizing it true,
And You, solitary, unfathomable witness, to your mortal version.

* * * *

Why keep investing in anything, that can never possibly bear fruit,
Anything doomed to a pattern of self-absorption,
And all the delusions born of it.

* * * *

Consciousness requires attributes, to play out its spew of imaginary notions.
Without forms, without concepts, it is ensnared in the oblivion of awareness.

* * * *

What is the main reason for the study of history,
But fathoming how our kind reached this point in dreamtime.
We do not have to keep repeating our patterns, continuing our collusions,
But the possibility of any meaningful change, is right up in there with the flying pigs.

* * * *

In the play of space-time, why would, why should, how could,
Anyone ever live their life according to some translation,
Other than the one their sensory dream imagines.

* * * *

If You examine everything through a Darwinian filter,
What makes humankind so potent, is that in our evolutionary stampede,
Consciousness has magnified the underlying animal instincts, to such a beyond-all-pales degree,
That we are well past changing course, or slamming on the brakes, in any meaningful way.
Ergo, we are exponentially accelerating, pedal-to-the-metal, in every imaginable venue,
And only a few inches from a very solid, a very certain wall, built by natural law.
Yet another petri dish experiment, confabulated by an indifferent universe.

* * * *

Memory is a dead thing thought living,
A swirl of energy given meaning, a notion given relevance.
Imagination, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

Awareness is a solitary quality of mind, a state of timelessness, of eternal life.

And if You are to awaken to it, You must awaken alone,
For no one can do it for You.

* * * *

Death will arrive in a moment very much like this one,
With consciousness coming to an end, and eternity steadfastly carrying on,
Without the You, as You have come to know it, in the identification with the mind-body dreamtime.
The one and only real You, that You always are, have always been, will ever be.

* * * *

In this our pride-filled world, there are always those,
Who are considered smarter, faster, stronger, lovelier, kinder.
There are always those thought stupider, slower, weaker, uglier, meaner.
We are all wandering somewhere in the statistical dynamic,
Somewhere in the bell curve of our kind.

* * * *

The lazy mind is rarely a receptacle of doubt,
Or certainly of not more than the shallow sort.

* * * *

One of the many curious things in the human paradigm,
Is that half-baked solutions, to problems in the ever-here-now,
Always seem to evolve into fully-baked problems,
In a endless then after then after then.

* * * *

What is the paradigm of human consciousness,
But a perpetual, whirling dance of the seven emotions:
Hate … adoration … joy … anxiety … anger … grief … fear …
And occasionally the unwritten eighth: contentment.

* * * *

Any and all idolatry, is but the imaginary invention of the conceptual mind.
It was not a deity who created us in its image, but we, he-or-she-or-it, in ours.
Give this moment, this instant, no thought, and awareness is the undeniable alter,
The matrix, the hologram, in which You, very much alone, in every twinkling, reside.

* * * *

What is an accident, but a mutation of sorts,
A different tack from what would otherwise have been.
Embrace it or not, it is likely, many times a fact, in any existence.

* * * *

Through a variety of Darwinian happenchances, humankind evolved,
Such that its imagination created the fictional collusion of time.
To accomplish this revolutionary leap from Eden's instinctive rhythm,
Every manner of delusion was incorporated to cultivate and expand its viability,

The sense of identity, being the first and foremost thread, in its intricate, illusory weaving.

* * * *

It is a curious thing, the dance between male and female,
That men spend the relationship trying to save women, try to make them happy,
And women spend it trying to change men, trying to domesticate them,
None of which the genetic coding will likely ever sanction.

* * * *

What is any historical notion, whether individual or tribal, to whatever scale,
But consciousness playing out its perpetual vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity cadence.

* * * *

When You unloose them traces, after a lifetime of work,
The challenge is recombobulating the scar tissue beneath.

* * * *

Human consciousness is but one lineage,
Of the of the naturally-selected mysteries of quantum evolution.
The synergy of awareness, brain, brawn, sensory nerve endings, opposable thumbs, larynx,
Two arms, two legs, lung capacity, group dynamics, sexuality, et cetera.
Witness that You are, have ever been, will ever be,
It is all about You, and not all about You, all the while.

* * * *

Hearts and minds, boys and girls, hearts and minds,
You do not often win them over with a bludgeon.

* * * *

Try to forget the little self, the fictitious identity, at least once in a while.
Expand into the indivisible universe, the timeless totality, within and without.
Be the awareness, the big Self, that You truly are, have ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

To fathom all You are, to fathom all You are not,
To discern the ultimate reality of this enigmatic eternal awareness,
You must examine the given life, the given mind, the given body, both within and without,
Catching and releasing any and every form, any and every thought,
Until only You, in still awareness, remain.

* * * *

Each and every moment, inhaled and exhaled, examined and released.
The eternal life is not for those who cling to the imaginary concoctions of mind.
The vague memories of all that is, ever come and gone, is not real living.
It is the stillness of awareness, that is the fountain of existence.

* * * *

The English language is the embrace-all whore of Babbleon.

She will open her legs to any word, any concept, any metaphor, any simile, any idiom,
And will make it her own as willingly as any moneychanger.

* * * *

Never assume anything figurative, metaphorical, symbolic,
Allegorical, rhetorical, abstract, intangible, or otherwise theoretical,
Has any foothold or domain, whatsoever, in the ultimate reality.

* * * *

In the human paradigm, any successful competition between groups,
Requires that individuals embrace the group objective,
And do whatever it takes to win the game.
What is any success, any triumph, any victory,
But the wills of individuals, spun into group synergies,
And the victors, getting dibs on the songs of conquest and glory.

* * * *

What is real, what is true, what is You, is never knowable,
In anything but the most eternal sense that awareness allows.

* * * *

Is consciousness higher or lower in this monkey-mind theater,
Or more likely a long and winding continuum of endless complexity.
More or less intelligent, more or less attentive, more or less knowledgeable.
More or less perceptive, more or less creative – all about different things.
How amazing anything exists at all, much less evolved to such a degree,
As to expand this mystery, to an even greater scale of unfathomability.

* * * *

What are You but a temporal assumption, a mind made known.
The unconditional, playing out a self-actuating algorithm,
That the programmed You, constrained by dreamtime, calls self.
The me-and-myself-and-I to which the human collusion vainly subscribes.

* * * *

Eventually the human drama's candle will go out, and all we have done,
Will perchance be discovered and studied by some intelligent alien species,
That has somehow survived their own rise to the heights of cooperative effort,
And become technologically proficient enough to travel across,
The vast expanses of an all but infinite universe.
Think about it very astutely, how likely is it, seriously?
And why on earth, would it, could it, should it, matter in any way?

* * * *

What forges any hell, any purgatory, any heaven, but relationships with the other.
Other imaginary selves, with whom your imaginary self synergizes, in so many ways.
We are all the same monkey-mind, destined to the ecstasies and agonies, of every passion.
Only in the relativity of an enduring detachment, is there any possibility of a moderate course.

* * * *

Sisyphus need only let the rock roll back down the hill.
Atlas need only shrug his shoulders, and set the world down.
So many things to which we cling, for so many imaginary notions.

* * * *

Any given existence is born into a time, in which it will play out,
Whatever part is dictated by the reverie swirling hither to thither.

* * * *

The chatter and imagery of dreams, is no different than that of the awake state.
Consciousness and sub-consciousness, and other imaginary conceptions,
Are not at all as distinct, as the delineators would have You believe.

* * * *

No matter where we wander to and fro, no matter where we rest our weary heads,
Getting through any given moment, still boils down to a mindful dollop of detachment.
Not taking it all so seriously, not taking ourselves so seriously, is the first and last challenge.
Conscious of it or not, in one way or another, we are all playing out the Atlas of our conditioning,
And learning to set down our imaginary universes, may not be as hard as we choose to believe.

* * * *

Does everything You believe You possess, in reality, possess You?
Are commitments to anything, in reality, anything more,
Than twists and turns of irony and paradox?

* * * *

History is but smatterings of stories passed down from generation to generation.
Much of it egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric braidings of imaginary notion,
To which the blameless future, often incoherently, irrationally, binds itself.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how, are You?
Who-what-where-when-why-how, are You not?

* * * *

You learn a lot about any individual, a lot about any group ,
When You grant them a little power, a little fame, a little fortune.
Sometimes, You learn a lot more, than You might have wanted to know.

* * * *

How can any gaze out into the immeasurable cosmos,
And truly believe some vain, wrathful deity,
Born of their feeble imagination,
Did all that and more?
Pfffft.

* * * *

From the immeasurable mystery of eternal nothingness,
The churning quantum of creation and preservation and destruction,
An ever-emanating juggernaut beyond all reckoning,
The eternal nothingness all the while.

* * * *

Many if not most need some imaginary deity on the outside,
Because they fathom themselves so measurable on the inside.

* * * *

Why identify with anything in this manifest dreamtime?
All the mind-body-universe concepts, You are none of them.
Allow the sovereignty of the inherent aloneness to reign supreme.

* * * *

What is life, what is death,
But one-moment-you-are-here-the-next-you-are-not.
And will You discern the difference or not,
Ever the ultimate question.

* * * *

What if no one but You really exists?
What if it is all nothing more than imagination,
Playing out a sensory dream in the abyss of awareness?

* * * *

No one can rouse those who sleepwalk, undoubting, through their given reverie.
Awakening is a banquet to which all are invited, but for which few are earnestly ravenous.
The kaleidoscoping dreamtime of light and sound hypnotizes and seduces most.
You alone must strive to awaken in whatever way your mind allows.

* * * *

What is any other ,but what You,
In the dream of mind, choose to push, choose to carry.
Let the boulder go, Sisyphus, let it go.
Shrug, Atlas, shrug.

* * * *

Once You cease identifying with the mind-body,
And all its imaginary-illusory-sensory-temporal creations,
What to do, with whatever dreamtime that remains, is a daily wander.

* * * *

The clock is just a mechanism, the calendar, just numbers on paper.
Only You care what time it is, and what makes You so sure of the answer?

* * * *

What is male, what is female, but the ways and means,
By which the three-dimensional dreamtime of awareness plays on,
But ultimately ever the same essence, ever the same androgynous indivisibility.

* * * *

In the shades of possibility between mind and heart,
There are many ways to give your self over to your Self.

* * * *

Every bell curve goes up, every bell curve comes down.
The promise of the ever-kaleidoscoping zero-sum game.

* * * *

Humankind, the world, the universe, and all its countless creations, is doomed to annihilation,
Because there is nothing that can be saved, there is nothing that can be saved preserved.
Attachment to attributes, attachment to illusion, binds You to illusory concerns.

* * * *

Regarding your fate, You do not know what it is,
But You do have one, every manifest creation does,
In a quantum-indivisible sort of way, of course.

* * * *

No need to define your Self by the limitations of the mind-body,
And its ceaseless round-and-round-rat-wheel-in-a-cage thinking.

* * * *

When You move on from anywhere,
Best to get in the habit of glancing back,
To spot what You might be leaving behind.
Guaranteed, it will save a lot of bother.

* * * *

In the ever-evolving, ever-swirling, ever-unfolding,
Ever-streaming, ever-emanating web of creation and destruction,
What difference between any life form large or small, strong or weak, fast or slow?
Whatever the niche. whatever the taxonomy, whatever the kingdom.
Nothing.

* * * *

Ever since the human species evolved in the jungles of long ago,
Every two-legged, each with its own exclusive rendition of a monkey-mind,
Plays out a completely different, matchless, individual aspect, of the same consciousness,
Entirely based on the draw in the genetic lottery, and the winds of space-time, into which the seed is cast.
We are all witnesses, to completely unique quantum universes, all born of imagination.

* * * *

Your true religion is how You choose to live each and every moment.

Whether You create heaven or hell, are angel or demon,
Is played out in every act, in every deed,
And though none can ever view their little part objectively,
Only You, even begin to fathom the whole truth, of your imaginary realm.

* * * *

Always a good idea to bring along layers of clothing.
Fine to hope for the best, but always prepare for the worst, as well.
No one ever knows which way the wind will blow, for how long, or how hot or cold.
We are temperate beasts, and do not easily transcend the whims of nature.

* * * *

How can this unfathomable mystery, not be boggling, prior to and beyond all belief?
What need for faith? What need for religion? What need for philosophy?
What need for anything but to meld into the timeless nature,
The eternal awareness pervading all creation.
What need to more than realize the indelible enigma of it,
And to freely blossom into the inexplicable reality that You are it, and it, You.

* * * *

To be but timeless awareness,
To be but the source, prior to all patterning,
Is a quest, all who doubt, must undertake, very much alone.

* * * *

Despite all the encumbrances, about your body, and in your mind,
You have never really possessed anything or anyone, and never really will.
You are but a temporal squatter, in an erstwhile dream, born of quantum, playing time.

* * * *

The mind that craves more, more, and still more.
Has everything but eternal life, sometimes called heaven.
Something to do with camels and eyes of needles.

* * * *

The personal mind, the quantum mind, the cosmic mind, the eternal mind, the no-mind,
Are all the same ephemeral awareness, the same witness, the same Youness.
Really nothing more than alternating frames of consciousness,
Filtering as the whimsies of the moment incline.

* * * *

Unless it personally affects You, especially in some harmful, malicious way,
Why would it ever matter, how another, lives out their existence?
No one will ever play it the same as anyone else.
Be and allow is the highest law.

* * * *

The Seven Deadly Sins: pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, sloth,

Are not easily waylaid, not easily curbed, not easily moderated,
Once even partially unleashed in any given mind-body.
The narcissistic-hedonistic bent of humankind,
Is at the root of everything created since our advent.

* * * *

Human beings tend to believe, they are the most special concoctions, this garden has ever created,
But, despite their self-congratulating, narcissistic claims of innate superiority, they are not.
Might may make right, but it is only the absurdly surreal arrogance of consciousness,
That embraces the delusion that some are, in the ultimate reality, more equal than others.

* * * *

History, being what it is, the vanities being what they are,
You may as well play it out as anonymously as possible.

* * * *

Whether or not there is consciousness,
Anything like it has been manifested in our own garden world,
Whether or not this is a one-of-a-kind, once-upon-a-time, unique moment in all Creation,
Is a question to which mu will ever be the one-and-only answer,
For those who even bother to ask.

* * * *

If You want respect, You give respect.
Otherwise, You may get a lesson,
Perhaps several, if not many.

* * * *

The ever-changing faces and names, are they ever really all that different?
Consciousness weaving its way down neurological trails,
All born of the same monkey-mind.

* * * *

Every once in a while, try completely forgetting who You think You are,
What You think You know, all the things You think You own,
And all the desires that breed all the fears.
Be here now, be all You really are, all You really are not.

* * * *

How can anything be saved, when each and every moment,
Is completely and unutterably spent, as soon as it happens.

* * * *

How many different perceptions, different judgments,
The many others have allotted You, in their dreamtime passing.
From archangel to fiend, You are assigned every ecstasy, every agony,
That the rungs of hades and purgatory and paradise, might in imagination offer.
Raised on high or condemned, the You, You truly are, is ever immaculate, ever absolute.

* * * *

Who does not begin a journey, assuming they will arrive?
Who does not go to sleep, assuming they will awaken?
Who does not assume, not believe, not trust, not hope,
Anything will happen, just as imagination would have it.
Alas that mortal faire, does not subscribe to wishful notion.

* * * *

The road less traveled, is less a road, than a solitary, interminable, cross-country odyssey,
Through an uncharted, untamed, no-direction-known wilderness,
Complete with every distraction imaginable.

* * * *

Natural laws supersede any and all humankind-made concoctions.
Even the deities on high cannot waylay the order of quantum chaos.

* * * *

Humankind has been at each other's throats,
Since its puddle origin, long before it ever exited the jungles,
For every imaginable reason ever concocted.

* * * *

What is this magical-mystery dreamtime,
But a teensy-weensy sliver of imaginary perception,
Sandwiched between the pre-historic and post-historic unknown.

* * * *

Tick, tick, tick … the remorseless clock … tick, tick, tick … counting down …
Tick, tick, tick … the inescapable… tick, tick, tick … sooner, ever sooner …
Tick, tick, tick … just around … tick, tick, tick … one bend or another …

* * * *

You are the result of a long genomic strain,
That has roots weaving back to the puddle of origin.
Do not feel the need to be overly bound by it.

* * * *

As it stands in its evolutionary tack, the monkey-mind.
Is not even remotely capable of fashioning a casteless culture.
We are as bound by our Darwinian differences as any other creature,
That has ever risen into being on this inexplicable garden world.

* * * *

Any government has always been, and will ever be,
Of the people, by the people, for the people,
But which of … and which by … and which for …
Are ever the shades of gray between freedom and tyranny.

* * * *

The ultimate You, is in every moment, in every dimension,
Creating and preserving and destroying, incarnating and morphing,
Into any and every form, that this ineffable quantum mystery deigns to devise.
There is no beginning, there is no end, there is only the unknowable.

* * * *

Sometimes You have to take a little pain, and sometimes a lot more.
That is what nerve-endings and beginnings do.
'Tis mammalian fare.

* * * *

You are this eternal nowness, and this eternal nowness is You.
This is the one and only nowness awareness ever is, has ever been, will ever be.
In some soon-to-be mind-body space-time, You will be 'doing' something else in the same nowness.
And still later, it will be the same awareness 'doing' something else in the same nowness.
The timeless mind, prior to the kaleidoscoping dreamtime, is ever the same.
Eternal life is being mindful, in an empty-mind sort of way.

* * * *

Nature is the timeless filament of all creation,
The source code by which all things come to pass,
The brush used by the quantum unknown,
To paint itself the dream of time.

* * * *

What is the first and foremost vanity, but You truly believing your identity real,
But You being attached to your mind, your body, your cosmos,
None of which has ever really been yours at all.

* * * *

In this spinning god-eat-god Darwinian garden world,
It is not always the fastest, nor the strongest, who survive,
But the most adaptable, to the ever-changeless, timeless now.

* * * *

No place to go, nothing to become, yet You,
Ever the same, ever here now, wandering this way or that,
For the body cannot be completely still, nor the mind completely silent.

* * * *

Realize it or not, You are in reality, born again and again and again, each and every moment.
It is only in the collusion of imagination, the collusion of so-called humankind,
That You believe, that You accept, the seeming continuity real.

* * * *

Can You imagine a buzzard pulling at your entrails?

A worm peering out your left eye socket?
Something else crawly, drifting up your right nostril?
Your bones bleaching into dust beneath a blazing summer sun?
In one way or another, that is your fate, etched in the vapors of dreamtime.

* * * *

Perhaps the only true act of free will,
Is whether or not You give yourself over,
To the choicelessness of timeless awareness.

* * * *

We are all witness, ever alone, ever absolute, in our own unique version of a universe.
We are all right, we are all wrong, each and every one, each and every eternal moment.

* * * *

How pointless all opinion, all reflection, all judgment,
But still the mind born of space and time,
Churns on and on and on.

* * * *

We all over time slip into our own level, our own scale, our own rut, of intrigue,
And by that capricious paradigm, generally gauge the world, judge the world.
Very challenging, perhaps impossible, to wander in non-judgmental mode.

* * * *

Silly old people, with all your aches and pains and discontented thinking.
Moaning and groaning, each and every day, with the same whiney, scratchy recording,
To whoever bothers to listen, most likely others of the same unhappy bent.

* * * *

Painting oneself royal in any of the many fashions,
Is nothing more than another shade of illusory delusion,
Played out by pretenders who really believe their shit superior.
Dress up any given pig however You will, it will always be,
Just another swine scampering down the same chute.

* * * *

In every age, there are those rare few, in any and every imaginable context,
Who awaken to the timeless awareness, within all things small to great.
Some contrive what will become dogma, others wander serenely alone.
The mystery, in which all equally reside, lends its Self freely to any and all.

* * * *

Nothing is divine in the deific-celestial-heavenly sense, really.
Just a no-brag-just-fact-every-moment actuality from the get-go.

* * * *

You are absolute master of your mortal fate,

King of your kingdom, wielder of your club,
Until the shadow of another's looms larger.

* * * *

One day or night in some long ago, intentionally or not,
Your mother and father merged their seed lines, and voilà, You.
The only question is, do You play out this dream according to their meme,
The established meme of some other groupthink, or your own?

* * * *

Point of reference, frame of reference, box of reference, matrix of reference, hologram of reference.
From small to large, each and every mind fabricates a unique rendering of a universe.
All ultimately nothing more, than the endless spinnings of imagination.

* * * *

Whether quantum space-time, is the function of the sensory-mind,
Or the sensory-mind, the function of quantum space-time,
Or both are indivisible partners in awareness,
The resulting interweaving, the resulting dreamtime,
Is nothing more, than a very real-seeming, figment of imagination.
Consciousness hypnotizing its Self, into believing its timeless concoction real.
An illusory theater, playing out every imaginable manifestation, in every imaginable way.

* * * *

Across the planet, throughout all time, every human being, every life form,
Playing its little quantum-chemical-biological-cultural patterning real,
To whatever degree, awareness, through consciousness perceives.

* * * *

The same eternal source in all, timelessly witnesses all.
It is the omnipresent-omnipotent-omniscient undying force.
Ageless, changeless, perpetual, unending, interminable, transient,
Immeasurable, inestimable, everlasting, boundless, infinite, immortal.

* * * *

Human history is chock-full at both ends of the bell curve,
Of the few, both making it up, and fucking it up,
For the many, in the vast between.

* * * *

Call it what You will: pattern, meme, array, form, display, shape,
Design, prototype, plan, model, outline, draft, scheme, blueprint;
It is what You imagine, it is what You pretend, not what You are.

* * * *

Violence, and our kind's unfailing willingness to use it,
Is written and unwritten, in histories across all times and geographies,
And is daily splayed, in every media that technology allows.

* * * *

You cannot help the family You get, or the geography in which You land,
But the people You meet, and the life You wander,
That is the story worth telling.

* * * *

What were cave walls, what were clay tablets, what was papyrus,
What was Gutenberg's printing press, what is the world wide web,
But progressing eruptions in humankind's big bang of consciousness.
Whether or not, there is anything like it, out there in the vastness,
Is a question, we will more than likely, never find answer.

* * * *

Mother Gaia, despite all humankind has done, and will yet do to it, will endure.
It will be a mutation of its Darwinian majesty, scarred and limping, but it will carry on,
Until its life-creating star, in its death throes, engulfs whatever is left,
And the vast cosmos kaleidoscopes on, oblivious.

* * * *

It is in the winds of complete and attentive breathing,
That You will be as alive, as the quantum dreamtime allows.

* * * *

Deny your fate, your fortune, your destiny, your kismet, your karma,
As confidently, as boldly, as insolently, as defiantly, as vainly, as You will,
It is – emanating, materializing, unfolding, happening – each and every moment.

* * * *

For all we know, Jesus has returned times beyond counting,
But his followers are always so busy following him,
That they can no longer see or hear him.

* * * *

What is eternal life, but the ephemeral awareness, You truly are,
Paying as much attention as possible, to the only-moment-at-a-time universe,
To which the given sensory mind-body dreamtime of temporal consciousness subscribes.

* * * *

Too hot, too cold; too hard, too soft; too this, too that.
Always something for the monkey-mind to whine about.

* * * *

Everything is distraction from reality.
Only the ephemeral is real.
In awareness, be.

* * * *

Whether or not, a free mind, an unconditional mind, is even possible,
Is an inquiry, You as witness, must explore and discern for your Self.

* * * *

What is the cosmos but a massive, indivisible quantum matrix.
Matter patterned into every imaginable organic and inorganic permutation.
Continuously changing, altering, shifting, fluctuating, mingling, consuming, emanating, evolving.
A mechanism so beyond-all-bounds incredible, as to be forever boggling.
And however You may or may not partake the truth of it,
You are it, and it is You, there is no other.

* * * *

What is real meditation,
But the turning off of time-bound imagination,
For a brief wander in eternity.

* * * *

The momentary awareness perceives through the given senses,
What the mind-body, born of the quantum essence, has engineered.
Always one thing or another, to see, to hear, to touch, to taste, to smell,
Yet ever the eternal nothingness, the eternal abyss, in each and every while.

* * * *

Everything spun of consciousness, is nothing more than the wind of imagination.
And there is no need to kowtow to any of its countless fabrications.
Despite what the middlemen would have You believe,
There is no deity that does not include You in its conception,
And bowing and scraping to any idol, is but the absurdity of vanity.

* * * *

The closest thing to free will, to self-determination, to freedom of choice,
In this infinitely choiceless universe, fashioned of every imaginable patterning,
Is the timeless awareness of the quantum essence, from which all things stream forth.

* * * *

The time of physical health, really your only wealth, is daily diminishing,
Sand steadily streaming through the timeless hourglass,
From first to last, every grain the same.

* * * *

Is organized religion, really anything more,
Than a vain rationale, to be absurdly delusional,
To whatever nth degree, consciousness deigns.

* * * *

For humankind to change course in any effective, meaningful way,
Would require a paradigm shift, well beyond its genomic patterning.

* * * *

So many things You said, so many things You did not say.
So many things You did, so many things You did not do.
So many ecstasies, so many agonies, in this dream of time.

* * * *

The sensory blend,
Every moment weaving a cosmos in that little old head of yours,
How amazing is that?

* * * *

What is the point, what is the reality, of any story, any chronicle, any narrative, any history,
Once all trace, all recollection, of it has vanished inyo the abyss of eternity.
Ask the forest tree, fallen, decaying, unwitnessed, unheard.

* * * *

Observe the mind and its many thoughts.
What are they, but a muddle of conditioned patterning,
Established upon whatever perceptions, whatever frame of reference,
Imagination has – subjectively, arbitrarily, randomly – devised,
In the streaming of the given nature-nurture dreamtime.

* * * *

The world is a relatively large petri dish, the edges of which are being encroached upon daily.
It is anybody's guess how long it will be, before we and our insatiable excesses, slam into the wall.

* * * *

Life is harsh, the jungle dark and menacing.
None can long aid, those who will not help themselves.
All must learn to crawl, to stand, to walk, to run, very much alone.

* * * *

What is identity, but the psychological adaptation, to the given nature-nurture circumstance.
The personality You project, the character You portray, is but an imaginary fabrication,
Sculpted by the dreamtime, your spirit has, from conception, every moment endured.

* * * *

What triumph can there ever be, in a tie,
A standoff, a stalemate, an impasse, a deadlock,
A draw, a logjam, a standstill, a dead heat, a photo finish?

* * * *

The egocentric nature of human consciousness,
Has always believed itself and all its fabrications,
Far more important that they will ever, can ever be.

* * * *

So much make-work, so much make-play, so much make-whatever,

In this our busy-busy, vanity-vanity, absurdity-absurdity paradigm.

* * * *

Awareness, that which is prior to consciousness,
That which is prior even to the quantum indivisibility,
Is the mysterious potential, from whence all things manifest,
The matchless singularity, prior to one, much less two.

* * * *

From pleasure palace to torture chamber, in solitary confinement all the while,
The mind-body's neural highways, play out its dream, in ways beyond counting.

* * * *

If You operate under the premise, that You are likely, ultimately screwed,
Why not set the course, in whatever way, or ways, call out to You?
Family, friends, acquaintances, enemies, might take notice,
But rest assured, that history will not long remember.

* * * *

What do You think all this is founded on, if not the indivisible primal source.
The quantum matrix of timeless origin, the one-and-only oneness, given over to space-time.
Creator and creation, in the one-in-all-and-all-in-one grand singularity.
The awareness, in which all dreamtimes spring.

* * * *

Religions across the world, across time,
Have all too often been subsidized tools of statecraft,
To manipulate the masses into complying with its rhyme and reason.
Far more pragmatic, more Machiavellian, more Orwellian,
Than pious sheeples, might ever care to surmise.

* * * *

When scanning any ground or any horizon,
Be sure to look to the right, to the left, above and below,
And also, through the many layers before, and the many pales beyond.
Any predator absorbed in its own hunt, can easily become unwary prey in another's.

* * * *

Stepping on the toes of political correctness, is always a chuckle.
Imagine if You said or did everything that came to mind.
It would be a padded cell or the guillotine for sure.

* * * *

The world is full of true believers, entangled in one conviction or another.
What it is, matters less, than whether or not it can be colored black or white.

* * * *

To all belief systems that imagine God separate,

Why would You ever cater to such limited concept?
To a notion, that does not include You, one in the same?

* * * *

More than 99 percent of all species, amounting to over five billion,
That ever existed in Earth's 4.54 billion years, are estimated to be extinct.
The history of humankind's ascent, is like the history of extinction.
The far greater percentage, is long undone, long forgotten,
And for all practical purposes, never happened.

* * * *

Memory of any thing, is never the thing itself.
Memory is the architect of time.
Reality is timeless.

* * * *

Yet another generation of youth mindlessly swept up,
In the clawing avarice, and blinding confines of time.

* * * *

Familiarity, the breeding ground of contempt and aversion.
Much easier to admire and esteem, what You do not know.

* * * *

The limits of perception are obvious,
The doors of perception, immeasurable.

* * * *

Yet another millennial whose mother never told him life is not fair,
Another millennial who got too many participant trophies,
Another millennial who got too many inflated grades,
And may well believe they mean something.

* * * *

What is history, but a perpetual game, to which chess and go and dominos, are but artless analogies.
It is an ever-streaming, ever-emanating, ever-graceful, temporal play of consciousness.
Imagination given context, in the hologram-matrix of quantum space-time.

* * * *

The other cannot fill the void.
Nothing can.

* * * *

In the ever-swirling flow of human migration,
No individual, no culture, has ever long stood in total isolation.
All must inescapably, like it or not, morph into greater and greater self-reflections.
All must give way to the ever-expanding world, the ever-expanding cosmos,
In which the human paradigm, as self-congratulatory as it is wont to be,

Is but an assumption, a contrivance, on a whirling speck of dust.

* * * *

Awareness cannot be possessed.
It is neither yours nor mine nor ours.
We are it, and it is us, every moment unreal.

* * * *

The mind ever seeks the security, the certainty, the consistency, that cannot be.
Constant change is the ultimate overriding attribute, of this manifest quantum theater,
And it is only no-mind, steadfast in awareness, that can meander through it,
Calm, collected, composed, untroubled, unconcerned, harmonious.

* * * *

Conscious breathing, the awareness of every inhale, every exhale,
Is as present as present can be, in the matrix hologram born of mind.

* * * *

Everything You have done in your so-called existence,
Was set in motion the instant the nothingness,
Burst into the creative process.

* * * *

No matter the speculation, no matter the assertion, it always ends up being the same inexplicable mystery.
So, what is the point of endlessly arguing, much less slaying others, who will never see it the same.
Discern the tranquility of an agnostic framelessness of mind, and render that your harbor.

* * * *

What is it we label God by countless names, but all things quantum,
Including the timeless awareness ,You believe your own,
Peering out through the given sensory array.
Duality is illusion; all is singularity.
Thou art That I Am.

* * * *

Die hungry or full, forlorn or content, foolish or wise,
It is discerning doubt, that fashions the quality of mind.

* * * *

What can be known of the immeasurable,
But the deceptive, unreal, shimmering, illusory attributes,
That imagination adjudges real and true, in the vagaries of space and time.

* * * *

Any given mind succumbs to the perjury of self-deception
As often as needed, to whatever degree delusion requires.

* * * *

Of reverence and irreverence, of wonder, veneration, devotion, adulation, or any antithesis,
What more can be said, than it really does not matter, whether the glass is half empty or half full.

* * * *

The cynic, the skeptic, the doubter – all seekers of truth.
Neither accepting or rejecting without judicious examination.
Scraping away what is false, using negation to discern what is true.

* * * *

You are as free as the mind is empty.
As free as the mind is naught but pure awareness.
As free as consciousness, that has set aside any and all concern,
For its Pandora's Box hodgepodge of endless bothers.

* * * *

We are all but temporal recordings of consciousness.
Each and every one of us, playing out one vain meme or another.
Yet at the essential level, each and every one of us, is the same quantum source.
Each and every one of us, is the same indivisible awareness.
What is to argue about, what is to kill for?

* * * *

And why would not, so-called God, be so infinite as to include You, in its creative process?
How absurd, to believe your imaginary self, separate in any way, in any shape, in any form.

* * * *

You may believe, You have broken a habit, a pattern, an addiction,
But chances are, You have only exchanged it, morphed it, repackaged it,
Into another variation, another alteration, another mutation, of the same stripe.
A bottle, a needle, a deity, any obsession, in what way are they different?

* * * *

Is it a space and time continuum, that passes before the sensory mind-body?
Or is it awareness, through which a quantum dream appears to travel,
Ever steadfast, ever true, ever one, ever unborn, ever undying.

* * * *

Where is the difference? Where is the attribute? Where is the transformation?
Where is anything, in the mystery of mysteries, that which is eternally indivisible?

* * * *

It is upon the given reader, to discern any author's meaning and intent.
The Dead Poets Society is, after all, a catacomb of phantoms.
It is the living who must realize the gifts tendered.

* * * *

Is it day? Is it night? Is it any space? Is it any time?
Open thine inner eye, thine eye of awareness,

And discern what is real, what is true.

* * * *

How many star-filled universes, may have come and gone, before the so-called Big Bang,
Or Creation, or Genesis, or Turtles-All-The-Way-Down-All-The-Way-Up,
Or whatever other metaphors, minds may have conjured up.
And how many, will come and go, after this rendering?
And how many, are simultaneously happening right now?
And what was, and will be, before and after, any or all of them?
As if there could ever be, any before or after, any timeless fabrication,
Before or after, what may well have never really happened in the first place.
Anything and everything, is on the table, in the indivisibleness, of all things quantum.

* * * *

For every birth, a death.
For every creation, a destruction.
Zero-sum at its finest.

* * * *

Your immortality may reflect in thought and deed in this mortal banquet,
But they are naught but vibrations, in the indivisibility of the quantum reality.

* * * *

Illustrate, if You can, where You are, in a mind that is still.
Where You are, in the timeless quietude of pure awareness?

* * * *

What is the aging process, but the mind-body daily becoming more and more bothersome.
All that narcissism, all that hedonism, all that vanity-vanity, greedy-greedy,
Gradually returning to the unborn-undying dust of eternity.

* * * *

What is death, but the end of space, the end of time.
The return to the eternal indivisibility, that all ever are.
Nothing to fear, nothing to doubt, simply the way it truly is.

* * * *

Whether mental or physical, it is only pain,
And You will endure it, as You always have.

* * * *

Babble-babble … babble-babble … babble-babble … babble-babble …
Babble-babble … babble-babble … babble-babble … babble-babble …
Babble-babble … babble-babble … babble-babble … babble-babble …
Babble-babble … babble-babble … babble-babble … babble-babble …

* * * *

Were the so-called seers and mystics and prophets in ancient times and places, early scientists?

Or merely charlatans taking advantage of fearful, gullible flocks, for their own ends?
Any answers are but assertions of one unverifiable speculation or another.
But of the muddled, tangled histories played out since, we can be much more sure.

* * * *

Awareness sets in motion the pretense of existence.
The brain is but a fertile recording and processing apparatus,
That the senses permeate, with an ever-present universe,
In which the mind, plays out its imaginary theater.

* * * *

Using only skillful opposable thumbs,
And minds inspired by sumptuous programming,
Great warriors kill countless dragons, and build vast empires,
Every night in the safety of their bedrooms.

* * * *

You could conceivably play anything out any way You please,
But the given genetic patterning, the given cultural conditioning, the given nature-nurture,
Have shaped your thoughts and actions, to such a predictable degree,
That any assertion of free will is absurd.

* * * *

If You are the ever-present awareness, every given moment offers,
What need for identity, or any other contrivance of consciousness.

* * * *

Great strategies come and go,
But tactics, tactics are where boots hit the ground,
Fingers pull triggers, and blood flows.

* * * *

Entitlement has a way of sneaking up, on just about everyone, under any given sun.
The gift of life, painful thing that it can many daze be, being at the top of every list.

* * * *

Where can ‘You’, ever be, but right here, right now,
In whatever sphere, whatever bubble of awareness, ‘You’,
In the inexplicable, indivisible quantum hologram-matrix, reside.

* * * *

Ebb and flow.
Yield and resist.
Listen and speak.
Receive and impart.
Retreat and attack.
Maneuver and fire.
Block and strike.

Give and take.
Yin and yang.

* * * *

The wily middleman, cannot afford to inquire too deeply,
Else he would forfeit everything he has so cunningly usurped.
His talent is parlaying smokescreens, to blind all to the truth within.

* * * *

Your ancestors had their slice of dreamtime, You have yours,
And, if You have descendants, they will have theirs.
Do not feel the need to impose all your inanities upon them,
Past what is pragmatic, for their fleeting portion of conscious design.

* * * *

What is it little old You discerns in this theater, into which You have without choice been cast?
Without all the countless devices, we toolmakers have devised to measure our universe,
Without all the sciences, without all the mathematics, without all the technologies,
Without all the things the monkey-mind will do to quantify to the nth degree,
What is it You for your Self alone intuit, You for your Self alone deduct,
What is it You for your Self, without any influence from any other,
Discern real and true, in this immeasurable, beyond-all-pales enigma?

* * * *

Awareness is naught but awareness.
Neither far nor near, high nor low, great nor small,
Good nor evil, true nor false, boundless nor bound, real nor unreal.
It is the what is, that ever is, yet has never been.

* * * *

You are not the first, You will not be the last.
You are the first, You are the last.
Irony and paradox rule.

* * * *

Is any organized religion anything more than a parade, a carnival, a pageant, a cult, of idolatry?
Whether it be a persona, a boulder, a figurine, a set of writings, or merely a conception,
How is it anything but groupthink absurdity, garnished in self-absorption?

* * * *

You are in no way, no shape, no form, separate from the totality of this mystery.
Call it what You will – God, Brahman, Tao, Buddha, Yahweh, Jehovah, Allah, turtles ad infinitum –
All dualistic notion is founded upon believing the illusions body and mind weave,
Upon believing the ever-kaleidoscoping sensory input real.

* * * *

Let us differentiate between reality and perceptions of reality.
The former ever is, and all the latters are figments of imagination.

* * * *

Just what ‘part’ of the mind-body-spirit, do You believe is immortal,
If not the indivisible awareness, that vast totality, both within and without,
In which within or without, are nothing more than confabulations of imagination.

* * * *

War is the insatiable beast, peace the sublime quietude.
Humans do not tend, to for long fare well, with either.

* * * *

To be the undying awareness, is to wander without attachment to the dream of mind.
To endure, free of time, free of all the agonies and ecstasies, imagination musters into notion.
Eternal existence, is for the rarest of the rare, those few and far-flung, who render themselves whole.
One must be absolutely fearless, to ascertain the immutable immortality,
All are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Just too frigging annoying sometimes, the price life requires,
The unceasingly heavy toll, consciousness so often metes out.

* * * *

The only objectivity resides and abides, in the indiscriminate awareness.
All quantum creation is arbitrary, from whatever beginning to whatever end.

* * * *

So many worrying about tomorrow and yesterday,
That they miss what is happening right here, right now.

* * * *

The groupthink creates.
The groupthink conducts.
The groupthink influences.
The groupthink manipulates.
The groupthink persuades.
The groupthink controls.
The groupthink harvests.
The groupthink destroys.
The groupthink perseveres.

* * * *

Is it: Death be not proud? Or: Death, be not proud?
And what rat’s ass, would the Grim Reaper give, either way?
As if the terminator to existence, is even aware of its conclusive role.

* * * *

Life is full of every imaginable pain, every variety of suffering.
Some are long forgotten, but some persist ever-present,

And fold into each other like subprime mortgages,
Until they twist into debilitating default.
Ain't nothing Golden Pond about growing old.

* * * *

Who is the who, who desires? Who is the who, who fears?
Who is the who, who plays out any action, plays out any passion,
But the indivisible awareness, cloaked by the attachment of consciousness,
To the mind-body, presenting itself, pretending itself, colluding itself, real and true.

* * * *

The entire human spectacle, and all its countless histories,
Is nothing more than ever-changing, temporal, imaginary perception.
A make-it-up-as-we-go, spontaneous kind of thing, that really is not any thing at all.
A holographic dream, which all are genetically programmed, culturally conditioned, to play along.
An enigmatic quantum reverie: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Very bemusing to all concerned, indeed, indeed.

* * * *

Yet another anecdote, another footnote, another notch,
In the long list of disappointments in this human debacle.

* * * *

Why do You keep getting out of bed every morning?
Because the conditioning is a strong and aromatic brew, the senses too enticing to withstand,
The theater too filled with agony and ecstasy, to avert the busy mind.
To simply be, is not near as entertaining.

* * * *

The You, You think is You, the me, I think is me, the s/he, s/he thinks is s/he,
Are they really a different You, a different me, or a different s/he?
Who is born, who dies? Who is reborn, who dies again?
Who abides in heaven, who abides in hell,
But the same awareness in all.

* * * *

Consciousness is the source of all disparity.
In the quantum indivisibility, there are none.

* * * *

Male or female, we are all the same monkey-mind, only the players change.
The faces, the bodies, the names, the languages, the mindsets, the memes,
All the differences, are but nature-nurture variations of the same theme.
Cast any anew on an island, they would imbue it very much the same.

* * * *

All notion is nothing more than filtered imagination.
Perception may be all, but it is nothing all the while.

* * * *

It is the rare few who are called to journey outside the boxes of limited thinking,
Where the imaginary vastness of consciousness, dances without consequence.
What need for wings of wax, when all the suns of the universe, abide within.

* * * *

What is the world, the universe, but a baggage train of notions,
Slung about by imagination, as if it were real and true.
As if it was more than a nebulous collection,
Of pluses and minuses, streaming about a neuron matrix.
Discern the awareness You are, disentangle from thought, wander unbound.

* * * *

Ponder anything however You will,
Words are but a tonic to the emptiness,
Through which they echo to and fro.

* * * *

A good toke of clean, fresh, oxygenated air,
Is far more likely to steady that passionate mind,
Than any contortion, any exhortation, of consciousness.

* * * *

One of the many disturbing realizations, in this vanity-vanity-all-is vanity existence,
Is that You are very likely, not near as intelligent or powerful or important,
As You might have in more youthful moments once believed.

* * * *

Who are You?
What are You?
Where are You?
When are You?
Why are You?
How are You?
… Are You? …

* * * *

The mystery is the mystery is the mystery.
You are but one speck, one light of awareness – no greater, no lesser –
Of the incalculably vast universe of witnesses, to the indelible, unfathomable, indivisible, unknown.

* * * *

No point worrying about death; it is going to happen one way or another.
Whether the means is infection, cancer, blood, endocrine, mental, nervous, circulatory,
Respiratory, digestive, musculoskeletal, genitourinary, perinatal, congenital, or some external cause.
The flesh and bones, to which You are so attached, is fated to melt back into the indivisibility.
'If' is futile, and narcissistic hope for something more, nothing but idle speculation.

So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

No matter how small or huge it might be,
It is every moment just as huge or small.

* * * *

What cannot survive us, perishes; what can survive us, thrives or abides.
In the declaration of Roman commander, Quintus Arrius, to the slaves chained to their trireme oars:
You are all condemned men. We keep You alive to serve this ship. So row well, and live.
Some rowers have wings, some fins, some roots, and some four legs or more.

* * * *

Suffer not the vain, puny, frivolous deities concocted by consciousness.
Convoluted assumptions, and endless absurdities, do not for truth make.

* * * *

You see what You are.
You see what You are not.
So it goes, no worries.

* * * *

The electromagnetic spectrum changes. the chemistry changes,
The body changes, the mind changes, the world changes, the universe changes,
But the awareness, that which perceives, that which exists prior to imagination, is ever the same,
Unborn, undying, each and every indivisible, indelible, enigmatic moment.

* * * *

Everything that happens is beyond all explicability.
There is no reason, there is no purpose, there is no doer,
And the awareness, the witness You are, is the source of it all.

* * * *

You will inevitably hurt others, intentionally or not.
The challenge, if it is your inclination, is to keep it to a minimum.
If You lean toward a harmful bent, of being sociopathic, or some label beyond,
Well, there is really nothing that can be done, but witness the blaze in your indifferent wake.
We must all face the consequences, of whatever principles, or lack of, we incline.

* * * *

And what has all that pride, all that vanity, gotten You, really,
But yet another life, yet another existence, yet another dream of time,
To which only the ever-evaporating vapor of imagination clings.

* * * *

Are You streaming through space-time, or is it timelessly appearing through You?
What is this inexplicable, impenetrable, indelible, incomprehensible,
Indecipherable, inscrutable, inseparable mystery,

But an indivisible emanation, of the ephemeral eternity You are.

* * * *

What anyone thinks, what anyone does,
Is absolutely nothing in the ultimate mind's eye.
All judgment is but human concoction, human absurdity.

* * * *

Granted, little boys may be made of snips and snails and puppy-dogs' tails,
But little girls, despite all fairy tale indoctrination to the contrary,
Are most definitely not sugar and spice and everything nice.
Going overboard on surreal notions, is a bumpy road to delusion.

* * * *

You are but an imaginary blend,
A concoction born of the nature-nurture dreamtime,
Into which your temporal seed was cast.

* * * *

Lawyers, accountants, bureaucrats, and all their political allies,
Find interminable ways, to make any fine print, finer and finer.

* * * *

Mastery in the art of war, or any other competitive enterprise,
Is doing the unexpected when the expected is expected,
And the expected, when unexpected is expected.

* * * *

You have been hypnotized, conditioned, brainwashed, mesmerized, indoctrinated, deceived,
Into imagining You are what You are not, have never been, and will never be.
In the one and only indivisible reality prior to consciousness,
You are timeless, You are without bounds.
Know this, and break free of all limits born of mind.

* * * *

But for the streaming of consciousness,
It is as quantum indivisible on the inside,
As it is quantum indivisible on the outside.

* * * *

How can the parochial mind, ever fathom beyond its countless divisions, its countless limitations?
Thoughts of the rare few who discern a greater vision, despite all their good intentions,
Only again and again cause swells to crash hither and thither upon the shores,
Of those unable to plumb deeply beneath the vast ocean surface.
The lone sheep dog can do little to protect the flock,
From the crafty, resolute packs, of charlatans and usurpers.

* * * *

The world is afire with the madness of humankind's incessant vanity.
What is there to hope for, when faced with such insurmountable odds.

* * * *

All creation is nothing more than a subjective reality,
Born of the human mind, born of imaginary conception.
Objectivity can never be more than an unattainable notion.

* * * *

Call it what You will
– Collaboration, collusion, syndicate, conspiracy –
The quantum enigma is in charge.

* * * *

If there is to be any freedom in this relatively brief, corporeal existence,
The key, the fulcrum, the fount, upon which it is founded, is doubt.
And then, only if its embers are fanned by the wind of an indomitable spirit.
There is no journey beyond the conditioning, no venture outside the cave, without it.

* * * *

Your temporal existence will weave your sensory mind,
In whatever way the reverie of space-time ripples through it.
The final tapestry will be imbued with the integrity You render it.

* * * *

Human beings always want more-more-more, in their ephemeral sojourn in space-time.
But more, is really nothing more, than an itsy-bitsy vibration in the electromagnetic spectrum.
An indivisible, unborn-undying quantum whatever, which has neither beginning nor end,
Nor any size, nor any shape, nor any limit, nor any time, nor any value, whatsoever.

* * * *

Jews asserting that they are the chosen people,
Is nothing more than yet another ethnocentric tribal absurdity.
It would be analogous to Woody Allen asserting he is God's favorite thespian.
No offence, Woody, but it just ain't ever gonna be so.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how, can any dreamer perform their imaginary character,
But through the nature-nurture sculpting assigned by the genetic lottery.
Embrace it or endure it, from all beginning to all endings,
We are all just prisoners here, of our own device.

* * * *

What is any human existence but a tentative, arbitrary collection of memories,
Perceptions of a dream of time, forever forgotten with the last wheezing breath.

* * * *

The irony is that this garden world,

Has freely provided everything humankind needs,
To drive its brief little dream into complete and utter extinction.

* * * *

Who is the I, that believes this awareness their own,
But a fleeting fiction of imagination, absolutely alone.

* * * *

Who, what, where, when, why, how … am I?
Who, what, where, when, why, how … are You?
Who, what, where, when, why, how … is anyone?
Who, what, where, when, why, how …….. is anything?
But the same indivisible upwelling permeating everything.
Call it by whatever vibration You choose, it is the same clayness,
The same omniscience, the same omnipotence, the same omnipresence,
The same unborn-undying awareness, ever creating its Self anew.

* * * *

We are only young or middle-aged or old on the outside.
The awareness within, is ever the same timeless upwelling.

* * * *

All time, all history, all narration, whether individual or cultural,
Is nothing more than the play of consciousness, a paradigm of imagination.
All illusion, all delusion, all nothing more than the existential collusion of memory cells.
You are, have ever been, will ever be, the ever-present, right-here-right-now, of everlasting awareness.
The perceptive observer, the solitary wanderer, in the infinite-infinitesimal,
Of nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

It is pain that forces You to look more closely, to pay attention,
And perhaps even survive, even thrive, yet another day, or more.

* * * *

First Law of the Hoity-Toity: The Hoity-Toity is bona fide.
Second Law of the Hoity-Toity: The Hoity-Toity is indispensable.
Third Law of the Hoity-Toity: The Hoity-Toity is everlasting.

* * * *

The eternal life offered by pure awareness, is the one and only true religion.
It has no name, and requires no faith, no scripture, no dogma,
No idols, no symbols, no priesthood, no followers.
Those who believe otherwise, muddle in the fog of vanity.

* * * *

The definition of cancer:
The disease caused by an uncontrolled division of abnormal cells in a part of the body.
We are it, and it is us.

* * * *

The something that is nothing, is ever the nothing that is something.
Back and forth, and forth and back, again and again.
The unborn is born, and undying dies,
Or is it, the undying is born, and unborn dies?
Oblivion and creation, are ever and ever and ever the same.

* * * *

How can anyone ever begin to justify their given existence,
In the eyes of someone determined to judge them harshly?

* * * *

Life is solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.
The fleeting existence is confusing, bemusing, bewildering,
Puzzling, perplexing, muddling, flummoxing, befuddling, nonplussing,
Mystifying, confounding, stumping, dazzling, stunning, overwhelming, bamboozling.
To be sure of anything, how is that really even remotely possible?

* * * *

Nowhere to go, no one to see, nothing to be.
Bubbles of vanity frothing in a crashing sea.

* * * *

Mother Gaia does not give a rat's ass whether You live or die,
So pay attention, Pilgrim, if You want to live long and prosper.

* * * *

A most certain thing about human history, across all times, across all geographies,
Is that once narcissism relegates any fellow human being, to any so-called lesser kingdom,
Any and every variety of abuse or enslavement or extermination or interminable horror, is allowed.

* * * *

Contemplation is about consciousness,
Putting your imaginary universe in perspective.
Meditation is about being the awareness You actually are.

* * * *

What difference between provincial and cosmopolitan, really,
But happenchance-happenstance variations in the shaping forces of nature and nurture.
After all, imagination is just imagination is just imagination.

* * * *

There are no attributes, no patterns, no systems, no laws, no histories,
No quantifying measurables at all, in the immeasurable indivisibility.

* * * *

All patterns are created of illusion.

From the indivisible, all creation arises, all creation subsides.
There is naught but eternal unicity.

* * * *

That list of things You will never experience,
Projects and ventures, You will never complete,
Intrigues and schemes, You will never carry out,
Daily grows longer and deeper and broader.

* * * *

The explorer of consciousness is very much alone,
In the maze-like concourses of the eternal tapestry,
The imaginary matrix of the passionate mind-body.

* * * *

History will write what it writes, and time will erase it all.
Who is the who, who cares, or not, is the last question standing.

* * * *

Are You a who, a what, a where, a when, a why, a how, in the all of it?
Or a who-not, a what-not, a where-not, a when-not, a why-not, a how-not?

* * * *

What difference between wafting smoke and solid concrete?
Both change, certainly at different rates, by any eye,
But just as absolutely, just as relentlessly.
It is a god-eat-god eternal cosmos,
No matter how any mind might measure it.

* * * *

Whether called Baal, Tao, Brahman, Buddha, Allah, God, or any other name mind might devise,
No conception imagined by consciousness, can ever be more than a temporal metaphor.
The unknowable, ineffaceable truth of this mystery, is timelessly indivisible.
Infinitely, infinitesimally, omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient.

* * * *

You are your own constant companion.
Be as gentle with your Self as mind allows.

* * * *

The indelible mystery You indivisibly are, is neither friend nor foe.
It is indifferent to all imaginary notions, indifferent to all secular attributes.
What attachment, can that which creates and preserves and destroys,
Without motive, without remorse, have to anything, to anyone?

* * * *

Any given existence is shaped by so many injuries, so much suffering.
Like the punctuation marks woven into any given narrative

– The periods, the commas, the question mark, the exclamation points,
The colons, the semi-colons, the apostrophes, the hyphens, the quotation marks –
All whittle, all sculpt, all transform, the fates, the destinies, the outcomes, all life must endure.

* * * *

Who can love unconditionally,
But those whose aversion to differences,
No longer absorb, no longer seethe, no longer bind.

* * * *

This here-now is what You are, is what You have been all along, is what You will ever be.
The sensory dreamtime, is but imagination steeped in illusion,
Is but a mirage cloaked by delusion.

* * * *

However You spend it, however You pass it,
The moment will always come and go the same.
The continuum we call space-time is like that.

* * * *

There is no finishing anything; process is without conclusion.
A punctuation point only signifies some sort of inflection within a sentence,
Or the beginning of the next sentence, the next paragraph, the next chapter, the next book.
The end of one narration, is but the ever-kaleidoscoping beginning of another.

* * * *

What it is, is what it is not.
Same thing, same thingless.

* * * *

Being cultivated, being trained, being domesticated, to be a human being,
Does not make You any closer to mystery, than any other life form.
Every single beast has evolved from the same quantum origin.
The only difference between You and any other organism,
Is an inexorable egocentricity born entirely of imaginary notion.
The entire human paradigm, is nothing more than a collusion of imagination,
Made possible by the evolutionary happenstance of an resourceful, group-oriented mind,
Two arms, two legs, a larynx, opposable thumbs, and high-capacity lungs.
No critter ever born into this mystery ever stood a chance.
And, being far too clever for our own good,
Neither, ultimately, do we.

* * * *

Intelligence is a quantum program,
Encoded by natural selection,
Witnessed by awareness.

* * * *

All those little aches, all those little pains, gradually magnify,
Into debilitating annoyances, over which You have little or no control,
Until they all finally disappear, in the dust-to-dust, of that last wheezing breath.

* * * *

The quantum physics of nature is indivisibly, timelessly, irrevocably Darwinian.
Vectors and velocity and mass, spin out consequences, each and every moment.

* * * *

All the monotonous things, You do, day after day after day,
Broken down, into a never-ending stream, of programmed fragments:
Eating, sleeping, working, brushing the teeth, trimming the nails, ad infinitum.
How much longer to get the gist? To deduce the mystery, is the awareness, You ever are.

* * * *

How could the observer not be the observed,
In this indivisible, kaleidoscoping, quantum mystery theater?
Pfft, even the most supreme being, humankind can ever imagine, knows that.

* * * *

Who is there to prove anything to, really?
Apart from an imaginary vanity-vanity show,
What more is there than the quantum beingness?
What more is there than awareness of the singularity?

* * * *

The human drama is rooted, is steeped, is bound, in vain notion.
It is nothing more, than the perpetual confabulation of imagination.
What solution can there ever be, to what was never real from the get-go?

* * * *

The boardroom pharaohs, the sun gods of these our modern times,
Are still succumbing to the mindless vanity of their polyhedron tombs.

* * * *

The incessant back and forth, straddling the fence,
Between playing this identity real, and knowing it is not,
Can be more than a little wearing, more than a little maddening.

* * * *

All those thoughts, all those desires, all those fears, all those passions,
What are they, really ultimately, but the illusory poof of imagination.

* * * *

The inexplicable garden world, from which humankind ascended, is a timeless analog creation,
That our tool-making abilities, have fashioned into a linear technological one.
All well and good in its own right, it is an inescapable reality,
An timeline for which there is no rewind.

* * * *

What is a friend but someone who accepts You as You are,
And does not expect more than what You spontaneously offer.

* * * *

Quantum brain, quantum eyes, quantum ears, quantum nose, quantum tongue, quantum skin,
Quantum nerves, quantum ductless glands, quantum viscera, quantum everything.
A quantum matrix, a quantum hologram, by and for its Self to play,
Perchance to perceive, to realize, to comprehend, its inexplicable mystery.

* * * *

"What is time?" he asked rhetorically.
"No idea," she answered candidly.
"Nothing but," his koan reply.

* * * *

We have become slaves to nationalistic and corporate and religious branding,
Following hither and thither, the gratuitous whimsy of this logo or that.
The unremitting, pervasive identification of the Me-Myself-and-I,
Well beyond the guileless daze of t-shirts and baseball caps.

* * * *

It is all made up, it is all arbitrary.
The only question, the only concern,
Is how seriously You choose to take it.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how, creates this kaleidoscoping theater of dreamtime,
But the eternal awareness, neither within nor without, the quandaries of imagination.

* * * *

And why would anyone ever believe, any one culture, in any given time,
Would ever hold the key to truth, or be favored, by any one or more deities?

* * * *

There is only the here-now, there is only eternal life.
All vain notions about it, are ultimately meaningless.
Be anonymous within and without, free of all claims.

* * * *

Libraries and bookstores and thrift stores, are chock-full of unread tomes,
That, but for the keenness of those destined for obscurity,
May as well have never been written.

* * * *

Where is the apex of the human drama?
Where is the point of diminishing returns?

Have we yet to pass over the bell curve's peak?
Or is it already a memory in the rear-view mirror?

* * * *

All those memories, all those sensations, all those thoughts, all those things,
All those patterns, dreams, habits, relationships, loves, likes, hates, joys, sorrows,
Skills, awards, derisions, pleasures, beliefs, opinions, notions, hopes, fears, ad infinitum.
All those many experiences, no matter how dear, must all eventually be released and forgotten.

* * * *

Within the pool of awareness,
All possible universes, all possible dreams, dwell.
The creative potential of the quantum essence, is infinitely choiceless.

* * * *

What You perceive, is but a quantum veil, that the sensory mind arbitrarily measures.
Of the immeasurable, from which all dreams manifest, there is nothing to be known.

* * * *

Who is more foolish, the writer who penned nonsense in some ancient past,
Or the babbling dittoheads, who give it true-believer weight, in the here now?

* * * *

What is any worldview, any frame of reference, any paradigm,
But an imaginary state, to which the mind every moment clings.

* * * *

The mind is founded upon consumption, upon accumulation, upon differences, upon conflict;
Upon the unremitting narcissistic, hedonistic, self-absorption of the me-myself-I;
Upon the insatiable pursuit of pleasure, of power, of fame, of fortune.
There can be little real peace, without discernment and surrender to the indivisible.

* * * *

Awareness is not a sensation.
Beingness is not a sensation.
Reality is not a sensation.
You are not a sensation.

* * * *

Every organism, under any given star, has a completely different translation of the universe.
Which begs the question, is there even a real universe, that stands alone and true?
Or are all, nothing more than unique, arbitrary, quantum creations,
Done and undone, and done again, times beyond counting.
Light dancing its Self manifest, for whatever forever dreamtime allows.

* * *

Alas that pain and suffering play such enduring parts in these corporeal creations,
And all the better-living-through-every-sort-of-chemistry remedies,

Can only do so much to salve the myriad ways,
The biology ceaselessly finds,
To torture the mind-bodies, in every which way.

* * * *

Become aware of the mind as a means
– a tool, a device, a utensil, an implement, an instrument –
Rather than an end – a purpose, an aim, a reason, an outcome, a goal – in itself.

* * * *

If there is ever to be any real revolution of consciousness in this human paradigm,
It will have to begin within the plebeian minds of the wayward mob.
Holding your breath may not be the best strategy.

* * * *

Too many unanswerable questions in this dreamtime mystery.
Always springing up here and there, like zombies in graveyards.

* * * *

What can any human being, no matter the time, no matter the geography, ever really experience,
But their own unique egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-heliocentric sensory universe?
That which is perceived, through their unique, nature-nurture frame of reference.
Every part and particle of it, born entirely of subjective, self-absorbed, imaginary notion.

* * * *

How ironic.
How paradoxical.
How absurd.

* * * *

The plethora of inventions, to which humankind has given over its tool-making abilities,
Is ever bound to the ground of nature, from which they were crafted.
There is absolutely nothing that is not of nature,
No matter the process through which they were manifested.
The source of all things is indelibly, indivisibly, unconditionally, inescapable.

* * * *

Everything in this touchy-feely-three-dimensional-space-time dream,
Is ultimately nothing more than quantum illusion.
Yes, absolutely all of it.

* * * *

How would any of this be, if the awareness You truly are, were not bound to the mind-body,
If You were not attached to all the notions inspired by the sensory dream.
The universe did not exist before the unborn was born.
It will not exist after the undying dies.
Die to it all, now, now, now.
Eternal life is yours for the being.

* * * *

What is prior to religion, prior to doctrine, prior to faith, prior to belief,
Prior to all notions of gods and devils and their myriad minions,
And the countless heavens and hells they spawn in mind?

* * * *

Exploring the many-faced no-mind is an alonely path,
That has been trod in many times, many places,
By who knows how many monkey-minds.

* * * *

To observe your existence, with the same indifference as the infinite unknown,
That is the challenge, of all who would be free, of all claims of the finite known.

* * * *

Pretty rough to straighten things out,
When pretty much everything humankind touches,
Ripples into some inevitable fuck-up.

* * * *

What a strange thing it is to hear, to see, any word, any concept,
And realize all the antiquity, it took for it to evolve, to this point in time,
And that it, and all the other words in the sea of metaphors, in which it swims,
Shall ever continue to morph, for as long as human consciousness manages to survive.

* * * *

You are only where You are ‘supposed’ to be,
When You are fully paying attention to the here-now.

* * * *

The mind weaves its own traps, cuts its own grooves, molds its own way,
Its own obstacles, its own fetters, its own miasma, with unceasing regularity.
It is evolved of narrow thinking, and often resides fogbound for the given lifetime.
Relatively few realize the insightful emancipation, the sovereignty of the immeasurable.

* * * *

The future-past, as it more and more feverishly rushes by,
Is completely untenable to anyone paying attention,
And far too few ever have, or likely ever will.
Greed has always worked for the masses, far too well.

* * * *

The same genetic force, the same patterning,
That draws women into their worlds, draws men into theirs.
Ergo, Venus and Mars, and all the many worldviews,
Playing out like ocean waves, over and over.

* * * *

Neither one nor two,
Neither single nor double,
Neither solid nor ephemeral,
Neither everything nor nothing,
Neither what is nor what is not,
Neither living nor nonliving,
Neither right nor wrong,
Neither time nor space,
Neither here nor now,
Neither good nor evil,
Neither true nor false,
Neither judge nor jury,
Awareness is.

* * * *

The quantum universe is engaged in an incalculable number of adventures.
Sometimes You have to just stand in line and wait your turn.
Try to remain reasonable about it, if You can.

* * * *

An indifferent mind, is a reflection of the indifferent awareness.
And the eternal mystery, from which it all indifferently emanates.

* * * *

There will always be true believers willing to live and die,
For whatever cause, they have discerned most noble and true.

* * * *

Every moment, giving and taking, that quantum illusion, ever emanating anew,
And You, only able to distinguish it, through the myriad filters,
Born of nature-nurture's inevitable conditioning.

* * * *

Whatever path to glory, might be devised by any given mind,
It is ever nothing more, than the vanity born of imagination.

* * * *

What is awareness? What is consciousness?
A chemical reaction? An electromagnetic storm? A quantum wind?
The unknown playing known? Nothing playing something?
A stream unto its Self, however mind conceives.

* * * *

The mind's self-absorbed, emotional sorrow, is unquenchable,
But through embracing the barren hollow, of the null and void.

* * * *

Happiness and contentment, are delusional ideals, born of sorrow and dissatisfaction.
Consciousness ever ebbs and flows, through the ductless glands and viscera.
Abiding in the moment, in the awareness prior to all the chatter,
Is the as-good-as-it-gets, any given mind can offer.

* * * *

What the body needs, and what the sensory-mind craves,
Are all too often at odds, in ways not designed for longevity.

* * * *

Why should anyone provide, what You will not yourself, earn?
The jungle is a forbidding place, and those who do not, cannot, make their own way,
Cannot forever depend, on the compassion of those about them.

* * * *

Every generation plays out the window of time,
That the reverie of history, offers the given geography,
As it plays out, in the ripples flowing to and fro, across the world.
From all beginnings to all ends, it is very much a choiceless reality for all.

* * * *

Everything You experience every moment,
Everything You see, You hear, You smell, You touch, You taste,
Augments the frame of reference, from which this mystery, is eternally witnessed.

* * * *

Even the ethereal beings supposedly traversing the Himalayas,
Are fellow primates, fellow two-leggeds, of the same quantum origin.
No need to make them more paranormal, than You or any other cockroach.

* * * *

What pattern is not born of conscious design,
And why would the quantum ground, the source of all,
Be bound by any notion, no matter how grand?

* * * *

The powers that be: the estates, the kingdoms, the empires, the heralds, the behemoths,
The balance-of-power-might-makes-right, in these our modern times, of this so-called civilized world.
The executives, the legislatives, the judicials, the corporates, the medias, the bureaucratics,
Are whatever they please, do whatever they please, take whatever they please,
As the rule of law stipulates, or arrogance and avarice allow.
The bottom-feeders, well, they endure, they survive, as they always have.
Or pay the consequences, the tribulations, as the law of the club, of claw and fang, demand.

* * * *

You need not have any answers,
To the enigmas of this indelible mystery,
To yield to the essence of its indivisible awareness,

You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Outside the last box, mind might contrive,
Is the ineffable awareness prior to consciousness,
And where can any box abide, in that which is indivisible?

* * * *

When the immeasurable is presumed measurable,
Pretense and arrogance take root, and chaos rules.

* * * *

What is it to awaken, to realize, but to become very still, very attentive,
To the eternal awareness, You truly are, have ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

What part of, yes means yes,
No means no, and maybe does not mean yes,
Do some folks not understand?

* * * *

We are all just screengrazers here, with our own devices.
Smarter phones, dumber people, daily dumbing down.

* * * *

Fascinating how indifferent we can be toward each other and all our fellow earthlings.
That we can be so cruel, so unempathetic, so unwilling to discern, that all are ultimately one in the same.
The compassion, the benevolence of the Golden Rule, treating others as You would your Self,
Requires a mind free of desire, free of fear, free of conditioning, free of convention,
A mind willing to stand alone against the whimsies of human limitation.

* * * *

Contentment, satisfaction, gratification,
What are they, too, but variations of the vanity-vanity,
The usual suspect steeping in, in every moment of conscious design.

* * * *

The mystery is prior to all thought, prior to all knowledge, prior to all emotion, prior to all passion,
Prior to all language, all science, all math, all music, all everything ignited by consciousness.
It is the primal awareness, from which the unknowable, bursts into timeless creation.

* * * *

Awareness cannot, even for a moment,
Pause to examine its timeless, non-dualistic nature.
After all, how can that which is the origin, that which is the essence,
Do anything but what it does, be anything but what it is.

* * * *

You are the mystery, You are the unknown, You are the known unknown.
You will make of it what You will, You will do with it what You will,
And, if You are a rare one, You will perchance undo, mind's will.

* * * *

Any philosophy, any religion, any archetype, any paradigm, that loses sight of natural law,
That loses sight of the indivisible relationship between all things,
Is no worldview worth its brine.

* * * *

Eternal salvation, is merging into the indivisibly, the aloneness, free of attributes.
Giving the world no thought: some call it madness, some call it heaven.
What matter, what any other thinks, what any other believes?

* * * *

How many creatures have suffered greatly or died,
That faces might be adorned, with clownish facades.

* * * *

Hogwash, nonsense, gibberish, garbage, baloney, rot, claptrap,
Gobbledygook, noise, babble, jabber, poppycock, balderdash, tripe,
Hooey, bunkum, hokum, humbug, twaddle, drivel, rubbish, codswallop.
Words that come to mind when talking politics, economics, religion,
And other juggernauting dysfunctions of the human paradigm.

* * * *

This quantum playhouse,
Is never more real, than any dream.
The awareness You are, is never not the witness.
The only question, is whether or not, You are mindful of it.
And from all beginnings to all endings, and all endings to all beginnings,
It really does not matter if You wake up to it or not.
It never did, it never will.

* * * *

The so-called scriptures are not really belief systems.
They are histories, archives, field guides, instruction manuals, schemas.
Insights set down by seers across time and space, who have discerned the mystery firsthand.
Does the quantum indivisibility need to worship the forms into which it is made,
Some imagined sculptor, or the essence that is its truest nature?
Does it really need to venerate anything at all?
Is not simply being enough?

* * * *

There is the wacko two-legged in the first standard deviation: we call that normal.
The second, we call eccentric; the third, crazy; and beyond that, insane.
Really all just graybowing shades of the same monkey-mind.
Imagination, wandering to and fro, in every guise.

* * * *

The discernment of the truth, in the human mind, in the human paradigm,
Has really always been, very much the same, across the world, throughout time.
But all those who see it, are bound by the filters of their conditioning: bound by culture;
Bound by creed; bound by language; bound by ego; bound by the thirst for power, fame, fortune;
Bound by the seven deadly intoxications: pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, sloth;
Bound by the perpetual tango of desire and fear, in the quest for security.
Is it any wonder that these modern times are so chaotic,
So confused, so conflicted, so contrary,
That only the rare, are willing and able to see past,
The incalculable differences, entirely created by imagination.

* * * *

Of course, there is, what many, by one name, by one concept, by one dogma or another, call God.
But the fundamental reality, is that it is a timeless, indivisible, unattainable mystery,
That cannot be bound, by any form, by any circumstance, by any creed.
It is not some dualistic invention, like a Zeus, a Jupiter, a Shiva, or a Santa Claus.
It is not a deity, a divine being, a celestial being, a goddess, a divinity, an immortal, or an avatar.
It is not an idol, a graven image, an icon, a totem, a talisman, a fetish, or a juju.
Of course, there is a God, and it includes the essence, You truly are.
Do not confuse any fabrications of consciousness,
With the reality of the awareness,
Permeating all.

* * * *

In truth, You have no past, You have no future.
You are but a subjective dream of consciousness, of imagination.
There is only now, there is only awareness, there is only quantum, there is only eternity,
Timelessly witnessing an indivisible, kaleidoscoping, sensory play.

* * * *

Your world, your cosmos, your dream, is an imaginary fiction,
Founded upon the sensory input, as interpreted by your patterned mind.
However You see anything unfolding, is what it is, always was, and will ever be.
Whatever You imagine others think, they think; whatever You imagine others do, they do.
You are perceiver, witness, observer, viewer, watcher, eyewitness, onlooker, bystander, ogler, spectator.
You are the one and only awareness, acting out a programmed, conditioned, habituated persona.
Immortally absolute, indelibly sovereign, timelessly unconditional, eternally indivisible,
And unutterably, irrefutably alone, in your center stage of Self-consciousness.

* * * *

To discern your true Self, to discern the awareness that is source,
Is to discern all possibilities, upon which imagination might draw.

* * * *

Trust your Self.
Trust your own mind.

Trust your own awareness.
Trust your own perception.
Trust your own intuition.
Find your own way,
You, scientist.

* * * *

You are the one and only observer, beholding You.
All the deities, all the angels, all the demons, all the avatars,
All the santa clauses, tooth fairies, and other mythological creatures,
Are nothing more than figments of imagination in mind's eye.
You, the solitary aloneness, are the one and only witness.

* * * *

What is each and every imagination-born existence, but a brief window of history.
A brief flickering of light and shadow, playing out in the dreamtime of mind.
A brief span, in which awareness witnesses a timeless creation, born of consciousness.
A kaleidoscoping quantum theater, playing itself real, over and over, in every conceivable way.

* * * *

The challenge is to imbibe each fleeting moment,
As completely, as purely, as gracefully, as contentedly,
As the sensory mind, bound to space and time, fitfully allows.

* * * *

You who give the mind over to its inexplicable foundation,
Will likely never be appreciated unconditionally by the human paradigm.
Thought and emotion, are but evolutionary by-products, of ductless glands and viscera.
It is not possible to gain the full acceptance of any meme, any group, any followers, any true believers,
Any brainwashed, conditioned, indoctrinated collusion, to which consciousness is so attached,
For the capricious mix, is incapable of comprehending, that which is cradle to all.
You must, in awareness, stand very much alone, flawlessly absolute.

* * * *

Without the thought, the idea, the notion,
The brainwave, the inspiration, the theory, the belief,
The concept, the opinion, the plan, the conception, the philosophy,
How would the imaginary identity, You delude your awareness into pretending,
Play out its meme-bound, who-what-where-when-why-how collusion?

* * * *

No geography is immune to the money-in-a-wheelbarrow moment,
If the one-percenters and their minions, play their game too greedy.

* * * *

There appear to be many others, of every imaginable variety,
But it is all really truly the awareness, You very much alone are,
Translating the sensory play, as the ever-present now unfolds.

The solitary You, chattering away to your Self, so to speak.

* * * *

There is nothing in this manifest dreamtime, to which You can ultimately cling.
You are awash in imaginary notion, and if that gradually dissipates,
Where can You ever be, but the given right-here-right-now,
As infinitely, as infinitesimally immeasurable,
As the mystery of awareness ever is.

* * * *

When the mind is still,
When the mind is but awareness,
Who-what-where-when-why-how, can You exist?

* * * *

Every mind has its rhyme and reason, its raison d'être,
And whether or not others become interested in the trove of its wanders.
Is a matter only history, in one future-past or another, will tell.

* * * *

The entire human spectacle, with all its histories, whether written and unwritten,
Is nothing more than collusion, founded upon the capricious spark of imagination.

* * * *

That which You imagine You are, is replete with every variety of passion and pain and regret.
That mystery which You truly are, that which is prior to consciousness, is indivisibly immaculate.
The mind is a collection of perceptions, to which unmitigated detachment, is the only salvation.

* * * *

Whether or not, there are other dream worlds,
Other Gaias, out in the immensity of the indifferent universe,
We will likely never know, because we have not valued our own world enough,
To ensure our survival, for more than a relatively few minutes, in the space-time continuum.
The clock is tick-tick-ticking, and we are rushing madly towards extinction,
Or certainly, a very harsh, very downsized, paradigm shift.

* * * *

There may be nothing new under this sun or any other,
But it is all new to You, so drive on, Brave Knight, drive on.

* * * *

Creation takes time, creation takes space.
There is no ‘suddenly appeared.’
There is only never-beginning-never-ending process,
A quantum holograph, in which humankind is but a smidgeon of a shard.

* * * *

There is nothing more to be,

Than what You already are, have ever been, will ever be.
Vanity is not more.

* * * *

Dreaming itself immortal,
Consciousness is indelibly linked,
To the finite creation of quantum design.

* * * *

We are all the same oneness playing out the parts, the same oneness playing out the many.
We are all a kaleidoscoping hologram of inestimable, immeasurable, infinite proportion.
A quantum matrix, emanating a dream of time, in the timeless indivisibility of eternity.

* * * *

To be vulnerable, is the challenge of complete surrender to the moment.
To be totally open, without the psychic walls of the me-myself-and-I,
To the ego, that is nothing more, than a castle built of imagination.

* * * *

We have witnessed history play the same record, over and over and over again.
The players change, the technologies change, the universe changes,
But the monkey-mind, is ever a Shakespearian collage.

* * * *

Pull out that phone, that tablet,
That notebook, that laptop, that screen,
That security blanket, of these our modern times.
What will You do, if/when the day it is forever gone, comes?
Will You be ready, when Old School rises again?

* * * *

Your imaginary personality, is how your awareness adapted,
To the winds of the nature-nurture, into which You were cast.
It is but a temporary temporal thing, best not get too attached.

* * * *

In this manifest dreamtime world, history has countless times proven that might makes right.
As Vegetius put it in De Re Militari: si vis pacem, para bellum, if You want peace, prepare for war.
Anonymity is the first line of defense, the second is to be a chameleon, to avoid becoming a target.
From then on – care You to abide, care You to survive – whatever level of readiness is required.

* * * *

It is only in imagination that all players are fashioned.
The grand holograph is seamless; there is no other.
The inscrutable indivisible is without partition.
All withouts are within, all withins, without.

* * * *

Complete, unconditional, unadorned vulnerability, is the means to nirvana.
To give your self over to Self, to set the body-mind adrift in awareness,
Is the discerning tap of the Ruby Slippers, that will get You home.
Eternity is now, there is no other, nothingness is as apparent as it gets.

* * * *

If there is such a thing as a perfect body,
Rest assured, it does not long stay that way.

* * * *

Me and myself and I:
My body, my mind, my sex, my color, my race, my language, my culture,
My family, my friends, my school, my class, my college, my house, my land, my pets,
My workplace, my business, my club, my bar, my coffee shop, my store, my money, my things,
My town, my county, my state, my country, my world, my sun, my universe,
My religion, my church, my god, my heaven, my hell …
Me, me, me, forever and ever me.

* * * *

The roles all life play out in the grand web,
Are nothing more than the blueprint,
The patterning of the given seed.
All are the same inexplicable essence.

* * * *

Is it the quantum universe that creates the quantum mind?
Or is it the quantum mind that creates the quantum universe?
Or are they the same quantum creating each other,
This very much the same moment?
Yet another dreamy day,
Same old chicken or egg conundrum.

* * * *

You are really only important to You,
And perhaps a collection of family and friends,
And soon You, and they, will all be quite dead, quite gone.
And therein rests the salvation to all that egotism:
Do not worry, be happy; perchance content.

* * * *

There is a space, a stillness, an awareness,
Where entire universes disappear,
And the unknown reigns.

* * * *

The mind's hunger for more-more-more, is an insatiable, ever-consuming beast.
Only in the wisdom of age, does it only just maybe-perhaps, become less a burden.

* * * *

Truth, neither rational nor irrational,
Is as indefinable as the moment,
Because it is the moment,
And the moment is unknown.

* * * *

The ever-motionless awareness of the eternal mind,
Is prior to all movement of consciousness,
And the myriad attachments therein.

* * * *

Is there an outside the box that is not yet another box?
And then another, and another, and another.
Boxes and boxes ad infinitum,
Until all of a sudden, only You remain.

* * * *

Relinquish, surrender, abandon, renounce, resign,
Give up, hand over, bow out, turn down, let go by, let pass,
And just be.

* * * *

Why would You want to follow anyone?
Why would You want anyone to follow You?
Both are but the endless narcissism of vain notion,
The imaginary saga of the self-absorbed mind.

* * * *

Any teacher only plays a significant part of any life,
Until whatever it is they offer, is learned, is owned.

* * * *

Once upon a timeless, in a very, very, very long ago, an ancestor sat on a jungle branch, all alone,
When another ancestor nearby, uttered a sound, that s/he thought s/he understood.
Thus fell the metaphorical fruit of knowledge, of good and evil,
And the solitude of the garden dreamscape,
Was, for as long as the human species continues, undone.
The garden is still here, we just stopped seeing it, respecting it, protecting it.

* * * *

It is a perfect world, a perfect universe,
But not perfect enough, for many, if not most.

* * * *

To be caught in the matrix of time,
Is to play out the death born of imagination.
Only in the tranquil timelessness of eternal awareness,

Can this existence be as real as the quantum dreamtime allows.

* * * *

With rare exception, the most avaricious wacko,
Has always been the most motivated,
To be the king of any hill.

* * * *

The good news is You need not hate or kill another,
Just because they will never see it the way You do.

* * * *

In truth, we expatriated ourselves from the garden of origin.
All mythologies regarding this fact are figurative at best.
All are but metaphors inspired by the usual suspects,
The unending self-absorption of vanity and greed.

* * * *

How can there not be more and more suffering,
With more and more battling for less and less.
The strong thrive, and the weak endure or die.

* * * *

Stars and planets stream silently about the heavens, oblivious to your vain existence,
And all the passions, that play out the ceaseless dramas, in your hollow imagination.

* * * *

The moment, the instant, the second, the minute,
The jiffy, the flash, the tick, the twinkling, the trice,
What are they but concept after concept after concept.
Consciousness ever trifling the timelessness of awareness.

* * * *

Of hubris and humility, arrogance and modesty,
When have the gods and demons ever punished anyone,
Who has not, first and foremost, punished themselves far more?

* * * *

What an isolating thing, the groupthink of any tradition.
All attempts of consciousness, to bring together,
Only further and ever further splinter.

* * * *

In any given twinkling, it does not matter how You play out your reverie of time.
It does not matter whether You were good or not, smart or not, happy or not, earnest or not,
Passionate or not. productive or not, powerful or not, wealthy or not, famous or not, beautiful or not.
The timeless awareness does not care one scintilla about You, or anyone or anything else.
We are all but temporal quantum forms, in the grand nothingness of eternity.

* * * *

Your ego, your vanity, wants to matter so much, but in reality, it does not, never did, never will.
You are a brief dream of awareness – nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Find harbor in the futility, the uselessness, the pointlessness,
The worthlessness, the fruitlessness, of it all.

* * * *

Everything about the dreamtime of human consciousness,
Is generated from two primal forces: sustenance and procreation.
All the vanities, all quests for power and fame and fortune,
Are marinated in those two interwoven hungers.

* * * *

The sweet, the sour, the bitter, the good, the bad, the ugly.
Taking things as they are, mitigates the suffering of existence.

* * * *

It is only imagination, that feels happy or sorry or anything else, for its imaginary self.
Imagination, ever-translating the ever-streaming sensory perceptions,
Into endless shades of emotional gratification.
How can the timeless awareness prior to consciousness,
Feel anything for the still emptiness, from which it springs eternal?

* * * *

Caring too much, caring too little, caring just enough.
Too hot, too cold, just right, a Goldilocks balancing act for all.

* * * *

The tug of the group mind is strong in all humankind.
To break away from the herd, to stand alone,
Is to live a life laced with insecurity.

* * * *

Mammon is an insatiable beast, unsatisfied even by gluttony.
Even the moderate path, can leave the reins jerking for more.

* * * *

You are nature.
Behave your Self.

* * * *

When You can do anything You want,
But have run out of things You really want to do,
Contemplation, meditation, suicide – are the final antidotes.

* * * *

Every imaginable bread-and-circus interruption and diversion and agitation,

Has made its way into conscious design, and daily, more, more, more.
What superficial, pathetic creatures, human beings, truly are.

* * * *

So much time already passed, so much history already written,
How much more can be left in this dream of human consciousness?

* * * *

Around and around and around, the thought loop, You go.
Again and again and again, the same old thoughts,
Sow and sow, go and go, flow and flow.

* * * *

All self-imagery is nothing more than attachment to a mind-body,
And the given cultural blend, the given groupthink, into which it is conditioned.
A fusion of nature-nurture, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

There is no arrival, because there is no place to arrive.
There is only the beingness of ever-present awareness,
And it does not give a rat's ass, whether You arrive or not.

* * * *

How could anyone ever be as infatuated, as self-absorbed with You, as You are yourself?
Even your loving mother, was likely more than a little weary of You, times beyond counting.

* * * *

The hatred that gives so many lives meaning,
Is but a finite mortal dream from beginning to end.
And what is hate but the fear, the dread, of all things different.

* * * *

How long will You recall things that do not matter?
How long will You cling to things that were never important?
How long will You abide the infliction of illusion upon your awareness?
This is your brief dream to live, or not live, as your courage to stand alone allows.

* * * *

Existence is ever a back-and-forth pendulum.
As irrational and vulnerable as You might feel today,
May well, full swing, to rational and invulnerable tomorrow.
And who knows, who-what-where-when-why-how, in any given next?

* * * *

When You were very young, there was not a care in the world.
But, now, now nothing but a litany of bothers strewn across it.

* * * *

At what point do You wake up and realize,
You are very, very alone, in a very, very large field,
Surrounded by many, many, very, very large piles of bullshit.

* * * *

Your cosmos is really nothing more than neurological sensations, electrical-chemical reactions,
And the many perceptions, the voluntary-involuntary responses and reactions,
Filtered by the attachment of consciousness to them.
Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.

* * * *

If those who advocate rationalism are earnestly rational, earnestly scientific, earnestly detached,
They will not approach any investigation with assumption or emotion or arrogance.
In other words, they will not be as irrational, as illogical, as passionate,
As those they so often astutely and smugly and vainly judge.
Otherwise, it is just the same old monkey-mind,
On yet another rose-colored day.

* * * *

Sometimes angel, sometimes demon, what matter either way, really.
Gods are but the contrivance of the dread of imagination,
And an insistent hope for what can never be.

* * * *

Gumption |ˈgəmpSH(ə)n| noun … is defined as
Informal shrewd or spirited initiative and resourcefulness.
Grit |grit| noun … is defined as courage and resolve; strength of character.
How will your life play out, what will You accomplish,
If You do not cultivate them?

* * * *

Why would your beingness, be any more, or less,
Than any other beingness, supreme or otherwise?

* * * *

Let go the passion toward all your competitors, your adversaries, your antagonists,
Your opponents, your challengers, your rivals, your foes, your enemies.
They are but distractions, that pull You back into a cosmos,
That in the ultimate quantum reality, only superficially beckons.

* * * *

Will anyone really miss You when You are dead and gone?
Perhaps a few, but not for long, and when they too have departed, none at all.
You will at last resume the anonymity, the obscurity, the extinction, the oblivion, the nothingness,
All histories, all chronicles, all narratives, all annals, all accounts, all sagas, have in store.

* * * *

You did whatever You did in this brief existence.

Own it, let go of it, find peace, cultivate contentment.

* * * *

You are the mystery, You are the enigma, You are the unknown,
And there is absolutely, unequivocally, nothing irrational about it.
Nor, for that matter, is there anything at all rational about it, either.

* * * *

Truth is not an idea, it is not tangible.
It is the intrinsic, indivisible, inviolable thread,
Within the stillness of each and every timeless moment,
Prior to any and every quantum dimension.
And those rare few who discern it,
Live life eternal.

* * * *

The masses do not fathom their fleeting context in history.
Their prevailing disquiet is the existence they must daily endure.
And thus, unfolding events careen misinterpreted to and fro about them.

* * * *

In the ultimate mind, the universal mind, the god mind,
The who, the what, the where, the when, the why, the how, are no longer relevant.
Awareness is all, all is awareness.

* * * *

What a burden, the responsibility of materialism.
Anytime You own something, You must maintain it, clean it, protect it,
Insure it, give it away, lose it, throw it away, break it, repair it, consume it, et cetera ad infinitum.
Whatever the case, in the grand scheme of all things quantum-matrix indivisible,
You and it are but dust-to-dust creations intertwined for all time,
And before and after that brief stage play, as well.

* * * *

Call it Darwinism, call it evolutionary theory, call it whatever,
The life forms that have managed to survive since life's creation,
Carry in their genetic coding an amalgamation of adaptive qualities,
Which may or may not include intelligence and strength and flexibility.
But what they likely have most in common in their lineage,
Is a fair amount of the luck of the happenstance.

* * * *

What to do when neither creation nor preservation nor destruction draw You anymore.
What to do when even the indivisible, has lost the verve of point and purpose and meaning.

* * * *

Time is as imaginary, as ethereal, as intangible, as vaporous, as fictional,
As illusory, as the given mind, from which it, like cotton candy, springs.

* * * *

You have imagined who.
You have imagined what. You have imagined where.
You have imagined when. You have imagined why. You have imagined how.
You have imagined everything the quantum mirage has allowed.
Now imagine the naught, from which all sally forth.

* * * *

Discern the primordial awareness prior to consciousness.
Stay with that timeless moment, that stillness,
And know the serenity of eternity.

* * * *

How absurd to believe anyone is watching You.
How absurd to believe no one is watching You.

* * * *

Something else, and something more, always distracting,
Always agitating, always disordering, always disturbing, always confusing,
Always tugging the mind ever forth, in the dream of time.

* * * *

There You go again, rushing madly toward a time,
That will arrive and disappear, before You know it.

* * * *

Nirvana is just giving your mind,
Over to the timeless mystery of awareness.
Dissolving back into the eternal now You ever truly are.

* * * *

All we think we know, is but a grain of sand in an infinity of unknowable unknowingness,
And in reality, all our invention, is nothing more than the happenstance,
Of our own genetically habituated imagination.
It is all a mystery.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Growing older is about different choices,
Many, if not most of them, not made by You.

* * * *

Many a label is designated to undermine the power of the thing itself.
It is the grappling of consciousness, with its ever-kaleidoscoping,
Ever unyielding, wheel of creation-preservation-destruction.

* * * *

Buddha has already been played.
So have Jesus and Rumi and Nietzsche, and all the other greats.
It is your turn, now, to whirl your way in dreamtime.
No need to follow or imitate anyone else.

* * * *

Where are within and without,
When all barriers are but the illusion,
Of the sensory mind-body born of imagination.
The indivisibility of the quantum scale knows no bounds.

* * * *

If You believe, You can go into any conflict, into any war,
And not destroy and maim innocence – mothers, children, elderly –
You are only kidding yourself in a very, very un-haha way.

* * * *

Who are You or I? Who is he or she? Who is we or they?
So many dualistic distinctions born of consciousness,
And its myriad delusions born of sensory illusion.

* * * *

The You, You imagine your Self to be,
Is but the barest sliver of a sliver of a sliver,
Of that which is, and is not, totality.

* * * *

To comprehend reincarnation, re-embodiment, rebirth, re-creation, reawakening,
You must discern what it is, and what it is not, that is born anew.
That the same essence in one, permeates all,
And that all are but the one, in every guise imaginable.

* * * *

The human paradigm is immersed in the stew of its own self-made knowledge.
The mind's voracious, insatiable, craving-to-know nature blinds itself.
The screens, the veils, the shrouds, the divisions of knowledge,
No matter how scholarly, no matter how insightful,
Are the source, the creator of all delusion.
The space-time matrix, as tangibly real as it seems,
Is but the invention of an imagination-laced quantum dream.

* * * *

A still mind is a still universe, and a still universe is no universe at all.
And in that essential state, in that awareness, in that nothingness, You are.

* * * *

All creation, all universes, have come and gone in the same everlasting, undying, unending,
Perpetual, endless, ceaseless, timeless, interminable, infinite, immortal,

Never-ending, transient, temporary, eternal instant.

* * * *

You need not allow the world into your eternal sovereignty,
Unless You feel like being mesmerized by the quantum illusion,
And all the habituated conditioning, it has in the given mind, stirred.

* * * *

Take away your family, your friends, your acquaintances, your adversaries, your enemies,
Your work, your hobbies, your things, your pets, your memories, your reveries.
Take away all the parts and pieces, all the trappings of your existence,
And what remains, but an indescribably ephemeral awareness,
To which no thought, no appendage, can ever attach.

* * * *

Call it what You will, the mystery is bound to, or by, no name,
No matter the subtlety, the dexterity, of the namer's meaning.

* * * *

Perfection is at the stardust level.
In the mundane zone, not so much.

* * * *

The goal of the one-percenters and their minions,
Has been to keep as many littlefolk as possible distracted,
With every bread and circus modern technology so astutely offers.
What would Louis and Marie have done with their heads,
Had they been so mindful of such Roman insight?

* * * *

Technology has always shaped the human mind: for example, the analog clock.
Did time exist before them hands started spinning all them numbers in our heads?

* * * *

Still searching for meaning and purpose?
Cannot You hear them giggling and twittering,
As they scamper through the passages of your mind?

* * * *

The mind is an ever-stirring brew of erstwhile knowing; of knowing this, of knowing that.
But until it truly discerns, that it knows nothing, but its own imaginary concoctions,
It can never be free, of its endless self-delusions, its endless self-deceptions.
It can never rediscover the child mind, that perceives the given moment ever anew.

* * * *

What is love, but a very agreeable congregation of painkilling endorphins.
The entire human paradigm, from its jungle origin on, can likely be boiled down,
To an every-moment quest, for the pleasure they radiate, in any given mind.

* * * *

Cheerleaders for delusion live in a bubble of unreality.
It is completely wacko to think there is any possibility,
That there is some sort of happy ending to this fiasco.

* * * *

No one but You can possibly care as much as You,
About your version of the mystery,
And if You do not,
Well, that is another story.

* * * *

Like a hamster running madly, getting nowhere in its spinning wheel,
The mind is ever questing security in its dream of temporal persuasion.

* * * *

If not for vision, your sensory universe would seem much, much smaller,
But then, it might seem just as large, just as infinite, just as true,
If You had been blind from birth, and knew no different.
Awareness is the great equalizer in all creation.

* * * *

At best You might do something,
That might slightly spin history some new direction,
But what is history, but imaginary notion,
Given credence by every spin.

* * * *

You never know, what cause will beget what effect,
Will beget what cause, will beget what effect … et cetera, et cetera …
In the what-is-good-what-is-bad, of all things creation.

* * * *

There is history everywhere in this world;
Only a relatively small scratch of it recorded.

* * * *

When it comes to dealing with the aloneness of the ultimate reality,
Those who awaken can run, but they can never hide,
From the witness they ever are.

* * * *

What ever-present instant, is not of eternity?
Only the countless dualistic notions of consciousness,
With all its delusions born of desire and fear,
Would have You believe otherwise.

* * * *

Is enough really ever enough?
Is too much of a good thing, really ever too much?
Is the plate really ever too full?
Well, duh, yes.

* * * *

Dualistic notion is but a fabrication of imagination.
All opposites are equally true, equally false,
Equally everything, equally nothing.

* * * *

Is your inner default setting, consciousness, or awareness?
Are You the imaginary figment, the mortal You?
Or are You the eternal, immortal You?

* * * *

What perception has ever been real?
What perception has ever been more than an imaginary notion,
Combining with other notions, to make a sizable collage of arbitrary notions, in each and every mind.
The synergy of which, compounds into a very much unrehearsed human paradigm.
All history, is nothing more, than the perpetual vanity of imagination,
Playing its make-believe game of space and time real.

* * * *

What is best? What is worst?
What is most? What is least?
Which is more? What is less?
Which is true? What is false?

* * * *

If You are practicing some sort of idolatry, then You, my friend, are stuck.
If You have a conclusion founded on some sort of mythology,
Some sort of fairy tale, some sort of fantasy, some sort of mind gorp,
Then your doubt has stalled, and You are as stuck as imagination can enable.
The only question, is whether You can rekindle the skepticism, and carry on the quest.

* * * *

Modern psychology considers so many behaviors to be disorders,
That it is a wonder anyone can get past the prescribed self-loathing,
And treat themselves with a reasonable dollop of care and respect.

* * * *

Your ancestors include monkeys and other jungle-born primates.
And before that, worms, and before that, yes, slimy goo.
And let us not forget that it all became possible,
Because of the mystery of stardust.

* * * *

Eternal life, eternal awareness,
Is ever-present, undying, unending, timeless process.
The sage gazes at a rock, and sees the rock anew, each and every eternal moment.

* * * *

A moment is only wasted,
If You fail to give it full attention, free of recollection.
History is written by the living dead.
Eternal life is now.

* * * *

So many things You will never know,
So many things known, that You will inevitably forget,
The only thing to keep in focus, is the awareness, the mystery, You truly are.

* * * *

The persona is the harbor of attachment,
Ever-changing, throughout the rumored existence,
All obliterated with the last wheezing breath,
Never more than imagination allows.

* * * *

Science and politics are mutually-exclusive dynamics.
To politicize scientific method, is absolute, beyond-all-pales absurdity,
Foisted by blatant obfuscation of its point and purpose.

* * * *

To empty your mind,
You may well have to first fill it to overflowing,
Perhaps several times.

* * * *

Time rises and falls in every mind,
And is but a biological mutation in the evolution of humankind.
It does not truly exist, as anything more than the mind-made, imaginary notion of consciousness.
There is only this now … and now this now … and now this now … and now this now …
An immeasurable quantum matrix, ever-kaleidoscoping, eternally indivisible.

* * * *

Curious how the apostates, the absconders, the true believers,
Always judge everyone else, of that which they are most guilty.

* * * *

As enlightened as any human being may be,
There is always a bowl needs cleaning,
A chamber pot needs dumping.

* * * *

Ultimately, as complex, as intricate as humankind may be,
We two-leggeds are ever nothing more than a genomic configuration,
Set in motion in the quantum stardust, chemical reactions, of the long, long ago.
We are fabricated of nature, and every moment reside in its fold,
No matter how hard we try to disconnect ourselves,
No matter how hard we try to be more.

* * * *

To exist in clear, timeless awareness, is the natural state,
The state of immaculate being available to any and all,
Who earnestly pursue, that which is absolute within.

* * * *

Dissolve both within and without.
Discern the space that is neither-nor.

* * * *

There is no You; there is no me-myself-and-I.
There is only awareness, confined in a corporeal configuration,
And imagination, creating everything under the sun.

* * * *

To believe You can change anything,
In the patterning running this merry show,
Is absurdly laughable to the nth degree.

* * * *

A frame of reference, is an ever-expanding rolodex of any given universe,
From which insight freely draws, whenever the busy-busy mind,
Wanders into contemplation of any rhyme and reason.

* * * *

You may be brilliant, with every sort of meaningless trivia,
But unless You can coherently connect the many dots,
Your intelligence is not consummated in reality.

* * * *

You can bet that a fair share of religious zealots, who make it to any given heaven,
Will ooh and aah, and praise their almighty deity and the horde of angels, the first week,
And be complaining and offering suggestions, how it could be better, by the second.

* * * *

What is any world, any universe,
But an illusory dream constructed by the senses.
Naught but a neural veil, a sensory shroud, a quantum vibration,
Of imagination, creating much ado about nothing.

* * * *

Creation and creator,
How can they possibly be separate,
But through imagination's endless confabulation?

* * * *

It is imagination, not awareness, that identifies with the mind-body.
Consciousness creates a world, a cosmos, to which awareness is but witness.
Absolutely – detached, separate, apart, disconnected, isolated – in every which way.

* * * *

There are many, many instants in any given existence.
They go both very quickly and very slowly,
In mind's fleeting theater.

* * * *

Here we are, staring into our many screens,
Passively questing every imaginable distraction.
What did paltry Rome know of bread and circuses?

* * * *

Just because You like coffee or alcohol or cigars,
Does not mean You are going to like working,
In a coffee shop or saloon or smoke shop.

* * * *

No, You are not going to change the world.
It got along as well, before your predestined arrival,
As it will, long after your inescapable departure.

* * * *

Unless You are a major player in the lofty regions of the game,
The world spins the same, whether You know of it or not.
Spend your existence in a cave, or scurrying about,
It makes absolutely no difference, whatsoever.

* * * *

In every yes, a no; in every no, a yes.
In every truth, a lie; in every lie, a truth.
In every good; a bad; in every bad; a good.
In every vague, an exact; in every exact, a vague.
In every blessing, a curse; in every curse, a blessing.
In every unknown, a known; in every known, an unknown.
In every intangible, a tangible; in every tangible, an intangible.
In every abundance, a shortage; in every shortage, an abundance.
In every superiority, an inferiority; in every inferiority, a superiority.
In every inexplicable, an explicable; in every explicable, an inexplicable.
In every immeasurable, a measurable; in every measurable, an immeasurable.

In every intelligible, an inscrutable; in every inscrutable, an intelligible.
In every open hand, a closed fist; in every closed fist, an open hand.
In every creation, a destruction; in every destruction, a creation.
In every brilliance, a dullness; in every dullness, a brilliance.
In every positive, a negative; in every negative, a positive.
In every logic, an absurdity; in every absurdity, a logic.
In every infinite, a finite; in every finite, an infinite.
In every deep, a shallow; in every shallow, a deep.
In every right, a wrong; in every wrong, a right.
In every large, a small; in every small, a large.
In every whole, a part; in every part, a whole.
In every plus, a minus; in every minus, a plus.
In every savant, a fool; in every fool, a savant.
In every gray, a gray; in every gray, more gray.

* * * *

You are playing the script of space-time's patterning,
But You are not the script, You are not the part,
You are not the body, You are not the mind.
It is all nothing more than a quantum dream.

* * * *

Of awareness it can be said: This is it, this is all there is.
Everything else is imagination born of sensory illusion.

* * * *

How could any man-made concoction,
Ever have any ultimate, accurate, truthful answers to anything?
Only in the stillness of awareness, is the one and only conclusion discerned, and it is serenity.
And it is the end to all uncertainty, to all speculation, all concern,
Over what is knowable, and what is not.

* * * *

Just because some scientist, some mathematician, some engineer,
Has not figured out a way to measure something,
Does not mean it is not there.

* * * *

Science is a meticulous, disciplined means,
To examine anything and everything very closely.
It is not a religion, it is not an authority, it is not absolute.

* * * *

Would Jesus, Buddha, Lao Tzu, Krishna, Mohammed,
And all the other mythological religious titans of ancient worlds,
Be Jesus, Buddha, Lao Tzu, Krishna, Mohammed, and whoever else enough,
For all the tradition-bound ivory towers, they have spawned?

* * * *

Without the mind-body and its sensory payload,
Without the world, without the universe,
What can You be but nothingness.

* * * *

Gazing out into the schoolyards and parks and malls full of youth,
One wonders at the unfolding world all those innocents,
All those teenagers and children and infants,
Will in the not too far distant future,
Be forced by their own window of time to endure.

* * * *

You need not meditate with others for consciousness,
To merge back into the awareness, which You ever alone are.
The within and without, the without and within, that are, and are not.

* * * *

… Me … Myself … I …
… I am this … I am not this …
… I am that … I am not that …
… I am … I am not …
… am … am not …
… … …

* * * *

The endless attempts by the consciousness born of mind,
To mold reality into static concepts, will ever soundly fail.

* * * *

Regarding it as only a dream, requires the end,
Of the who-what-where-when-why-how,
Upon which imagination anchors.

* * * *

The sciences have a sizable array of tools to explore the mystery,
But ultimately are only as discerning as the mind,
In which the data is pondered.

* * * *

The details, the details.
The nuances, the nuances.
The minutiae, the minutiae.
The particulars, the particulars.
The elements, the elements.
The niceties, the niceties.
The facets, the facets.
The facts, the facts.

The parts, the parts.
The aspects, the aspects.
The specifics, the specifics.
The finer points, the finer points.
The infinity of hells that havoc the mind.

* * * *

Likely the best way to counter a surprise attack,
Is to always assume that one might be on its way,
And to have in place a variety of counter surprises,
Orchestrated to improvise, to adapt, to overcome.

* * * *

The primate mind, the simian mind,
The ape mind, the lemur mind, the gorilla mind,
The monkey-mind, the orangutan-mind, the chimpanzee-mind,
The whatever-any-might-call-it mind, are but descendants of a different pelt.
The evolutionary permutations of every conceivable happenchance.
Far distant genetic lineages, only in the denials of mind.

* * * *

It is a brave new world, indeed, indeed.
Soma everywhere, in so many forms, in so many ways.
Unplug, forbid access, at least occasionally, if You are savage enough.

* * * *

“How much more over the top can it get?”
He wondered, and not for the first time that day.

* * * *

All differences, whether cultural, ethnic, gender,
Religious, political, economic, linguistic, and on and on and on,
Belie the indivisible, synchronistic, undying quantum mystery, orchestrating all.

* * * *

All histories are ever forgotten or misconstrued or revised,
As they were never more than make-believe from the get-go.

* * * *

Pretending there is precision in words,
How absurdly wearing.
Just be.

* * * *

Eternity, the mystery that is prior to consciousness, is immaculate, unblemished, spotless,
Unsullied, undefiled, untarnished, perfect, flawless, faultless, pure, pristine,
Impeccable, stainless, pure, virtuous, incorrupt, above reproach.
The so-called Original Sin is really about separation,

About being born into the dream of time,
About being born into mind.
And given that there is no choice in the matter,
Given that no creature has ever had any voice in its being born,
What sin, what wickedness, what offense, what estrangement, can there truly be?
To be timelessly present, is to erase all notions that inspire the insipidity of creeds across the world.

* * * *

A little Kafkaesque Q&A,
Has a tendency, to transport one,
To the edginess of no more tomorrows.

* * * *

This incredible, boggling quantum matrix, that we call a universe,
Is playing out in indivisible, inviolable, indiscriminate perfection.

* * * *

No one wins a fight.
The so-called loser is a lump on the ground,
And the 'winner,' likely has skinned knuckles, and achy toes and knees.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how would You be,
If there were no other, always telling You different?

* * * *

Who is the who, who who's?
What is the what, what what's?
Where is the where, where where's?
When is the when, when when's?
Why is the why, why why's?
How is the how, how how's?

* * * *

The timeless awareness of eternity, is unconcerned what You do with your dream of time.
Only human vanity – egocentric, ethnocentric, geocentric, heliocentric – believes otherwise.

* * * *

From the upwelling, round many bends,
The river of the human paradigm,
The stream of consciousness,
Is rushing back to the sea of oblivion.

* * * *

How immaculate the moment You are.
Only in imagination are You tainted.

* * * *

Gumption, grit, discipline, initiative, resourcefulness, resolve,
Perseverance, courage, pluck, practicality, common sense, street smarts.
Without these, even the greatest intelligence is all but useless.

* * * *

Ahh, for those beautiful moments,
When mind loses all purpose and meaning,
And being is more than enough.

* * * *

Who art thou?
What art thou?
Where art thou?
When art thou?
Why art thou?
How art thou?

* * * *

What need for insatiable consumption, once mind's hunger has subsided,
Once habitual thinking, has melted back into the awareness of all origins.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how: Unending questions,
That only madden the mind in the rabbit holes of time.

* * * *

Imagination, from whence all stories arise, into which all stories recede.
A statistical ripple, as indivisibly predictable, as any other quantum creation.

* * * *

What is, is.
What was, was.
What will be, will be.
Time is illusion.
Now is all.

* * * *

All politics, all economics, all religions, all collective systems,
Are cultural happenstances, mind-made phenomena,
Haphazard and capricious, whimsical,
From any given get-go.

* * * *

No game is just a game.
It is all a game.

* * * *

Where are birth and death, once all the passions,

Born of desire and fear, have consumed themselves?

* * * *

Any creature that regularly bleeds and survives, maybe even thrives,
Should be treated with great caution, perchance even a smidgen of respect.

* * * *

Once You have clearly discerned that it is all You,
Who is the giver, who is the taker? Who is born, who lives, who dies?
Who is the creator, who is the preserver, who is the destroyer?
It is but vain notion, that subscribes to any distinctions.

* * * *

A story.
Another story.
And yet another story.
Story after story after story.
Mine, yours, his, hers, theirs, ours.
All equally imaginary from any beginning.

* * * *

Through all that has been, all that will be,
This now, this essential state of awareness,
Is what You have always been, will ever be.

* * * *

Explore every vanity,
And all the pleasures of the mind-body,
Until all their shades and flavors,
Become dry and tasteless.

* * * *

That which knows all, knows nothing.
That which knows nothing, knows all.

* * * *

We each get our own little bubble of time,
An adventure to which each alone is privy.

* * * *

Those who are unborn, those who have died,
Are prior to and beyond the pretense of existence.

* * * *

Mountains erode, oceans evaporate, all things die, everything is ever-changing.
Only the indivisible quantum, and the awareness it permeates, remains the same.

* * * *

Why on earth would it matter even one iota,
Whether or not, You are awakened to some other's satisfaction?
This is your cosmos, to witness however You will.
There is no prescribed construct.
There is no other.

* * * *

The mind incessantly seeks the equilibrium,
The comfort zone, to which it is most attached.

* * * *

Forget who You think You are, and all You think You know.
Be the awareness prior to consciousness, with none of the bothers,
About who and what and where and when and why and how,
And all the illusional designs, to which mind subscribes.

* * * *

Just because You choose not to do something,
Does not mean You do not have the potential.
We are all wired with the same monkey-mind.

* * * *

Sure, nothing is new under the sun.
It has all been said and written before.
That is the nature of the truth in all.

* * * *

Partake whatever You will, the hunger for more, more, more,
Remains the insatiable constant of human consciousness.
Satisfaction and serenity are the realm of awareness.

* * * *

Truth cannot be taught, nor can it be unlearned.
It can, however, be soundly ignored, even forgotten.

* * * *

All histories, all stories, all accounts, all chronicles, all parables, all narratives,
All folklores, all legends, all myths, all sagas, all fables, all fairytales,
All tall tales, all fish stories, all jokes, all puns, all yarns,
All anecdotes, all witticisms, all descriptions,
Are imaginary from any get-go.

* * * *

What to create today?
What to preserve today?
What to destroy today?
Hmmmmmmm …

* * * *

No, You will not be back.
It is a one-time cabaret for each and every player.
Different strands of DNA, all witnessed by the same unborn-undying awareness.
Nothing personal about it, despite all notions to the contrary.

* * * *

Who goest thou?
What goest thou?
Where goest thou?
When goest thou?
Why goest thou?
How goest thou?

* * * *

The indivisibility, the inviolability,
Of creation and preservation and destruction,
Is clearly seen only through total surrender to awareness.

* * * *

Who-what- where-when-why-how would You be,
But for Mother Nature, and all her quantum machinations.

* * * *

The day You die, will be a day just like today.
You might be sleeping, and have a stroke.
You might be bicycling, and have a heart attack.
You might touch an appliance, and electrocute yourself.
You might be swimming, and a gulp of water cause You to drown.
You might be cruising down a freeway, and a truck crash across the midway.
You might be wandering some downtown, and a mugger pull out a knife.
You might be sitting in a theater, and a shooter enter a side entrance.
You might be immobile in a hospital, and wheeze your last breath.
All beginnings, all endings, all betweens, are ever the same now.

* * * *

Do right and wrong, good and evil, life and death,
Really matter for more than a brief mortal while?

* * * *

It may or may not have been Charles Darwin who penned,
“It is not the strongest of the species that survives, nor the most intelligent that survives.
It is the one that is the most adaptable to change,”
But it is true, nonetheless.

* * * *

The great are not great, nor are they insignificant.
The known is not known, nor is it unknowable.

The wise are not wise, nor are they foolish.
The moment is not real, nor is it unreal.

* * * *

You are not a noun: a person, a place, a thing.
Nor are You a verb: an action, a state, an occurrence.
You are, and You have always been, and You will always be,
The stillness of eternal, immortal, absolute awareness,
Witnessing the ever-kaleidoscoping quantum play.

* * * *

All heavens, all hells, all purgatories between, pass ever the same.
All others are but sensory ghosts of consciousness's imaginary design.

* * * *

The stillness, the eternal life of the awareness prior to consciousness,
What more could You possibly be than the supreme virtue of the eternal unicity?
Will there come, a moment, when You never again subscribe to the manifest quantum matrix?
Will there come, a moment, when the mind born of time, no longer calls You?

* * * *

Every instant exactly the same: neither good nor bad,
Right nor wrong, happy nor sad, bright nor dark,
Fresh nor stale, rain nor shine, war nor peace.

* * * *

You have been brainwashed, hypnotized, conditioned, programmed,
Indoctrinated, molded, convinced, mesmerized, trained, habituated, spellbound, inured, compelled,
Into believing this world and all its creations are real and important.
Think again.

* * * *

The sensory mind-body evolved in DNA's quest to continue,
To survive the creation, to abide the quantum field.
The vehicle You occupy is the result of that ever-present eternal dance,
And whether or not, You pass on your seed line to the future, is a decision only time will tell.

* * * *

What is any universe but a sensory play,
Founded on the traits of the given life form's patterning,
In humans there are the five senses – sight, sound, smell, taste, feeling –
But is your cosmos any more or less tangible, than any other creature's genomic blueprint?

* * * *

The creations of physics and chemistry and biology,
Have again and again conspired to shape You, to pattern You,
Into a false identity, that You might again and again, awaken to your Self.
Is the quantum matrix any more than deception, more than subterfuge,

For the mystery to experience dreamtime, in every way imaginable?

* * * *

The many sounds, forged into every variety of concept,
Are but streaming clouds in the clear sky of awareness.

* * * *

As good as You might feel today,
May well be as awful as You feel tomorrow.
Existence is a pendulum of extremes for many, if not most.
Count your Self to have extremely good fortune,
If the swings hold fast to moderation.

* * * *

To the very young in playpens and play yards,
And classrooms and halls and coffee shop and bars,
The world in which You are now so innocent, so guileless,
Will likely be so very different in future cycles of sun and moon.
It is through the stoical adaptability of gumption and grit,
That You will best endure whatever comes to pass.

* * * *

The past is only reference.
The future, only hope.
Only now is real.

* * * *

The hands of time spin the fate of humankind into an abyss of its own making.
Human consciousness cannot forever maintain the raging pace that its insatiable nature ordains.
As any cockroach instinctively realizes, existence is a marathon, not a sprint.

* * * *

To pretend an identity, does not mean You are obligated to believe it.
You are the creator of your dreamtime world, your psychic prison,
And only reside there because desire and fear anchor your mind,
And draw You back, again and again, into the clutches of illusion.

* * * *

So it goes.
So it went.
So it will go.

* * * *

Call it God, call it Jehovah, call Yahweh, call it Allah, call it Buddha, call it Tao, call it Brahmin,
Call it whatever resonating sound, your nimble mind and lucid tongue might concoct,
When were You and yours, and absolutely everyone and everything else,
Not this most-assuredly-exactly-the-same-across-the-board,
Whodunit, whatdunit, wheredunit, whendunit, whydunit, howdunit?

* * * *

The mind is a morass, a pit of quicksand,
Which will pull You again and again into ceaseless bother,
If your blade of discernment is not well-honed.

* * * *

Is there really just one enlightening moment, or thousands beyond counting?
Is liberation anything more than the fleeting aftershocks of the first earthquake?

* * * *

Though in appearance, many masks and many minds,
Those who discern truth, are all harbor to the one mind.

* * * *

A koan is a question, a riddle, a puzzle, an enigma,
A conundrum, a quandary, a brainteaser, a challenge,
With no definitive answer, or paradoxes beyond counting,
Depending on the state, the quality, of the awakening no-mind.

* * * *

The three vanities – power, fame, fortune – all boil down to an insatiable greed for more.
And how we do crave to bask in the presence of those who have achieved them.
Envy is the sidekick, the shadow, the minion, of all things covetous.

* * * *

Awareness of the awareness cannot be taught,
Nor can it be persuaded nor forced, in any way or any shape or any form.
There is nothing to learn, everything to forget, to unlearn.
And few hear the call, much less respond.

* * * *

Of all the lonely people,
Who talk to their dogs and cats,
What can be said, what can be done?
Wacko is, as wacko does.

* * * *

More, more, more … more power … more fame … more fortune …
More food … more sex … more castles … more things … more everything …
Enough is never enough, for the many whose consciousness, ever shines its light outward.

* * * *

Humankind is the only species across all space-time,
To have caused so much insufferable havoc,
Across this world's crusty exterior.
Truly, Darwin unleashed.

* * * *

Why is death anything more to fear than falling asleep?
The only difference, is no more dreaming,
And never again waking up.
No big deal.

* * * *

If humankind and other mammalian life forms do manage to survive,
It will be in a far different world, from which these thoughts were written.

* * * *

Moderation …
Moderation … moderation …
Moderation … moderation … moderation …
Moderation … moderation … moderation … moderation …
Moderation … moderation … moderation … moderation … moderation …
Moderation … moderation … moderation … moderation … moderation … moderation …
Moderation … moderation … moderation … moderation … moderation …
Moderation … moderation … moderation … moderation …
Moderation … moderation … moderation …
Moderation … moderation …
Moderation …

* * * *

What is any world, any cosmos, any hologram, any matrix,
But a kaleidoscoping dream, inspired by a sensory quantum feed.
A light and sound show, vibrating away, in the given mind's neural trail.

* * * *

In the no-mind, there is no history, there is no buddha, there is no You.
There is merely the eternal awareness, the ever-present, indivisible now.

* * * *

The flames of its own creation,
Are lapping at the feet of the human paradigm.
It will not be long now, before falling dominos, turn into a bonfire.

* * * *

What is there to do, once the mind is no longer hungry for its world, its cosmos?
Breath in, breath out, bask in the sun, rest in the hammock,
Fill the given time, however You will.

* * * *

Extinction is an inherent, intractable fact of life.
Most of what You once remembered is long-forgotten.
Granted, it may still be locked somewhere in the neuron trail,
But for all practical purpose, access denied, is the same as forgotten.
It was never more than vague, imaginary perception anyway,

So, oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

So many women wonder why men no longer pursue them as they age,
But what do they do with the withered flowers on their dining room table?

* * * *

Boredom inspires inordinate hungers,
That only fatten mind and body and spirit.
Moderation is the path to keenness and leanness.

* * * *

What is sorrow but the mind's longing for it all to be real.
For it to be more than a kaleidoscoping, ungraspable dream.
A dream that it is, that it has ever been, that it will ever be.

* * * *

Is your mortal vessel, your companion? Is your mortal vessel, your nemesis?
Is it to be embraced, or to be cast off? And will You feel the same tomorrow?

* * * *

Peace is a noteworthy gift to your existence.
All You need to do is stop torturing your Self.

* * * *

The quantum divide is but the separation of the sensory mind-body,
Deluding its Self, imagining, that it is the indivisibility, that is unreal.
Nothing more than the neuron trail, asserting it alone, reigns supreme.

* * * *

To think critically is to accept nothing at face value.
It is a scientific mindset, that examines anything and everything,
To whatever degree, insight and aptitude and technology and nuance allow.

* * * *

Regarding the every-moment consumption,
Of the space-time continuum playing out in your head,
Best to discern and moderate your hungers.

* * * *

Each and every seed has its own epic journey, a one-time play in the space-time matrix.
A concoction of heaven and hell, in an imaginary backdrop, real and unreal all the while.

* * * *

A discerner of truth, can impart thousands of talks,
And say essentially the same thing, thousands of ways.

* * * *

Does a dog have Buddha nature? Is a dog any less Brahman than You?
Maybe dogs are born awakened, and are hanging out patiently, for us to figure it out.
Is the bouncy, tail-wagging, barky little puppy, gazing happily up at You,
Really just wondering, when the fuck You are going to zen up?

* * * *

It is the existence led after so-called enlightenment,
That daily proves the realization, the awakening, was the easy part,
And liberation, well prior and beyond all assertions.

* * * *

Without the mind-body,
What is hot, what is cold?
What is sweet, what is bitter?
What is pleasure, what is pain?

* * * *

Nothing to be, nothing to do.
Nothing to see, to hear, to taste, to smell, to feel.
And yet, being, doing, seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling, all the while.
Such is the awareness, the cosmos of the quantum mind.
Nothing at all, all-ing all over.

* * * *

There is no who.
There is no what.
There is no where.
There is no when.
There is no why.
There is no how.

* * * *

You are not the body-mind identity.
You are not consciousness.
You are not the world.
You are not the universe.
You are not the quantum stardust.
You are that which is prior to all creation.
You are the spaceless-timeless eternal moment.
You are the awareness, You are the indivisible unicity.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Yet another anthropological event, another meme,
To be gotten through, to be enjoyed or endured,
As is every other indivisibly timeless moment.

* * * *

There is no need to dread what You do not believe, what You do not distinguish real and true.
Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, and monsters in dark forests, are but cultural memes for children,
As is everything rendered for adults, adrift in the muddle of uncritical, gullible, credulous minds.

* * * *

Going through things, experiencing them, embracing them fully, hands on, full throttle,
Is the most definitive way to grasp their truth, to clearly see though them.
No black box stands long, against the eye of the discerning.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how, is That I Am?
Who-what-where-when-why-how, is that which those who quest truth,
Are ever seeking within, are ever seeking without; sailors, sailing across an ocean without shore.
Why is that, which is everything and nothing; why is that, which is nothing and everything;
So trying, for the smoke of consciousness, of imagination, to discern and embrace?

* * * *

The body issues forth,
From the indelible quantum mystery,
From the bonding of the seeds of male and female.
The brain gradually interprets the senses, to engineer the mind of self.
The mind that is molded, sculpted, conditioned; the mind that ever bends to its given nurture;
To its environment, to its window of time; all fostered by the play of imagination.
An ever-expanding universe of consciousness, burst into being.
An indelible quantum mystery all the while.

* * * *

So much more knowledge,
With each and every passing moment.
To let go, to forget, is the never-ending challenge,
Of the mind that would be eternal.

* * * *

To quantify the quantum mystery as infinite or infinitesimal, is all but absurd,
Once it is without doubt realized, that the enigma of awareness is immeasurable.

* * * *

Death is the endgame of every existence.
No need for hope nor faith nor any creed.

* * * *

The ceaseless quest for knowledge will continue to multiply in every possible way,
In accelerating exponential fashion, until its zenith is one day reached.
Until Incarus and his wings of wax, soar too near the sun,
And the inevitable dystopian reality, comes to pass.
And much that was, will be forever lost, forever forgotten.

* * * *

The mirror-mirror-on-the-wall, belies the fountain of youth within.
What choices are there, but to either be the fool, or play the gray?

* * * *

The body is but a part, a fraction.
You are whole, You are one,
You are all, and none.

* * * *

We are all just actors here; players, thespians.
Automatically, spontaneously, extemporaneously,
Playing out the perceived, imaginary, temporal roles,
Nature-nurture has patterned us to believe, real and true.
But really no more real, than any man in the moon.

* * * *

Beginning becomes end; end becomes beginning.
Wax becomes wane; wane becomes wax.
Rise becomes fall; fall become rise.
Flow becomes ebb; ebb becomes flow.
Cause becomes effect; effect becomes cause.
The dream of time, is the play of waves ever roiling.

* * * *

The Fates: Clotho (Spinner), Lachesis (Allotter), and Atropos (Inflexible),
Will transport You wherever, however, whenever they will,
No matter your otherwise fruitless efforts,
To vainly change the given course, this way or that.

* * * *

The rational man, the irrational man.
The brilliant man, the obtuse man.
The kind man, the unkind man.
The wise man, the daft man.
The good man, the bad man.
The strong man, the weak man.
The pliable man, the stubborn man.
All end up in the same dusty graveyard.
No one matters near as much as they think.
And if You must think, must ponder, think well.

* * * *

Are You here now? Are You there now?
Or are You everywhere and nowhere now?

* * * *

Perfection in consciousness, is but an ideal.
There are pluses and minuses, to practically everything,

Unless You are Mary Poppins, or some other imaginary fabrication.
Only in the indivisible nothingness of eternal awareness, can perfection be realized.

* * * *

Through the part, the whole is discerned.
Through the whole, all possibilities are known.

* * * *

It is the mind-body's instinctual patterning, to always seek the illusion of security,
That gradually morphs it, into so many variations of fear and loathing.
To stand aloof from the herd, to stand free and clear of all,
Is not a state, a quality of mind easily attained.

* * * *

There is life, there is no-life.
Consciousness on, consciousness off.
It is nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

This eternal moment, equally free to all who give it attention,
Cannot be bought or sold, nor owned in any way, whatsoever.

* * * *

One Jesus was enough.
One Buddha was enough.
One Mohammed was enough.
One Shankara was enough.
One Lao Tzu was enough.
One You is enough, too.

* * * *

Consciousness is a function of awareness,
But it is up to You, and You alone, to discern the implication,
Of that far-reaching, life-changing realization.

* * * *

The mind-body is about the consumption of its quantum dreamtime, in every way imaginable:
Food, drink, sex, power, fame, fortune, spirituality, materialism, et cetera, et cetera.
An unremitting quagmire, and ultimately all much ado about nothing.
As William Shakespeare puts it in Macbeth's soliloquy:

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage

And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing.

* * * *

No looking backward, no looking forward.
Only now, indivisibly emanating each and every moment.
How fucking amazing is that? And the essential You, its inexplicable source.

* * * *

Every human culture across space, across time,
Requires a great assumption, a great lie, at its foundation.
From that center, every tribe renders all decisions.

* * * *

To be born into manifest existence,
Is to live in the realm of ecstasy and agony,
From which the only exit is death.

* * * *

The danger with any weapon, any arsenal, is the temptation, the longing to use it.
Rattle that saber long enough, and sooner or later someone's going to pull theirs out.

* * * *

Anger, annoyance, irritation, antagonism, resentment, rage – eats away at the mind-body,
In ways that make liberation from its passion, more and more unlikely.
Forgiveness, challenging as it is, is the healing,
The grace that leads to the unbearable lightness of being.

* * * *

The mind-body dream to which You are so attached,
Is nothing more than a, from-the-get-go, fabrication.

* * * *

You are as well or ill,
As You allow yourself to be.
Attitude is all.

* * * *

Abandon the mind-body, and all its many thoughts of identity and personality and character.
All the histories, all the narrations, all the time-bound concoctions, You imagine so real.
Be the awareness, the stillness, the emptiness, the nothingness, You timelessly are.

* * * *

With its inexorable capacity for tool-making,
The human paradigm draws ever closer to its demise.
Ask not for who the bell tolls, for it tolls for we.

* * * *

Why would the truth of all things, ever require meaning and purpose,
When it already is and is not, has ever and never been, will ever and never be,
All the meaning and purpose, consciousness through imagination, might ever prescribe.

* * * *

Feigning interest when You are not at all interested.
Ugh, the things we do for the politics of acquaintanceship.

* * * *

The confines of the mind can grow very small, or very large,
Depending upon the awareness, and the dreamtime it inspires.

* * * *

Wealth is not the only realm of the one-percenters.
Every medium has its winners and losers, its rulers and subjects,
And only the most steadfast, only the most determined,
Are allowed entry into the given fraternity.

* * * *

In the struggle between consciousness and awareness,
Is there a victor, or simply the serenity of cessation?

* * * *

What use does a woman have for a man, who does not yield to all her persuasions?
What use does a man have for a woman, when his phallus no longer rules his mind?

* * * *

In every blink of any given eye,
One cosmos destroyed, a new one created.
How many blinks to create a deity, or a throng of them?

* * * *

Why should You, would You, ever blindly believe, what You cannot discern for your Self?
Why accept another's assertion, if no convincing, tangible evidence, is available?
You, scientist, have the right, the obligation, to explore any hypothesis,
Without unwarranted pressure from any individual or group.

* * * *

In conflict, there are no winners. only process,
In which the king of the hill is ever-changing.

* * * *

And why is all that knowledge – so much of it, meaningless trivia – so important?
What makes trivial pursuit so much more valued, than a mind, that runs silent, runs deep?

* * * *

The exciting moment, the monotonous moment;

The pleasurable moment, the painful moment;
All witnessed by the same timeless awareness.

* * * *

The mind-body devours through the eyes, the ears, the tongue, the nose, the flesh.
What is it, but imagination's craving for a permanence, it can never attain,
For it is but an intangible dream of the indivisible quantum matrix.

* * * *

What is the first thing the mind-body does many a morning,
But run its checklist for all of yesterday's chronic afflictions.

* * * *

You are that which is totality.
Why venerate any deities, any idols, any middlemen?
Why kowtow to your Self?

* * * *

Human beings across the world, across time, spend much of their existence,
Filling their conditioned minds with this and that, and that and this.
Ultimately, any story of awakening, is about letting it all go.

* * * *

The awareness is without face, without body, without mind, without identity,
Without family, without tribe, without country, without world, without universe.
It is timelessly alone, sovereign and true, no allegiance known, all in one, one in all.

* * * *

No matter what happens,
The script goes on and on and on,
In a seems-almost-like-forever kind of way.

* * * *

What You feed today, will likely be back for more tomorrow.
What You feed today, may well breed in one tomorrow or another.
The children of those You feed today, may cry out for the same tomorrow.

* * * *

Nobody does anything well without practice,
And practice takes motivation and discipline, gumption and grit.
Without these qualities, nothing is easily accomplished.

* * * *

No, You are not going to change the ever-changing world.
This garden orb will spin on and on, the same as it always has.
Your brief window of time, will be just another vain, hollow flurry,
In a seemingly endless emanation of vain, hollow flurries.
Our vain, hollow drama is not near as critical as we,

For whatever reason, always seem to believe.

* * * *

How challenging when You are young and vibrant,
To imagine the mortal frame someday old and feeble.

* * * *

It is only flesh and bones, with a long tube running from mouth to anus.
A winding tube that slowly converts food and drink into shit and piss.
Essentially, the same alimentary canal that runs through any worm,
Which is, by the way, a distant relative, only a bit further back,
Than the monkey returning your stare at some nearby zoo.

* * * *

There can only be one source,
It is an indelible mystery unto its Self,
And You are very much it, and it is very much You.

* * * *

Your personality, all You imagine yourself to be, and not be, is born of desire and fear.
To be free, to reclaim the vulnerably of awareness, You must still all thought,
Silence the psyche, and merge back into the timelessness of eternity.
To do so, is to be born again, into the indelible indivisibility.
Into the absoluteness, into the eternal mystery, that is prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Self-imagery is nothing more than imagination's rainbow,
A panorama of every conceivable color, or every shade of gray.
It is the awareness in which You are every moment truly born anew.

* * * *

No, there is truly nowhere else to be.
Here and now, in the eye of the beholder,
Is all there is, and there ain't no more.

* * * *

The awareness, the stillness, the nothingness, the absoluteness,
The aloneness, that You truly are, and are not, is as fused to reality, as You can get.
Residing in the timelessness of here now, You are free of the senses,
Free of the churnings, of mass, of vectors, of velocity,
Free of the light cavorting the darkness,
Free of the identity You are not,
That You have never been, will never be.

* * * *

Everyone's gotta be from somewhere.
Everyone's gotta live and die somewhere.
All just different aspects of the same mystery.

* * * *

You are this.
You are not this.

* * * *

Waking up from the dream of mind is a rare feat.
One that is not without many trips and falls,
And every variety of distracting detour.

* * * *

Existence is about adaption.
In the face of the five elements – earth, wind, water, fire, ether –
Rigidity is not an enduring strategy.

* * * *

You cannot long placate the pitiless.
Stand too close to a flame,
You will be burned.

* * * *

What is space-time – but the assumption, the illusion, the delusion – of memory,
Nothing more than the evolutionary happenstance, of the brain's neuron matrix.

* * * *

The emotionally needy have an unfailing tendency,
To suffocate all who attempt to placate their anguish.

* * * *

The conditioning is strong.
There is no way You can be free of it,
But through becoming very quiet, very present,
Very clear, of all imaginary traces of that which binds You.

* * * *

You play but a finite form in a finite field,
You only get to see, to hear, to taste, to smell, to feel,
A smidgeon of a minute scratch of the electromagnetic spectrum,
And that in its Self, is nothing of the totality You truly are.

* * * *

What is this very human tendency to identity with this or that?
What a thing to imagine your make-believe persona real and true.

* * * *

The real Youness, the Youness that is awareness, is prior to imagination.
Prior to all conditioning, prior to all sensory-driven perceptions.
To apprehend the unconditional, requires an abeyance,

Only full attention to the moment can give.

* * * *

You were born again many, many times,
Before imagination did a gradual sunrise in your mind,
And the rest is a history only You can know.
And everyone else the same.

* * * *

It is through scrutiny, through inference,
Through deduction, through induction, through intuition,
That You can even begin to grasp the subtlety of the mystery You most truly are.
And in all that, You discern, there is nothing to which You can cling.
You are but one eye, of the awareness witnessing all:
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.

* * * *

What is any personality, any character, any ego, but the response, the reply, the answer,
The retort, the rejoinder, the comeback, the reaction, the survival mechanism,
That the winds of time in mind, shaped your imagination to play out;
To enjoy, to endure, the ecstasies and agonies of existence.

* * * *

The mundane, temporal world, is chock-full of mundane, temporal trials.
Meet them directly – unswervingly, openly, exactly, immediately –
And the sword of discernment, will grow sharper and sharper.

* * * *

You are the timeless awareness.
Still the imaginary mind.
Be here, be now.

* * * *

There is no saving anyone or anything in this temporal quantum theater.
There is only awakening, or not awakening, to the mystery,
And living out whatever destiny is in store.

* * * *

Happiness, serenity, delight, harmony, bliss, joy, ecstasy, call it what You will,
Mandates, that You first and foremost, rest easy in your own company.
That the awareness, You truly are, abides well in its aloneness.

* * * *

Take as little notice, of what others think of You, as possible,
For none of it truly matters, in any ultimate way, whatsoever.

* * * *

Me, my Self, and I.

You, your Self, and You.
We are very much the same.
There is no other.

* * * *

Truth beckons those who have eyes to see and ears to hear.
Let the true believer believe, all the lies his blindness allows.

* * * *

Without the herd, without the other, You would not have the opportunity to stand quietly aloof.
To observe, to watch, to view, to scrutinize, to monitor, to study, to examine, to survey.
To witness a dream of consciousness, an imaginary theater, as only You can.

* * * *

What is popular may not be correct.
What is correct may not be popular.

* * * *

Mu is a concept of negation used in Zen Buddhism,
But explored in a variety of other traditions prior to that.
It is a term defined as ‘no’, ‘not’, ‘nothing’, or ‘without,’
As nothing, not, nothingness, un-, is not, has not, not any.

[1] Nonexistence; nonbeing; not having; a lack of, without.
[2] A negative.
[3] Caused to be nonexistent.
[4] Impossible; lacking reason or cause.
[5] Pure human awareness, prior to experience or knowledge.
[6] The 'original nonbeing' from which being is produced.

* * * *

There is no yoke to truth.
It is the conditioning of consciousness, of imagination,
That fabricates all encumbrance.

* * * *

What is the relationship between the awareness and the quantum indivisibility?
Are they one in the same, or is awareness prior to all creation, all preservation, all destruction?
What relationship can there possibly be, between the nothing, and the everything?
Between the awareness observing, and the energy field manifesting?
Once You discern You are not the manifestation,
What is there left to be, to do,
But whatever needs being, needs doing.

* * * *

It does not matter what You say or do,
Believe or do not believe, know or do not know,
The timeless awareness ever emanates exactly the same.

* * * *

Most human beings are quite unattractive; even unapproachably ugly.
Without clothing and accessories, and an inordinate amount of self-absorbed delusion,
We likely would have never made it out of the jungles of Africa,
Much less overpopulate the entire planet.

* * * *

It does not matter how You are.
It does not matter why You are.
It does not matter who You are.
It does not matter what You are.
It does not matter when You are.
It does not matter where You are.
You are all the same consciousness.
You are all the same awareness.
You are all the same dream.
You are all the same now.
You are all the same me.
You are all the same You.
You are all the same quantum.
Call it God, call it Buddha, call it Tao,
Call it Allah, call it Brahman, call it whatever,
You are all the same prior-to-consciousness mystery.
If truth does not bring You the harmony of peace, nothing will.

* * * *

We are but whims of the quantum matrix,
Players in a universe of differences,
That are but vibratory illusion.

* * * *

History is matrix woven of ecstasies and agonies, glories and horrors,
To which the indivisible, timeless awareness, has always been witness.

* * * *

The world spins and spins and spins.
The cosmos glimmers and glimmers and glimmers.
And You, unwavering witness through all eternity, through all eyes.
Naught but awareness – indivisible, immortal, immaculate.

* * * *

What a human-paradigm absurdity, to diligently, relentlessly strive, to be a historical footnote.
Even more so, to be the title to a chapter, a book, a movie, or a university course.
And wackiest-beyond-the-pale, of any and all, is to be the source-point,
To some obnoxious, overbearing, sanctimonious religion.

* * * *

The other cannot bring You happiness.
The other cannot bring You contentment.
You must discern them in the stillness within.

* * * *

Creation, Intelligent Design, Turtles All the Way Down, Big Bang,
Or whatever, whatever, whatever, et cetera, et cetera, et …
Here You are, faking whatever the best You can.

* * * *

On to the next moment: On Rudolf, on Dasher, on Dancer,
On Prancer, on Vixen, on Comet, on Cupid, on Donner, on Blitzen,
Charge on and on and on, always on, into the blizzard of history's unfolding.

* * * *

In creation, be first your own audience.
If others appreciate it, applaud it, great; if not, why care?
Draw what You want to see, play what You want to hear. write what You want to read.
Bring into manifest reality, whatever it is You feel called to experience,
Whatever summons the attention of your eye.
Create for your Self.

* * * *

In every mind across the manifest board,
The ethereal winds of imagination, huff and puff helter-skelter,
In their own little singular, double-double-toil-and-trouble bubbles, of space and time.
The world, the cosmos, the unicity, is ever eternally unmoved, indifferent,
To all the self-absorbed dramas of the human paradigm.

* * * *

Slime and worms and monkeys, to which we are likely cousins in one form or another.
Slimes and worms and monkeys, through which quantum stardust,
Ever so inexorably, evolved into You.

* * * *

What will be said and done, after your departure from the theater, is not for You to know,
And what is knowing, anyway, but vague perception, given credence one way or another.

* * * *

It is impossible to go back into Plato's Cave, and see it the same.
Downsize as You might, there is always a larger cosmos in mind.

* * * *

Your body?
Your body!?
Your body!!?
Your body!!!?
Your body!!!!?

Your body!!!!!?

* * * *

Cannot say whether or not God is dead,
But Jesus most definitely is, and whoever he was, or was not,
He was not, in this mind's eye, any more or less, that which is called God, than any You or I,
Or any other land or water or air critter, great or medium or small.
We are all equally born of the same quantum mystery.
Only the vanities pretend otherwise.

* * * *

Chicken or the egg, which came first?
Or was it some sort of simultaneous combustion,
Of a mitosis mutation, in a slimy puddle, of the ancient long ago?

* * * *

But for the mind caught in its own snare, its own vice, its own egocentric notion,
There is no sure, no clear, no particular way, anyone or anything must be.
The indelibly indivisible quantum mystery, this all is, this all is not,
Is without any principle or meaning or purpose, whatsoever.

* * * *

If You have turned to hope to solve a problem,
Then it is likely already well beyond too late.

* * * *

The many branches of science, whether natural or social,
Are all founded on the study of the nothingness of stardust.

* * * *

There are many consequences, to everything under any given sun,
And we have all likely done, so many things, so many ways.
And payback, well, she's a raving-mad bitch on steroids.

* * * *

The moment is ever-fresh, ever-anew,
But are You clear enough, attentive enough,
To imbibe fully the eternal upwelling?

* * * *

How shallow and meaningless it is, to crave the attention of others.
What is the point of fame, of notoriety, if You do not embrace your Self?

* * * *

The mortal persona, that You imagine You are,
Is the all-seeing awareness of totality, gazing out,
Through the quantum senses, into a quantum matrix.

* * * *

Rationality decries and derides irrationality,
But what of the unknown prior to consciousness,
Where all rhetorical becomes absolutely meaningless.

* * * *

To die to the world, to die to the garden of temptation,
Is the most arduous challenge, You can ever un-imagine.

* * * *

What would this garden world become if humankind could just throw out all the memes –
Political, economic, religious, philosophical, cultural – and start all over again.
Can anyone even begin to envision what that mindset would be?
Would we, could we, truly create anything different?
Is it not obvious that the monkey-mind,
Is too embedded in all its emotional passions,
Is too established in all its ductless glands and viscera,
Is too bound to all its illusory urges, to be free of the jungle of origin.
The fate of humankind, of the world, of the cosmos, is etched in the sands of quantum.

* * * *

How meaningless all speculation.
'Tis but the chatter of a busy mind.

* * * *

Food, alcohol, drugs, and other substances,
Are the oft-times wayward partners to alternative states of mind.
Sometimes happier, sometimes sadder, sometimes just distracted for a few gobbets of time.

* * * *

There is only one source, one creation, one soul, one quantum.
Only consciousness imagines its incalculable splinterings real.

* * * *

No matter how aware any, You in any human form, might be,
We are all caught up, in every variety of habituated thought and action.
When dealing with minds, going round and round, in dysfunctional, circular loops,
Well-intentioned advice and support, are generally futile and exhausting.
How many times any well-meaning Samaritan gives it a go,
Is always dependent on the level of sainthood,
To which s/he feels committed.

* * * *

Even the most enlightened, the most liberated, the most blissfully nirvanic,
Must endure the capacities and limitations of the given genome,
And the time and circumstance, into which it is cast.

* * * *

Humankind has always been about making into its own image, into its own imagination,
That which has no image, that which is eternally faceless, that which is eternally nameless.

* * * *

Very challenging to participate in the world, and not get drawn in believing it all real.
The conditioning, the habituation, is strong, and the mind weak, and easily distracted.

* * * *

Cause and effect: What difference, really, truly,
When each is, every moment, becoming the other.

* * * *

Are You required to contemplate the world, to reflect upon the human paradigm?
Or is it merely the repetitive groove, the arduous furrow, of an educated, cultivated,
Indoctrinated, habituated, programmed, conditioned, brainwashed, frame of reference?

* * * *

When, as a child, someone asked you,
What You wanted to do when You grew older,
Did they by any chance, ask what You did not want to do?

* * * *

You have never seen your own eyes, nor any body part out of their view.
You are the eternal mystery, peering out, from the unknowable unknown.

* * * *

Everything has its little slice of now,
Which it must enjoy or endure,
Or perish in the attempt.

* * * *

All creatures from small to great, have the same awareness as You.
It is only imagination, that endlessly counterfeits the notion of duality.
It is only imagination, that continually divides Youness, into me and them.
It is only imagination, that deludes itself separate from the indivisible.

* * * *

Without all those memories, without all that knowledge,
Without the collusion of all the myriad others around You,
Who-what-where-when-why-how, would You have ever been?
The quantum feast, is an indivisible handiwork, of intelligent design.

* * * *

The newborn knows nothing of space and time, knows nothing of any other,
And it is the longing to rediscover the timeless birthright, the no-mind of awareness,
That calls cosmic seekers, few and far between, to quest without and within,
Until they are reborn into the stillness of eternity's quantum womb.

* * * *

Why be a true believer, in anything, or anyone?
Why allow the slaves of ignorance access to your mind and body?
Why trust any mass movement to take You anywhere, You cannot reach on your own?
Let the one-percenters and their minions wage their own wars.
Let the corporate empires fall on their own swords.
Let the creeds play out their dogmas.
Stand alone, sovereign.

* * * *

Everything You think You are, everything You believe the cosmos to be,
Is nothing more than a subjective, haphazard collection, of vague perceptions.
A neural algorithm, evolved, naturally-selected, since life's unfathomable conception.
Organic fiber bundles, firing this way and that; lightning storms, thundering away inside skulls.
You are nothing more, than a figment of imagination; crunchy-chewy-gooey, playing out every illusion.

* * * *

Yes, there is a God, and, no, there is not a God,
And it is, and is not, whatever You,
Or anyone else thinks.

* * * *

Is it any wonder, so many across the board of human existence,
Mitigate their mundane existence, using whatever escapes are available?
Whether it be religion or sports or politics or drugs or soap operas or any whatever,
The suffering of consciousness, of sickness and injury and aging and dying,
Is an affliction, all humans equally share, no matter the given lot.

* * * *

It is the eye of awareness, that shines out upon the world, that shines out upon the cosmos,
But it is imagination that devises your version, your account, your interpretation,
Your translation, your rendition, your exploration, your understanding, your conclusion,
Of all the myriad experiences, that come and go, within the sensory perception of the given vessel.

* * * *

Wealth is a state of mind: What is too much? What is too little?
You never know, You might well be the richest soul in all creation.
Especially if you grasp, the greatest wealth, is in the eye of the beholder.

* * * *

When the Humpty-Dumpty of humankind falls,
What will become, of whatever pieces remain?

* * * *

Population contraception, either female or male versions, will never happen on a large scale,
Because the one-percenters and their minions always require new slaves to work the mines.

* * * *

Digital warriors fight glorious crusades in the wee dark hours,
But only rarely know one end of the hammer from the other,
During the bright of day, to which they only midday wake.

* * * *

Eternal awareness is the state,
Of those who have shed name and identity,
Of the rare few who bear no memory of that needing none.

* * * *

Many if not most, likely estimate themselves brighter-greater-higher, than they truly are,
In the many caste systems, in which all play out their brief flames of mind.
And it is only the insight of wisdom, that tempers the vanity.

* * * *

Many others might say and do many things, regarding the awakening within.
But there is ultimately no authority, there are no masters on high.
It is You, who must alone, compose your oeuvre.

* * * *

That is done, that is done, and that is done, too.
When nothing is done, nothing is ever left undone.
In the watermelon sugar, of time's imaginary notions.

* * * *

Delve into the aloneness, You truly are,
Have always been, will ever be,
In the prior to mind.

* * * *

You know because You agree to know.
You esteem knowledge because your conditioning,
Has disciplined You to commit to memory minutiae unending.
It is the underpinning of all identity, and commotion and spectacle unending.
The human condition, the human paradigm, in a nutshell.

* * * *

All the faces, all the bodies,
All the shapes and sizes and seasons,
All the myriad difference of every genetic roll,
All the same essence, all the same origin.

* * * *

Fresh from the given womb, a filament of imagination, is cast into a windy dream of time,
Where sickness and injury and aging and demise, are but a relatively few breaths down the trail.
What is there to do, but to live it out, to enjoy, to endure, as best as the kaleidoscoping moment allows.

* * * *

The sons and daughters of modern men and women,
Are but the descendants, of slimy microbes and scampering critters,
In oceans and topographies, of the pale blue dot, that spun and spun, so long ago.
And all, right here, right now, in the very same eternal moment.

* * * *

Victory and defeat, success and failure,
Right and wrong, good and bad,
Same thing, different daze.

* * * *

What will come of minds raised by software born of mind?
What will come of minds immersed in digital algorithms,
In which nature is little more than a few lines of code?

* * * *

The entire human paradigm,
Is but a bare scratch of Earth's history,
And far, far less, in the cosmic genesis before that.
And who can ever know, how many more creations before that.
Turtles all the way down, does not even remotely grasp,
The depthless depths, of this boggling mystery.

* * * *

Paying close attention to the cosmos without,
Leads to an equally sharper vision,
Of the awareness within.

* * * *

What is yours, what is not yours?
Is it your light that shines upon the world, or is it one light discerning all.
And where does the light go, when the curtain of darkness falls?

* * * *

The quest for truth, the quest for eternal nature,
May be less about discovering something else,
May be less about experiencing some greater state,
Than it is simply unchaining, from everything imaginable.

* * * *

You need not believe in anything, You need not believe in anyone.
The human drama is bursting with a ceaseless array of pointless assumptions,
Steeped in endless cravings for, and endless fears of, all things known and unknowable.
There is no respite, there is no serenity, for the willy-nilly, unbridled mind.

* * * *

While some prance about one great stage or another,
The fate of most seers is to reign alone, quietly unknown.

* * * *

The quest for the eternal, journeys a long and winding Yellow Brick Road,
In which there nothing is to be had, in which there is nothing to be un-had.

* * * *

Detachment does not require effort.
It is simply letting go, of what no longer matters.
Of merging back into the timeless now.

* * * *

You are the absolute nothingness of totality, playing out an imaginary fabrication,
A random, subjective, arbitrary, dreamy, touchy-feely, three-dimensional, dreamtime reality.
Boggling beyond all horizons, all conceivable pales, yes, but that is just the way it is.

* * * *

Truth is not exclusive to the human paradigm,
But being human, offers an opportunity to perceive it,
In a way no other creature, to the best of our knowledge, can.
But it is a mighty colossal cosmos, so the jury will be out for a while.

* * * *

Trust your Self, trust your intelligence, trust your intuition, trust your story.
Project confidence into whatever You say, into whatever You do.
Even if You do not know what the hell You are saying.
Or what the god-damned hell You are doing.
Fake it all the very best You can.
Everyone else is, too.

* * * *

It is a world of causes, it is a world of effects,
It is a world of ever-kaleidoscoping consequences,
And free will, most definitely a debatable assumption.

* * * *

The mind seeks solutions, clarifications, explanations, remedies, resolutions, results, antidotes, cures.
And many if not most minds, will create one answer or another, if one is not easily available.
Hence, the proclivity toward assumption, superstition, prejudice, stereotyping,
And all the myriad other varieties of illusional-delusional cogitation.
To be rational is to stand alone, aloof from the unyielding cloud of ignorance.

* * * *

You have got down all the right-sounding wordplay,
But is it just an assortment of neurons,
Or are they really firing?

* * * *

Thought is but the puff of quantum,

Which the awareness, You are, need not give weight,
If You cultivate the wit to pay attention.

* * * *

Beg forgiveness to who?
And for what? And why?
For being born? For enduring?
For playing out the given moment, as best You can?
Why crucify yourself, for something You did not ask for, in the first place?

* * * *

What is growing older, but the list of possibilities, growing daily shorter,
And the bag of capacities, the bag of faculties, the bag of tricks, daily lighter.

* * * *

A mind slathered in superstition, is a mind born of groundless, irrational, illogical dread.
The scientific mind, is a courageous mind, bent on rational investigation,
As far as the theater of quantum mind and body allow.

* * * *

History tends to forget all but the most key players,
But in every story ever written, in every story never written,
However grand a part, however trifling a part, each and every one,
Has been center stage, in their own version of the play.

* * * *

If You were completely on your own,
Would it have ever occurred to You, to imagine some deity?
If You had no other mythological influence, no other source other than your own eye,
Would it have ever occurred to You, that You were in any way separate,
From nature's here now, playing out all about You?

* * * *

No one sees the world, the universe, the same,
For there are as many worlds, there are as many universes,
As there are senses to glean, and minds to discern.

* * * *

What does the human paradigm demonstrate again and again,
But that nothing is as truly important, as imagination ever seeks to deem it.
Even the so-called spiritual quest, is ultimately an à la mode absurdity.

* * * *

Truth is not an emotional heart state, nor is it an intellectual mind state.
The indivisible is indivisible, and the human paradigm,
Is not its rhyme and reason.

* * * *

Every hero endures a sunset.
And who a hero?
And who is not a hero?
Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

As enlightened, as liberated, as nirvanic, as You may or may not be,
Tomorrow, You will wake up from sleep's oblivion,
And begin anew, all over again.

* * * *

There are advocates and skeptics and fence-straddlers in every choice.
What proposition could ever even begin to remotely please every mind?

* * * *

The dreamscape of the dreamtime is constantly changing.
What cannot adapt, what cannot abide, diminishes or perishes.

* * * *

The human species is but one of an inestimable array of life forms,
Neither greater or lesser, but in its own vain confabulations.
Might may make right, but it does not refute equal.

* * * *

Are You kaleidoscoping through a dream?
Or is a dream kaleidoscoping through You?
Or is it neither-nor-both-one-in-the-same?

* * * *

What need to justify, to defend, your existence, when You had no choice, no say, in the matter?
Why should You ever have to bother, having to rationalize the inexplicableness, You ever are?

* * * *

All the views involving mind and heart are the tripe of busy minds.
Only in awareness will the observer discern the truth of all things.

* * * *

Hoping something so, makes nothing so.
One must get down and dirty in the muck of time,
For the H-word to glean, to attain, any reality.
Lots of other four-letter words, the same.

* * * *

Does anything fashioned of the human mind,
Matter anywhere near as much as so many vainly believe?
How can truth be attached to anything confabulated,
By the imaginary notions of consciousness?

* * * *

The splintery fence between awareness and consciousness is not easily straddled.
Sometimes You are awake, sometimes You are asleep, sometimes You are merely a tad drowsy.
In the ends of all beginnings, and the beginnings of all ends, it always boils down to,
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

These many contemplations mean to me, whatever they mean to You.
All translation is filtered through the frame of reference,
Of the given witness, the given perceiver.
We are all on our own.

* * * *

Who is there to become?
What is there to realize?
Where is there to arrive?
When is it going to happen?
Why is there no end to questions?
How will You ever be free?

* * * *

Hate is a mind-consuming, mind absorbing, mind-numbing, time-embracing distraction.
But, then again, is not everything?

* * * *

Notions, notions, notions, so many notions.
Questions, questions, questions, so many questions.
The pitter-patter-chitter-chatter of the busy mind is unending.

* * * *

Bright or dim, every living creature is center stage,
To a very different, very unique universe, born of its genetic coding,
Through which the same, omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent awareness in all, peers out.

* * * *

How will You ever be free, if You cannot still your mind?
How will You ever be free, how will You ever stand alone,
If You cannot attend the eternal moment fully, spontaneously?

* * * *

You can take the monkey out of the jungle,
But You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

* * * *

There is only the ever-present moment,
There is only the timeless awareness prior to consciousness,
And there is no need to habitually encumber it, with every variety of imaginary notion,
Of what was, what is, and what might or might not be.

* * * *

Re: Tattoos:
Making beauty ugly, and ugly uglier,
One stroke of herd at a time,
On the fleshy canvas.

* * * *

What is history but a collection of ambiguous perceptions,
Superimposed as reality, oftentimes for ulterior purpose.

* * * *

There are plenty of thinkers of every sort across the world, across time,
But no matter how much they rationalize and moralize, how much they whine and moan,
The one-percenters and their minions, have always held the reins.
Might makes right, always has, always will.

* * * *

Consciousness is the game awareness is forced to play,
In order to survive and endure in this manifest dreamtime.
It serves no other rhyme or reason in the ultimate sense.

* * * *

How much of your life do You spend, trying to justify your existence,
To one imaginary other or another, wafting about in your neuron trail?

* * * *

What is time, but vague perceptions of memory cells,
Projected day-in-day-out into every conceivable imaginary whatever.
That, coupled with vocal chords, opposable thumbs, two legs, and a flair for tool-making,
And, voilà, a never-ending, dreamtime collusion of human scale.

* * * *

The world is chock-full of cruelty and greed.
Perhaps You will find it in your Self,
To be kind and generous.

* * * *

There will never be political, economic, or social resolution, to the human condition.
Consciousness itself would need to evolve, into making the paradigm shift,
And that is about as likely as flying pigs, or raining cats and dogs.

* * * *

Life is much easier to abide,
If You adapt to the given circumstances,
Rather than always expecting them to adjust to You.

* * * *

You have seen and done and thought many things, You have donned many hats.
And none of it would have happened without the corporeal mind-body.
None of it would have happened without the vehicle of creation.
But You are not the vehicle, You are not the medium.
You are the awareness, You are the witness.
You are the source of all creation,
In your temporal speck of a cosmos.

* * * *

The world is whatever You think it is.
The world is not whatever You think it is.

* * * *

Most human beings are absurdly happy, absurdly content,
With their given conditioning, their given frame of reference, their given idolatry.
To be a seer, critical thinking is required, and – doubt, disbelief, skepticism, cynicism – are rare attributes.
No point in trying to debate, to persuade, to convert, any true believer.
All must ultimately discern truth alone, in their own way.
In other words, mind your own awareness.

* * * *

Abandon all regrets, all sorrows, all doubts, all frustrations,
All qualms, all misgivings, all hesitation, all shame,
All guilt, all grief, all distress, all burdens,
They are but imagination's torment.

* * * *

The seer's existence is straddling the razor's edge of mind-slash-no-mind.
Whichever happens to be casting the most binding, the most compelling, spell.

* * * *

Wisdom is the distillation of experience,
And critical thinking, doubt, skepticism, cynicism, are the ingredients,
That unveil and unbridle the discerning brew.

* * * *

Every life form has a story: some long, some short, some interesting, some mundane.
But all happening in the same timeless awareness, in which all narratives are written.

* * * *

It is the same babble all across the world.
The same desires, the same fears, the same passions.
The same relationships between people and activities and things.
Male and female, families, lovers, friends, acquaintances, strangers, enemies.
Home, food, work, politics, education, theater, art, sports, hobbies, et cetera ad infinitum.
There is only one monkey in the world; one monkey, with many faces.

* * * *

Holding together your cosmos,
Really takes no effort, whatsoever.
Whether You give it attention or not,
Whether You participate or not,
The sensory play happens.
Why so serious?

* * * *

Look left, look right, look up, look down, look all around.
Everything perceived, is mind-eye's projection: arbitrary, capricious, whimsical.
Random, chance, unpredictable; casual, wanton, unmotivated, motiveless, unreasoned, unsupported.
Irrational, illogical, groundless, unjustified, personal, discretionary, subjective.
The You, that You, in the inseparable moment, imagine You are,
Is nothing more than quantum-mind fabrication.

* * * *

You may well be the richest soul in all creation,
If You have the state of mind real wealth implies.

* * * *

In every mind,
A different world,
A different universe,
All very much the same.

* * * *

It is challenging enough waylaying your own arbitrary dogma,
Without being trodden upon daily by some groupthink version.

* * * *

What is the ultimate truth, but the ever-present, ethereal, timeless moment,
To which memory, is but many figments of imagination,
Carrying on, as if they were truly real.

* * * *

What is existence, but an ever-kaleidoscoping array of visuals, sounds, smells, tastes, sensations.
A touchy-feely, three-dimensional, kaleidoscoping, of mental and physical gymnastics,
In a corporeal assemblage of bones, flesh, slime, of crunchy-chewy-gooey,
To which the given mind becomes attached, in every way-shape-form imaginable.

* * * *

Speaking the truth, is generally much easier to remember,
Than the slew of confabulations, brewed with any deception.

* * * *

In every mind, a different world, a different cosmos.
Every one, created of the same timeless essence.
Every one, the same undying indivisibility.

All alone, together, there is no other.

* * * *

It is imagination that is born.
It is imagination that exists, that enjoys and endures.
It is imagination that attaches, imagination that ascribes and fastens, to this and that.
It is imagination that dies.

* * * *

A window of mind.
A window of space and time.
A window of eternity.

* * * *

What Me-Myself-and-I, can there possibly be,
When the ever-present, ever-churning quantum,
Stills for no creature, no form, under any sun.

* * * *

To not value learning, is to miss out on the dreamtime about You.
A sturdy, profound education – robust, strong, determined –
Is the key to discerning the truth, the reality of all things,
And how they make their way, in the continuum of space and time.
How they make their way, in the vast mystery of the electromagnetic spectrum.

* * * *

Nothing new under the sun.
Nothing old, either.

* * * *

You are that awareness, that space, that emptiness, that void.
That mystery of nothingness, through which quantum wanders.

* * * *

The tourist tours through airports, hotels, restaurants, theaters, and other idle cosmopolitan fare,
Shopping, shopping, shopping, searching for pleasure, for distraction, for completion,
Where there is naught but the pointlessness of never-ending consumption.
The solitary traveler, wanders with much less intention, much less hullabaloo.

* * * *

The more You want, the less You have.
The less You want, the more You have.
A simple existence, is the highest road.

* * * *$_S$

Ultimately, everything is simultaneously happening at the indivisibly indelible quantum level.
Physics, chemistry, biology – are but the means, by which the manifest illusion,
Plays out every possible illusion, plays out every possible delusion.

* * * *

You may well be able, to do just about anything, with that finite cadaver,
But You cannot do anything, to any great degree, all the time,
Without the bite, of some inevitable consequence,
And more than likely, quite a few.
What fate, what destiny, are You crafting?

* * * *

The quantum mystery, creates You, and You, in return, perceive it,
In whatever way, the frame of reference of your consciousness ordains.

* * * *

In every mind,
A different world,
A different universe.
Every one Self-evident.
Every one imagined.
All alone, together.

* * * *

In every mind,
A different world,
A different universe,
A different everything,
All stitched of imagination.
All alone, together.

* * * *

In every mind, a different reality,
A different world, a different universe.
Every one imagined real and true.
All indivisibly alone, together.

* * * *

In every mind, a different reality,
A different world, a different universe.
Every one, completely real, completely true.
Every one, a fabrication of imagination.
Every one, entirely alone, together.

* * * *

Humankind has been playing out its pattern of dualistic self-absorption, for thousands of years.
And through most, it was possible, with relatively minimal consequence, to plunder nature in every way.
But those daze, are long over; consequences, are daily becoming more apparent, more amplified.
Clean air, clean water, clean ground, seemingly limitless resources, are all plumbed out.
There is a looming wall, fast-approaching – tick, tick, tick – time is running out.

* * * *

You can teach regurgitation,
But You cannot convey critical thinking.
You can teach knowledge, but You cannot transmit wisdom.
Skepticism is the rarest of commodities; it cannot be acquired by pick or shovel.
Far more precious than oil or gold or diamonds,
Its value is priceless.

* * * *

What does a rock perceive, what does it do,
And how in quantum, is it any different from You?

* * * *

The indivisible matrix will not even twitter a warble,
When the last hominoid one day dissolves,
Back into the quantum mist.

* * * *

Has any beast ever been, near as wearing, as our own kind?
Has any beast ever been, near as repulsive, as our own kind?
Has any beast ever been, near as frightening, as our own kind?
Has any beast ever been, near as wretched, as our own kind?

* * * *

The god mind, is the empty mind, the no-mind, of awareness.
As simple as it gets, the finale, of all quixotic misadventures.

* * * *

How can You perceive Self,
When there is no Self to apprehend?
The only proof You have, that You even exist,
Is provided by the same imagination collecting the data.
Awareness is all there is, and even it, is more than a little nebulous.

* * * *

Eating out of boredom is rarely a good idea.
Far better to take a walk, or better yet, a snooze.
Perhaps You will awaken a little more galvanized.
And if not, still no excuse to plunder the fridge.

* * * *

Fractured by imaginary ideas and impulses, of every possible tint and hue.
Heal thy Self if You have will and wit enough, to see it through and through.

* * * *

Dying to time, dying to memory, dying to identity, as simple as it is,
Is not an easy thing, for the ever-moving, ever consuming mind, to do.

* * * *

What is complete and utter detachment,
But a mind given over entirely to its natural state,
Given over to the awareness, the stillness prior to imagination.

* * * *

To those frequently asked questions:
What is the meaning of life?
What hours are You open?
Et cetera, et alii, ad infinitum.
Dialing zero will get You nowhere.
Please excuse me while I put You on hold.

* * * *

Those who fathom eternal life, abide artlessly in the ever-present moment.
To embrace the duality of space-time, and all the assumptions of identification,
Is but the living death, fashioned by the usurpation of awareness by consciousness.

* * * *

If You were a train engine running down the timeless track,
How many cars worth of memories would You be pulling?

* * * *

What is the best word to describe the passing of time?
Moving? Fleeting? Marching? Happening? Unfolding? Streaming?
Emanating? Projecting? Reflecting? Kaleidoscoping? Matrixing? Holographing?
The mystery that defies any and all description, would likely guffaw long and hard, had it a voice.
The indivisible, unfathomable, ineffable, ephemeral now, is all there is.
Space-time is but the creation of imagination.

* * * *

The limited mind, the parochial mind, the generic mind,
Is oblivious to the truth-and-nothing-but-the-truth,s
Indelibly obvious to the transcendent mind.

* * * *

The awareness You – and all that is dualistically perceived as otherness – timelessly are,
That which is prior to consciousness, that which is prior to the indivisibility,
Is without attributes, without blemish, and permeates all as one.

* * * *

What an ephemeral thing, this me, this my Self, this I,
This awareness, that has no bounds, no limits,
But those concocted by imagination.

* * * *

It is consciousness that imagines all divisions, all boundaries, all classes, all conflict.
The singularity, the awareness, from which all things emerge, is without attributes.

* * * *

Behind every set of eyes, an unfathomable awareness.
Peer out from that awareness, the awareness, You truly are.

* * * *

What You truly ever are, and are not, is prior to all assumptions,
Prior to all assertions, ‘I am this’ or ‘I am that,’
Prior even to the most austere conscious declaration: ‘I Am.’
The prior that, is the immaculate, indivisible awareness, permeating all creation.

* * * *

What if this incredible mystery, what if all of creation,
Was for nothing more, than to have a variety of others to babbleon to,
And see and hear and taste and smell and feel, a few interesting things along the way.
After all, the oblivion of nothingness, is a tad monotonous.

* * * *

Every mind born anew,
To wander the yellow brick road,
Offered by the sensory quantum holograph,
Timelessly emanating from the mystery of imagination.

* * * *

The human mind evolved to survive the savagery and hardship of its jungle origin.
To solve problems, to design tools, to fashion weapons, to politic with others in its domain.
And when it does not have families to raise, widgets to fabricate, fields to harvest, or battles to win.
There can be a tendency by drama-queen sorts, to summon insoluble difficulties out of thin air.
Ergo, an overpopulated world, overrun by monkey-consciousness, in near-constant flux.
Much of it, inordinately, indisputably, undeniably, beyond-the-pale meaningless.

* * * *

Discern it in the flurry of the world,
Discern it in the solitude of a hermitage,
Which is the greater challenge?
Does it matter, really?
Does anything?

* * * *

The awareness You are, discerns the body breathing in, breathing out.
The awareness You are, perceives the mind thinking this, thinking that.
The awareness You are, call it what You will: observer, watcher, witness.
Always ever-present, always motionless, always changeless, always ageless.
An eternal mystery, roaming dreams of time, in mortal patterns of every shade.

* * * *

We must surely be of the same source,
Else the duality, the plurality, the intangibility,

Would schism as beyond all reckoning,
As it is before all reckoning.

* * * *

Quantum is the building block, the source code,
And awareness, through consciousness, the designer,
Gradually awakening, through eons of creative evolution,
To the insoluble mystery of its inexplicable source.

* * * *

The awareness, You truly are, is not bound to any form or identity.
The ineffable mystery, which is indivisibly, irrevocably, undeniably, irrefutably, indelibly alone,
Gazes out through two eyes, listens through two ears, smells through two nostrils,
Tastes with one tongue, and feels through a maze of nerve endings.
The You, that You pretend to be, in this quantum play,
Is but a brief, temporal, sensory cosmos,
A dream born of imagination.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Most hunger in the affluent geographies of the human paradigm,
Are about the tongue and the mind's gluttony for more.
The eyes, the ears, the nose, the flesh, follow suit,
But have far less clout, on the ever-expanding waistline.

* * * *

The chronicles of human history, have as much chance of surviving as we do.
Do not assume the aliens will bother with writings and ruins,
Once the protein source has disappeared.

* * * *

The religions and cults, of this, or any other garden world,
Are fashioned, of the mind's ceaseless yearning, for more, and still more,
And are, but inconsequential variations, of that, which is so much more, so much less,
Than anything, but pure awareness of the awareness, can ever attain.

* * * *

It is through one Self-absorption or another, that all things indivisible, are discerned.
There is no other way, that the boundless can be fathomed, but through manifest limitation.

* * * *

Are You a mind? Are You a body? Are You a soul?
A face? A brain? A heart? A lung? An arm? A leg? A foot?
Are You all of these mortal parts? Are You any of them?

* * * *

Eternal life is awareness of the awareness.
Enlightenment is awakening to the awareness.

Liberation is wandering the awareness.
Nirvana is being the awareness.

* * * *

For every up, there is a down; for every down, an up.
The passionate mind is a many-faced, intemperate beast.
In comparison which, the weather can seem somewhat tame.

* * * *

What is the body-mind but a tool evolved to survive, to endure.
Happiness, is an occasional abundance of pain-relieving endorphins,
Between the pitiless waves of pain and suffering, on the road to extinction.

* * * *

Always best to look any gift horse in the mouth.
You never know what bothers, might be lying in wait.

* * * *

How can there be karma, if You are nothing more than the eternal moment?
Karma is but another illusory, another imaginary notion,
Playing in the smoke of the given mind.

* * * *

What is the soul? What is not the soul? Is there a soul?
And, if there is, is it anything that can ever be grasped?
Is it anything, that is, in any way, separate from eternity?

* * * *

That which is real, that which is true, at first calls, in many ways, from without,
But for those inquiring few, who have eyes to see and ears to hear,
Eventually makes Self timelessly apparent within.

* * * *

Like water that flows with the call of gravity,
Supply, will always seek a way, to meet demand.

* * * *

You are the same timeless mystery, that was before creation,
As You will be, after You timelessly dissolve back,
Into what You have ever and never been.

* * * *

Here You are this moment.
This moment is where You breathe in, breathe out.
This is where You sit, walk, run, eat, piss, shit, sleep; observing all the while.
Why are You thinking about yesterday, pondering about tomorrow?
They are not right here, right now; they do not exist.

* * * *

Divining the divine, discerning the mystery of all mysteries,
Can be a long and winding journey, replete with every agony, every ecstasy,
In which those few who earnestly quest it, eventually become it.
Some call it, God, by many names – Mystery is mine.
That which has no name, disregards all.

* * * *

Creation is the awareness, through quantum stardust, evolving from atoms into molecules,
Mutating into genes, into cells, into life forms, playing out consciousness,
In whatever way the patterning of the mystery allows.
And the one and only You, the real You, always the witness.

* * * *

Soul |sōl| noun … is defined as the spiritual or immaterial part,
Of a human being or animal, regarded as immortal.
Part? What part? How can it be a part?
Let us not confuse that which is indivisibly, eternal immortal,
With the imaginary personality, the trite character born of time-bound consciousness.
Let us not fall into the egocentric trap, that its ephemeral nature,
Is anything, that is in any way, exclusionary.

* * * *

To be that, which is prior to consciousness,
To be that, which is but unending awareness,
To be that, which is nada-nil-zilch nothingness,
To be that, is to be the eternal unicity in all:
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.

* * * *

Conscience, scruples, principles, standards, values,
Ethics, ideals, virtues, integrity, morality, right and wrong.
Pillars of civilization, for those who have full belly and safe harbor.

* * * *

What if You knew today is your last,
But have no idea where or when or why or how it will happen.
How will You live it? Where will You go? What will You do? Who will You see? What will You say?

* * * *

Where would time be, without stars and sun and moon?
Without the tick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock of clocks on walls?
Without ever-changing digital numbers, scribing silent screens?
What is time, but a mind-made collusion, pretending eternity is real?

* * * *

Never an easy task to re-condition, re-habituate, re-acclimate, re-orient,
Re-train an old dog, whether of the four-legged variety, or a mere two.

* * * *

Humankind is the alien species on this spinning world,
Acting out as terrifying a Twilight Zone screenplay,
As any science fiction writer could ever conceive.
Pity all the beasts who have suffered our rise.

* * * *

When You were young, time did not exist, because there was no history,
Against which to ruminate, to evaluate, to estimate, to duplicate, to reflect.
You were free of the weight of mind, of ego, and all the bother of self-imagery.
To discern that state of rejuvenation, to throw off the yoke of time, is the challenge.

* * * *

The unbearable lightness of being, is, well, unbearable,
In a topsy-turvy-inside-out-backwards-upside-down-right-side-up-convoluted,
Sort of way.

* * * *

What to do, when You quickly or slowly realize, that none of it really matters.
Albert Camus stated: There is but one truly serious philosophical problem, and that is suicide.
Jiddu Krishnamurti's answer, was a little less ominous: Do whatever amuses You.

* * * *

Meld, mix, merge, blend, fuse, combine, amalgamate,
Melt, mingle, disappear, dissolve, fade, vanish, evaporate, disappear, dissipate,
Mend, set, bond, join, restore, integrate, unite, heal,
Into the oneness You truly are.

* * * *

Be grateful to all the one-percenters and their minions for working so hard,
Building their castles, climbing their mountains, fighting their wars, counting their gold,
So that You can wander about their busy-busy world, in a state of mind, as infinite, as awareness allows,
Far more often than they, in all their mansions and jets and yachts and limousines.

* * * *

The tipping point of the human epoch is long past,
And all born from now on, must endure, must brave, must withstand, the ride ahead,
In whatever way the wagging winds of time blow.

* * * *

… awareness …
… awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness …

… awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness … awareness …
… awareness … awareness …
… awareness …

… Ad infinitum …

* * * *

In the tale ‘The Emperor's New Clothes,’ a tale of a vain king, swept up by a deceitful notion,
The young child, too young to understand the desirability of keeping up the pretense,
Cries out the truth no one else dared: "But he isn't wearing anything at all!"
And if You step back a bit, You will clearly see the human paradigm,
Is based entirely, on the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity trickery, of consciousness,
An imaginary dreamtime reality, to which the eternal truth has no allegiance, whatsoever.

* * * *

Born of an intangible, indelible, ineffable, indivisible mystery,
Over which we have little or no say, little or no control, little or no anything.
We are all alone, together, playing out our whimsical little fates,
Which ultimately have no meaning, whatsoever.

* * * *

Most prefer one lie or another,
So, the question for anyone who would lead,
Is whether to feed them falsehoods, they willingly follow,
Or the truths, they will, without hesitation ignore.

* * * *

Why identify with anything or anyone? Why belong to any group?
Wander empty, wander anonymous, wander absolute, wander free.

* * * *

What makes anyone follow? What make anyone lead?
Is anyone really worth following? Is that leader really a leader?
Where is there to follow? Where is there to lead?

* * * *

Whether it is a rock, a statue, a painting, a concept, or flesh and blood;
Whether it is Persian, Greek, Roman, Taoist, Hindu, Buddhist, Celtic, Aztec, or any other;
Idolatry is idolatry is idolatry.
Just because it is your cultural construct,
Does not make it any less narrow or false or absurd.

* * * *

How can anyone look out at this overdone once-upon-a-garden world,
And think it progressing, simply because there are daily more human beings,

Daily more buildings and roads and technologies and unending clutter?

* * * *

Is there really a universe, a cosmos jam-packed with galaxies?
Or simply an indivisible matrix, an awareness,
Timelessly dreaming a universe?

* * * *

Every Rome, every empire, will fall one day or another; lucky, if it is not on You.
And if it does, so-it-goes-too-bad-so-sorry-oh-well-deal-with-it-get-over-it-move-on.

* * * *

If You can imagine anything, without needing to act everything out,
You will have an interesting, stimulating, easy-going existence,
With far fewer consequences to play out in the long run.

* * * *

The stream of consciousness is everything,
From shallow and wide, to deep and narrow,
From slow and tranquil, to swift and untamable,
And meanders every variety of tack, across all time.

* * * *

To give your imaginary self, completely over to the awareness,
Is to be free of all the conditioning, free of all the indoctrination, free of all the brainwashing.
Just play out the life sentence, just be witness to the dreamtime,
For which You never asked.

* * * *

What is the point? What is not the point? And why does there even need to be a point?
But for the obsessively driven, genetic predisposition, of the human mind,
There would never have even been, the meaningless conception,
That in all of creation, there was such a vain beast.

* * * *

We are all the same ineffable, indivisible, immortal, mystery of awareness.
It is consciousness, that envisions every imaginable difference.
There is, has never been, will never be, any other.

* * * *

So many regrets, so many things You would do differently, or likely not at all.
Would that there were more of a rewind button, than measly imagination.
But, then again, what regrets would there be, but for imagination?

* * * *

Is the space-time born of consciousness,
Anything more than the creation of desire and fear and dread,
Indelibly imprinted in the genetic code?

* * * *

Melding with truth cannot be forced.
Effortlessness is the way to the Way.

* * * *

You are awareness: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Everything else is but the endless confabulation of imagination.

* * * *

In the wrestling match between nature and human consciousness,
It is not all that arduous, to predict which will inevitably triumph.
Malthus was only off, by a relatively few cycles, of the given star.

* * * *

What a beast, deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA), in its mindless quest for immortality,
That it would relentlessly persevere in propagating consciousness,
Into so many hazardous, torturous circumstances:
Ailments, illnesses, infections, viruses, syndromes, diseases,
Maladies, disorders, accidents, disasters, misfortunes, catastrophes,
Mishaps, malaise, mayhem, turmoil, havoc, bedlam, anarchy, pandemonium,
Calamites, conflicts, and every other sort of indescribably painful whatever, ad infinitum.

* * * *

And the moral of the story of the human epoch,
And its imaginary stream of consciousness,
Through all its myriad mortal filters,
Is?

* * * *

The predator's fang and claw, the prey's swiftness,
And the untamed, brutish, Darwinian wild between.

* * * *

You might become excruciatingly aware of your conditioning,
Your indoctrination, your habituation, your domestication,
Your brainwashing, your programming, your encoding,
But whether or not You can fundamentally change it,
Is an experiment You must investigate very much alone.

* * * *

What is normal?
What is not normal?

* * * *

You imagine there is point to all this absurdity?
Well, no, there is not, there never was, there never will be.
It is simply an emanating, kaleidoscoping, hologram of pointlessness,

Seemingly destined to play out, until there is absolutely nothing left to play out.

* * * *

If not today, maybe tomorrow.
If not tomorrow, maybe the next day.
If not the next day, maybe the next, or the one after, or the one after that,
Or maybe never.

* * * *

The senses created the illusion of space and time,
And space and time created the mind.
A quantum circle jerk.

* * * *

What is desire, what is fear, what is dread,
But the projection of possibilities,
Given the weight of passion.

* * * *

Love and compassion, animosity and indifference, or some conduit between,
Or perhaps what equally, indifferently, permeates them all:
The equanimity of pure awareness.

* * * *

The nowness that You perceive, the nowness to which You cling,
The nowness that You every moment, spin into your dream of time,
Is already nothing more, than the ephemeral ash of imagination.

* * * *

Always curious, how humans rationalize any given scenario differently,
Depending on whether or not, it is their tribe, their team, their view, their anything.
Yet another monkey thing, playing out the given egocentric-ethnocentric-geocentric-heliocentric;
The me-myself-and-I, around which the entire human paradigm ceaselessly orbits.

* * * *

Purpose and meaning, and all the passions of vanity, are overrated.
Only in unmitigated detachment, is there any resolution to the human absurdity.
Stop knowing, stop caring, stand alone, wander alone, absolute and free.

* * * *

Except for their physical presence,
Those who have died, are as much with You,
As they were when they were alive.
It is all the play of mind.

* * * *

Where are You, in the ever-present moment,
But the neural theater of consciousness, of imagination.

That play of mind that You believe, that You assume, real and true.

* * * *

Science can never measure, more than the kaleidoscoping veil, of the electromagnetic spectrum.
The immeasurable is immeasurable, no matter how intricate the veneer, technology might weave.

* * * *

Wear a ‘kick me’ sign, and give them a button to an electrical shocker, to push, as well.
Guaranteed more than a few, will get great joy, launching firm kicks, as they click away.

* * * *

You are as short as You are tall, as tall as You are short.
You are as small as You are large, as large as You are small.
You are as weak as You are strong, as strong as You are weak.
You are as ugly as You are beautiful, as beautiful as You are ugly.
You are as stupid as You are smart, as smart as You are stupid.
You are as foolish as You are wise, as wise as You are foolish.
You are as unreal as You are real, as real as You are unreal.

* * * *

How can You prepare for death,
But by living every timeless, eternal moment, as attentively as possible.
Death is in the living.

* * * *

Scientists are explorers of the mysterious unknown, of the perpetual enigma,
Using ever-evolving technology, to fathom beyond the limits of the sensory panorama,
Yet restricted all the while, by the conditioned mind, through which they perceive,
Through which they futilely measure, but a veil, of that which is immeasurable.

* * * *

How far is far? How close is close? How large is large? How small is small?
The elephant asked the mouse, who answered, “Even God does not know.”

* * * *

All speculation shall hereby cease. hereby desist,
And all well-meaning witnesses, shall, from here on, refrain,
From any further mentioning, any further hinting, any further pretending,
About anything of the esoteric, that they do not, cannot, know.
They shall be silent, and keep counsel to themselves,
That the thistles of the world might declaw,
And the age of humankind, carry on,
In a more agreeable manner.

Pfft, yeah, right, sure.

* * * *

Unify within and without, until within and without, dissolve into a stillness,

In which the boundaries, the movement of imagination, disappear.
And the harmony of the manifest, becomes Self apparent.

* * * *

Another day of the blissful nirvana,
Of shopping-shopping-and-still-more-shopping,
For more, of what likely, was never needed in the first place.

* * * *

Awareness, peers out from the emptiness, through the filters of consciousness,
Which tailors the world, the cosmos, to its own conditioned, self-absorbed design.

* * * *

In consciousness, You are a human becoming.
In awareness, You are a human being.

* * * *

What is death, but one day not waking up,
And the ripples of corporeal existence, ceasing to emanate,
Into whatever fragment of the cosmos, your given dreamtime played out.
Whether or not, You left any footprint after your departure, is not for You to ever perceive.
Only the omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent, immortal mystery, witnesses all,
In the awareness, the nothingness, the oblivion, that is, and is not.

* * * *

Another moment, becoming yet another vague memory,
In the baggage train of mind, and all its inflated perceptions,
Of this so-called reality, and the collusion, in which it participates.

* * * *

To put behind You, all paradigms consciousness might concoct,
Is to expand into a state of sovereignty, no finite mind can grasp.

* * * *

Eternity whisks away every footstep, without thought, without remorse.
Only the sensory mind-body, bound to the dream of time,
Imagines any of it, ultimately real.

* * * *

Wisdom is the distillation, of all the ecstasies and agonies,
That have brought You to this point, in the eternity of mind.

* * * *

We all have many experiences that call us, many interests that draw us, down long and winding paths.
It could be family or friends or community or work or politics or religion or business or ivory tower.
Or creativity or nature or travel or cooking or shopping or sports or current events or heroic causes.
Or sex or gambling or drugs or lying or cheating or stealing or wreaking or blathering incoherently.
Or merely perching day after day, in front of televisions or computers, or in taverns or coffee shops.

We encounter many things in our given windows of time – the scroll is as long as imagination allows.
But as our dream moves on, and we steadily age, our diversions, our amusements, slowly whittle down.
And whatever it is, in the end, that drums most loudly in the mind's eye, will be capstone to one's destiny.

* * * *

Challenging as it may be to detach,
From the many pleasures, the many pains, mind and body tender,
The ultimate reality, is that nothing ever actually touches, the immortal You, that You truly are.
Imagination, has always believed itself, more real than it can ever be.

* * * *

When it comes down to the nuts and bolts of this whodunit,
It is what it is, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Nothing that anyone believes about it, truly matters.
It is all the same grist, grinding away in the same mill.

* * * *

Quibbling over evolution, quibbling over chromosomes, quibbling over anything,
Does not change the most essential, the most ineffaceable, the most indivisible reality,
That everything is connected, and that any origin, any means, will ever remain a mystery.

* * * *

All things are equally the creation of the entirety, none are more or less.
Even discerning it, does not bestow any more quantum standing.
To lay any claim upon it, is naught but hollow prattle.

* * * *

There is me, and there is Me.
There is the You, that is separate, that is different,
And there is the You, that is the same as Me.
One imaginary, the other, as real and true,
As any vat of nothingness, can ever be.

* * * *

The passions can be a heady mix of emotions, often impetuous, barely controllable.
From Wikipedia, a list of the A-to-W ways, it can play out in any of us: affection, anger,
Angst, anguish, annoyance, anticipation, anxiety, apathy, arousal, awe, boredom, confidence,
Contempt, contentment, courage, curiosity, depression, desire, despair, disappointment, disgust,
Distrust, ecstasy, embarrassment, empathy, envy, euphoria, fear, frustration, gratitude, grief,
Guilt, happiness, hatred, hope, horror, hostility, humiliation, interest, jealousy, joy,
Loneliness, love, lust, outrage, panic, passion, pity, pleasure, pride, rage, regret,
Remorse, resentment, sadness, saudade, schadenfreude, self-confidence,
Shame, shock, shyness, sorrow, suffering, surprise, trust, wonder,
Worry, and who knows how many honorable mentions,
In the hard-wiring, of the jungles of long ago.
We are the Planet of the Apes, indeed.

* * * *

… breathe in nothingness …
… breathe out nothingness … breathe out nothingness …
… breathe out nothingness … breathe out nothingness … breathe out nothingness …
… breathe out nothingness … breathe out nothingness …
… breathe in nothingness …

* * * *

Is the human paradigm, really any different, than any petri dish lab experiment?
Any different, than any microorganism overrunning its given geography,
As it instinctively propagates, toward its inexorable extinction.
The biological imperative, will out and out, again and again, forever again.

* * * *

Awareness is the baseline of all consciousness,
No matter the manifestation, no matter the dimension.
Prior to that eternal stillness, that timeless now,
It is naught but an unfathomable mystery.

* * * *

A world of causes, ever-emanating into effects, and effects ever-emanating into causes.
In a world of ever-emanating consequences, free will ever be a debatable assumption.

* * * *

It is what it is.
You get what You get.
You can only do so much with it.

* * * *

How real, how alive, can the quantum of the electromagnetic spectrum ever be,
But through the streaming mix 'n match of the given sensory theater,
And whatever delusions of imagination it orchestrates.

* * * *

Eternity, does not at all, careen or lurch.
It does not sputter, it does not shake.
It does not jerk, it does not strain.
It does not stick, it does not slip.
It does not tick, it does not tock.
It does not do anything, but be exactly what it is,
Which is to kaleidoscope, to emanate, smoother than silk, in every way imaginable.

* * * *

Same witness, in every concoction,
Each one brilliant, each one ignorant,
In their own unique and predictable way.

* * * *

What a foolish pretender, to wander into Jerusalem, believing the powers that were really cared,

What he was going to say, what he was going to do, if it threatened their world in any way.
Their power, their renown, their fortune, was not about to be surrendered to an upstart.
To a self-proclaimed, wannabe messiah – martyred, all alone, on a barren mount.
How expedient to get oneself mythologized, at such a marketable young age.

* * * *

What need for faith in anything?
What is faith but a form of intellectual laziness,
A lack of discerning exactness, a lack of discipline for critical inquiry,
To discover the truth of this mystery, for one Self.

* * * *

You think imagination reigns?
Think again, Pilgrim, think again.
It will soon be, as if You were never born.

* * * *

All attachment to the temporal is pointless.
The sense of Self, exists only for as long, as the mind-body is able to function,
In the manner, its nature-nurture conditioning, has concocted.
Its inevitable death extinguishes all.

* * * *

Politics, economics, religion, sports, movies, et cetera, et cetera,
Are nothing more than the yabber of minds bent on distraction.

* * * *

Death happens.
Whether in a few minutes, a few hours, a few weeks, a few months, or thousands of years,
All living creatures endure one mortal clock, one mortal conclusion or another,
And everything now living, will someday stumble to its graveyard.
Only the genomes, the blueprints that shape existence,
Can lay claim to nominal immortality,
In Darwin's natural-selection breeding program.
And then, even the most hardy, will inevitably face extinction.

* * * *

Do not confuse the brain, that is creating this timeless manifest dream,
With the time-bound mind, that is through imagination interpreting it.

* * * *

To know that which is mystery, that which is absolute,
You must engage in the ever-present moment, to such a degree,
As to completely forget, whatever temporal role,
You imagine the awareness to be.

* * * *

Eternal life is not something remembered, not something born of the mind in time.

It is merely being the timeless awareness, the timeless nowness, the timeless emptiness, You truly are.
There is nothing to become, nothing to prove, nothing to maintain, nothing to pretend.
To be in that state of timeless quietude, is to be all there is to be.

* * * *

The conditioning, the habituation, the programming, the indoctrination, the brainwashing,
Is hypnotizing, mesmerizing, absorbing, enthralling, spellbinding, captivating, convincing, blinding.
How much more challenging it is, to be what You really, truly are, than what You pretend to be.

* * * *

Why would anything, ever have to be done, in any certain way?
To be locked into any particular view, is to miss the fact,
That the way is forever boundless and unaligned.

* * * *

If You are a hardcore religious wingnut, a true believer of the dittohead persuasion,
What would You do, if You actually met your messiah, your prophet, your guru,
And did not believe him, did not adore him, wished You had never even heard of him?
Would it aggravate You, would it wake You up, or would You just start searching for another?

* * * *

No belief, no faith, no dogma, is required.
Let go of consciousness, of thought, of imagination.
Simply be the awareness, You truly are.
Simply be the given here now.

* * * *

What are the nerves – eyes and ears and nose and tongue and flesh, in the human paradigm –
But the mortal tendrils to all heavens, to all hells, and all the purgatories between.
Each and every organism, an entirely matchless cosmos unto its Self.

* * * *

Most people across the world only wake up long enough,
To swallow another blue pill, and push the snooze button.

* * * *

You have never existed as more than a thought.
How can the ephemeral ever-present, the timeless moment,
The indivisible quantum, ever be alive, but through imaginary notion?

* * * *

How can a collection of self-replicating molecules –
Chemical reactions, organized matter – be called life?

* * * *

This singular instant is all it is.
There is nothing more, nothing less, for it to be.
Discern the immeasurable expanse, between becoming and being.

* * * *

See it, hear it, taste it, smell it, feel it, as awareness alone, uncarved,
Without the imaginary self-perception, and all its a priori attachments.

* * * *

The only law in a Darwinian world, is the ability to adapt to change.
It may not be the strongest, nor the most intelligent that continue,
But by enabling weakness, by fostering political correctness,
Civilization assures its decline, and eventual destruction.

* * * *

These writings are for the rare few, inclined to fully examine the underlying form of existence.
Best stop quickly, if You lack the doubt, the skepticism, the cynicism, required.
Elsewise, You might find yourself down an infinite rabbit hole,
For which You have neither hunger nor aptitude.

* * * *

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity; there is no way out.
The delusion, that You even think You exist, is vanity.

* * * *

You are awareness, as infinitesimally small, as You are infinitely large.
You are awareness, neither infinitesimally small, nor infinitely large.
You are the awareness, that is neither infinitesimal, nor infinite at all.

* * * *

The burden of time,
The burden of history,
The burden of tradition,
Are the burden of mind.

* * * *

Does the descending spiral of revenge, have any end,
Without some sort of letting go, some form of detachment,
Whether through forgiveness, or simply a shrug of the shoulders?

* * * *

The absolute is absolutely indifferent,
To the variable winds of ecstasy and agony,
That transpire, in the consciousness, born of mind.

* * * *

You did not ask to be born, so why not play your existence, in whatever way suits You?
To be bound by any other's expectations, is to miss out exploring your own potential.

* * * *

Hell is in the details, and those little wonders of bother,

Tend to multiply exponentially, and in accelerating fashion.

* * * *

Do not even for a moment, expect others to worship your indivisible realization.
More than a few would be only too willing to slit your throat,
Or fling You into a deep-dark-dank leper's den.
You are on your, so-it-goes-deal-with-it-get-over-it-move-on, own.

* * * *

Conflict is rarely spawned by just one factor, one issue, one difference,
And any win-win solution, if that is the goal in any negotiation,
Requires all parties to tether their pride to some degree.
Wrong assumptions, taking things personally, is a sure road to war.

* * * *

What need for the sanction of any other,
Once You discern the mystery You truly are.

* * * *

You have played out every conceivable mythological role:
God, Allah, Brahmin, Tao, Buddha, Christ, and on and on, ad infinitum.
None of them are anything more than collusions, born of the idolatrous monkey-mind.
Let them all go, give Self over to the eternal awareness, prior to all naming, prior to all imagination.
There absolutely is no need, to be, to pretend, anything more, than the timeless stillness,
The quantum indivisibility, You are, have ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

No, that new technology is not going to save us;
Only further postpone the Malthusian inevitability.

* * * *

Does the tiger think itself a tiger? The whale, a whale?
The shark, a shark? The crow, a crow? The snake, a snake? The frog, a frog?
The ant, an ant? The spider, a spider? The worm, a worm? The weed, a weed? A microbe, a microbe?
Or do they all merely act out the given instinctual patterns,
That all this mystery's creatures small to great,
Play out in harmonized fashion; a ballet that knows no bounds.
And is humankind, despite all the pretenses of consciousness, really doing any different?

* * * *

The quantum matrix is a spaceless, timeless, immeasurable fact.
Measure it, evaluate it, in every way imaginable, even unto the big crunch,
All anyone will ever calculate, all anyone will ever speculate, is but the veil of illusion.

* * * *

Contentment is the final challenge of existence,
And gratitude, the vehicle to that ethereal conclusion.

* * * *

It took all of creation for humankind to reach its first billion,
And only a smidgen over two hundred years to hive up toward eight billion.
No matter how the numbers are crunched, there is no happy ending to the human epoch.

* * * *

Most every human being, has at least one group, one tribe, with which they repeatedly identify.
It is a monkey thing, for which we were hard-wired, in the canopied jungles of long ago.
To stand alone, entirely free of any identification, may well be almost impossible,
For all but the rarest of the rarest of the rare, and even then, very unlikely.

* * * *

How insipidly tedious and stagnant, so many lives are forced to become,
To offset the grinding debt, modern lifestyles far too often attain.
How enviable the unadorned existence of our ancestors,
In their hunting-gathering shelters and caves.
Not easy, of course, but far less bother,
Than striving to keep up with the Joneses.

* * * *

Despite all its innumerable strengths, all its determined exertions, in the quest for truth,
The scientific mind, is ever-hampered in its quest for objectivity,
By its very subjective limitations.

* * * *

Once the sensory cosmos convinces the mind, to take its awareness seriously,
It is condemned to play an imaginary, impromptu role, until death does it part.

* * * *

Physical pain and discomfort, have a tendency to put a damper on attitude.
And along with watching this garden orb spiral into every sort of horror and absurdity,
Can be a substantial challenge, to any Sisyphus, daily rolling the boulder up the hill.
Any Atlas, bothering to carry the weight of heaven and earth, upon his shoulders.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how, is not a teacher in this manifest play?
Family, lovers, friends, acquaintances, strangers, enemies,
All the places, all the things, all the many creatures small to great,
All the stars, all the worlds, all the moons, all the particles, speeding on high,
Do they not all give You pause, to ponder on, to wonder about, anything and everything?

* * * *

The source for one, is the source for all,
Which means in the ever-changing quantum theater,
All things small to great, are ever consuming, ever being consumed.
It is an inseparable, kaleidoscoping, one-in-all-all-in-one, god-eat-god, perpetuity.

* * * *

Awareness, the source of all creation, knows nothing.
Self-knowledge is but the imaginary fabrication of consciousness.
Without the matrix of quantum indivisibility, without the dream of otherness,
There would be no reflection, there would be no inquiry into the mystery of all mysteries.
And even in that reflection, as expansive or focused as it might be,
The inexplicable remains forever inexplicable.

* * * *

See the light,
Hear the light,
Touch the light,
Taste the light,
Feel the light.
Be the light.

* * * *

Some call it, God.
Some call it, Allah.
Some call it, Yahweh.
Some call it, Brahman.
Some call it, Quantum.
Some call it, Jehovah.
Some call it, Shiva.
Some call it, Tao.
I call it, Mystery.

* * * *

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief,
And I daily plot murder and rape and pillage and mayhem,
But I am only a hypocrite when bored out of my mind, and just can't help my Self.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief,
And I daily plot murder and rape and pillage and mayhem,
But I ain't no gol-durned hypocrite, unless of course, the truth don't bear telling.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily.
But I am only a hypocrite when given moments of vanity force my hand.

I may be a liar, I may be a cheat, I may be a thief,
And I may daily conspire every variety of murder and mayhem,
But at least I ain't no Jesus-loving-god-forsaken-double-dealing hypocrite.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily.
That said, hypocrisy and pretentiousness are not strangers at the table, either.

I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and daily plot murder and mayhem,
Between bouts of excessive debauchery and inordinate treachery.
But at least I am not a hypocrite more often than vain notion calls.

I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and plot murder and mayhem daily.
And whatever that does not deal with makes me a hypocrite, too.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily,
And sometimes, when the mood strikes, I even go rogue and dip into hypocrisy.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily,
And let us not leave out all the hypocrisy that dallies between the cracks.

How many worship some imaginary deity, praying for blessings, for forgiveness,
And then spend every other moment possible in one pursuit or another,
Lying, cheating, thieving, even plotting murder and mayhem,
Never discerning their hypocrisy and self-deceit.

You are a liar, a cheat, a thief, and daily plot murder and mayhem,
Between stretches of excessive debauchery and inordinate treachery.
But at least You are not a hypocrite, more often than vain notion calls.

Do not even for a second believe that I did not more than a few times play the demon.
I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and plot murder and mayhem daily.
And I am guardian serving and protecting all.
I am consciousness,
Every facet unfurled as the given time calls.

Soundbites

For some it takes a fair amount of lifetime for one's calling to become apparent.

* * * *

Compassion is fine, well, and good, but the effort it takes to care can be a tad wearing.

* * * *

Make-believe can never be real; it is all make-believe.

* * * *

We are all just actors here, and many, if not most, never even begin to realize it.

* * * *

The test, were there such a thing, is within every breath a moment is offered.

* * * *

Intelligence is a many-faceted jewel.

* * * *

Oh, sure, sure, the dogma is comfortable, obviously, but the rub is, is it the truth?

* * * *

Life is not much good at playing fair.

* * * *

So much to know, so much to forget.

* * * *

What a twisting thing the monkey-mind.

* * * *

How agnostic is agnostic?

* * * *

Any existence is about exploring the capacities and limitations of the given container.

* * * *

Have You ever really met anyone, or possessed anything, that You could not live without?

* * * *

Consciousness is but waves crashing, tides ebbing and flowing, in the its dream of time.

* * * *

Continuity? Only in your dreams.

* * * *

The silliness only gets sillier.

* * * *

Genius is not always appreciated in its own time.

* * * *

The flame does not linger once the candle is lit.

* * * *

Rest assured that yours is no less an opinion than anyone else's.

* * * *

Desire builds the fear of having and not having and the spectrum of dread between.

* * * *

The constraints of any given eye are solely in the mind born of desire and fear.

* * * *

Sometimes, when meeting Goliath, David gets off a lucky shot, but many more times not.

* * * *

Sometimes ugliness is just on the surface; sometimes it rots all the way through.

* * * *

Sanity? And that again is what?

* * * *

Relax, it does not really matter.

* * * *

Which end of the leash is any dog walking?

* * * *

You call this a plan!?

* * * *

There is no other, only You, right here, right now, forever and ever.

* * * *

Feeling the need to identify with anything, why?

* * * *

You are but the sum of your thoughts.

* * * *

Breathe deep, sweet chariot.

* * * *

Freedom is the almost unbearable lightness of being.

* * * *

The genetic lottery has been DNA's eternal dice roll since its inception.

* * * *

Yoga is a means to union, not an end in itself.

* * * *

Joy is as imaginary as sorrow.

* * * *

Imitation is the way of cowards and fools.

* * * *

Is this not hell enough?

* * * *

It just does not matter.

* * * *

A higher level of dystopian intrigue over in that unhappy faire.

* * * *

Revenge is called justice when someone else metes it out.

* * * *

Too huge for words, but still we muddle and stew in our endless inanities of finite thinking.

* * * *

Another widgeteer: What a finite loop any specialization.

* * * *

What a curious thing it is to be at all concerned what others think of You, or of anything, really.

* * * *

The world is for those who lack imagination, and the one with the least is often first to pull the trigger.

* * * *

What is the meaning of life but the one each and every one alone concocts.

* * * *

May not be such a bad thing to be considered a tad mad at least a bit unpredictable.

* * * *

Daily You wake up, and there You are, nothing pretending something yet again.

* * * *

Why would You need applause from anyone, much less a theater full of strangers.

* * * *

You are the nothingness come to life.

* * * *

What is wrong with enjoying the sound of your own voice?

* * * *

So much effort, all for vanity and ruin, over and over and over again.

* * * *

Why would it matter even if You were?

* * * *

The difference between black and white is gray.

* * * *

Nothing but variables, but a great experiment, nonetheless.

* * * *

It is not time, it is not space.

* * * *

Believe this or that if You must, but what a tedious way to get through the day-to-day.

* * * *

You can choose to feel everything, or nothing, as You like.

* * * *

It has as many forms, as many faces as You like, or none for that matter.

* * * *

What need does a newborn have for belief?

* * * *

The choir sure does quibble over nothing.

* * * *

Better to break a heart, than to stay with someone, for whom You feel no calling.

* * * *

You, whose fate it is to think You are.

* * * *

It is whatever You think it means, whatever that means.

* * * *

Mesmerized by your seed line and where it landed.

* * * *

Strategy without tactics is like an end without the means.

* * * *

Thoughts looking for fertile ground.

* * * *

What happens when the hologram dissolves is anybody's guess, and everybody does.

* * * *

Who is it who cares, or not?

* * * *

When there are so many answers, real questions fewer and fewer emerge.

* * * *

Every moment its own little sculpture in that vain little eye.

* * * *

The unknown is unknowable, no matter how You chatter while You scamper and scratch.

* * * *

Bask in this quantum awareness as will allows.

* * * *

Hypocrisy is judgment of that which You are likely guilty times beyond counting.

* * * *

Much easier to worship idols and follow someone else's law than it is to discern eternity within.

* * * *

Awareness, coupled with consciousness, we all are.

* * * *

Practically over it.

* * * *

A very large perspective within a relatively tiny aspect.

* * * *

Worry, worry, worry, so much worry in this very worried world.

* * * *

It has all happened so that this matrix of a moment could happen.

* * * *

If You have played it hard and fast, You well know the monkey.

* * * *

Sometimes You just need to break with the routine.

* * * *

Hard to play a game in which You have lost interest.

* * * *

What will You do when You grow up? depends on your definition.

* * * *

Wisdom is the domain of many a fool.

* * * *

It is within that many a castle falls.

* * * *

Home invasion is home invasion, whether by one or the many of some army.

* * * *

Beware the ones with earnest smiles and the glint of greed in their eyes.

* * * *

All these thoughts are very legalistic, really, in a mystical sort of way.

* * * *

An arbitrary creation from the get-go.

* * * *

What is death but the ever-changing changing no more.

* * * *

You do not ask for freedom, You assume it so.

* * * *

Settle for dogma it is your bent, but do not expect all to aspire to so low a bar.

* * * *

Quantum this, quantum that, quantum everything.

* * * *

Be vast within.

* * * *

Where is the line between creator and creation?

* * * *

In adversity, one must either learn to be strong, or endure being crushed.

* * * *

Break the code.

* * * *

It is within that reality will be discerned.

* * * *

It is all beautiful, it is all ugly, and neither, actually.

* * * *

The eye constantly changes as the mind does.

* * * *

Physician, heal thy Self, take what is splintered, make it whole, one.

* * * *

Enjoy the day, Maestro.

* * * *

Serve You Self in whatever way You are called.

* * * *

Monkey got ahold of You again, eh? Well, better luck next round.

* * * *

Be the vastness within and without.

* * * *

You have always been an energy being, a quantum being, whatever the form.

* * * *

The pace of consciousness leaves all in one wake or another.

* * * *

A promise means nothing unless it is kept.

* * * *

Every birth a mutation of DNA seeking immortality.

* * * *

The passions to which many succumb offer little real or lasting peace.

* * * *

Where is the line between good and bad, and who decides?

* * * *

No contribution, just one vote, maybe.

* * * *

How quickly one moment can change everything that follows.

* * * *

There is no god in the way You think.

* * * *

Big difference between the suicide of the body and the suicide of the mind.

* * * *

The mind locked in differences can see neither far nor wide.

* * * *

The world is done and undone by differences.

* * * *

At birth You know nothing, at death nothing much.

* * * *

You do not have to believe any of it, You know.

* * * *

Nothing can be lost, nothing can be saved.

* * * *

What point residing in an Ivory Tower if You cannot move about freely on the ground?

* * * *

You are your religion, and no one's ever the same for those without dogma or idolatry.

* * * *

The generalist will rise again, the specialist of the dystopian paradise.

* * * *

Without awareness, without consciousness, without imagination, what is there?

* * * *

Seemingly so many things, yet not all the time.

* * * *

Unfiltered by the inanities of political correctness.

* * * *

When did god become he, she, or even it?

* * * *

The unknown that is known is not the unknown.

* * * *

The need for control arises from great fear.

* * * *

How absorbing, a simple breath, when it is given total attention.

* * * *

The god You have in mind, the god You imagine, is not god.

* * * *

And at some point, the awareness twitched, and a universe was born.

* * * *

Embrace the life and death of every moment, and wander free.

* * * *

You have played the monkey every way imaginable; what more is left?

* * * *

Where can reason go, without intuition its constant companion?

* * * *

What is the whole mind?

* * * *

To lack compassion is to be a slave to the suffering of others.

* * * *

Might even reach a point where the DNA is no longer in charge.

* * * *

It sounded good at the time.

* * * *

Close your eyes, still your mind, and see the awareness for what it is, and what You are.

* * * *

Do not be fooled by the sidewalks, it has always been a jungle.

* * * *

No matter how hard You try, You cannot deprive fate its munchie.

* * * *

A good and true aphorism crosses all boundaries.

* * * *

No one will ever, hopefully, know that dirty little secret.

* * * *

What are You but a point of consciousness in an indivisibility without center.

* * * *

How smoky each and every streaming, each and every unfolding moment.

* * * *

It is a choice to hold on to your dream: What does it take to let it go?

* * * *

What is death but merging back into the home alone mode of the indivisible oblivion.

* * * *

To see it clearly for what it is, is the fulfillment of DNA's destiny.

* * * *

How meaningless any principles to any given moment.

* * * *

Another widgeteer. Whoo-hoo.

* * * *

Every zone has its regulars.

* * * *

Questions, so many questions.

* * * *

You are the brass ring.

* * * *

Born to die, live well.

* * * *

What is prior to real inquiry?

* * * *

Where is the mind that no longer consumes the sensory feed?

* * * *

That which is prior to consciousness leaves no trace.

* * * *

Choiceless is as choiceless does.

* * * *

Imagination carries the day.

* * * *

The aloneness of singularity, complete and absolute, the essence, the core, of everything.

* * * *

You are the awareness to which no identity can for more than a short while subscribe.

* * * *

The chains are entirely your own creation, yours to embrace or break as You see fit.

* * * *

What You know makes up your universe, but how much more there is to unlearn.

* * * *

Random is as random does, The Great Quantum loves dice, Mr. Einstein.

* * * *

Ethics is the luxury of a full belly and a safe harbor.

* * * *

If I am not a cow, what, pray tell, am I?

* * * *

Who survives and who breeds is history in a nutshell.

* * * *

If You do not care for your body and mind, who will?

* * * *

To be truly, completely detached from everything, what would that be like?

* * * *

If You thought that way then, if You felt that way then, then what need for regret?

* * * *

What choice does anyone really have as they wander from the first breath to the last?

* * * *

Sometimes You lose your way, and must search a bit to find it again.

* * * *

You are Quantum, You are Nature, You are That I Am.

* * * *

It can never be more or less than it is.

* * * *

Who owns your mind, if not You?

* * * *

Boys are covered with blood, most of it their own.

* * * *

A quantum-schooch-quantum dream.

* * * *

Drowning in too much of more-more-more already.

* * * *

The ultimate You is indivisibly blameless.

* * * *

Another milestone … Whoo-hoo.

* * * *

What a torture chamber of a prison any given mind-body can be.

* * * *

Creator and the creation, how can they not be one in the same?

* * * *

Well, You would have if You had thought of it sooner.

* * * *

Schizophrenic to the nth degree.

* * * *

Losing your mind may not be such a bad thing.

* * * *

Always challenging to leave well enough alone.

* * * *

Peace of mind is but a good, deep breath away.

* * * *

Doubt is a springboard, not an end in its Self.

* * * *

You are a time machine in imagination only.

* * * *

The big question for many a monkey-mind might well be: Will You get laid in heaven?

* * * *

Ever as inexplicable as it has ever been to eyes that see, ears that hear, one minds, eternal.

* * * *

McDonald's and Taco Bell rolling over another belt line.

* * * *

Cling less, be happy.

* * * *

A conversation about the end of all conversation.

* * * *

Fresh and alive, what that that mean, anyway?

* * * *

The difference between any given here now is the difference only consciousness knows.

* * * *

Once You are dead and gone, just how important is it, really, that anyone remembers You?

* * * *

Curious how so many spend so much time telling others what to say, what to do, and how to live.

* * * *

Another self-absorbed existence underway in the bon-voyage-agony-ecstasy of all things imaginary.

* * * *

You will set down these and other words when You discern the That I Am within.

* * * *

Has any cancer ever been as successful at across-the-board destruction as we?

* * * *

To hot, too cold, too this, too that, will they ever make up their minds?

* * * *

All the world's a stage, and all we mortal players merely the dreams of oblivion.

* * * *

Best not to take anything personally if You are at all adept at detachment.

* * * *

In the world but not of it, what exactly does that mean, anyway?

* * * *

Now … where You have always been before You were so mortally interrupted.

* * * *

A wolf in disguise will always find those whose nature it is to submit.

* * * *

The mentally twisted have always drug the rest along in their wake.

* * * *

You know whatever You know because not remembering it is not an option.

* * * *

Totally alone in the vastness of your universe, You are as free as You dare to be.

* * * *

No human outcome can ever but hope to be more dynamic than its collective vision.

* * * *

The heart of darkness is the fragmented realm many a cynic endures.

* * * *

The cosmos is absolutely indifferent to all its creations.

* * * *

How can imagination ever more than imagine reconciling its make-believe with reality?

* * * *

Why should anyone follow an awakened one when all have it within themselves to be one.

* * * *

A balloon is full of the same essence as You, and really no less a temporary phenomenon.

* * * *

What can You possibly say to anyone who hears a truth and thinks it a lie?

* * * *

Who can argue with the freedom that freedom offers.

* * * *

Why blindly accept anything You have not yourself observed?

* * * *

In a vast universe full of differences, how can everything not be the same?

* * * *

You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but there ain’t no taking the jungle out of the monkey.

* * * *

The quantum source, from which the birth and death of stars is made manifest, permeates all.

* * * *

Is there anything humans do that does not eventually ripple into one backfire or another?

* * * *

Belief has nothing to do with the reality, the truth of what is, and what is not.

* * * *

Curious how a little bit of knowledge has a way of fogging up the mirror.

* * * *

In the middle of a bustling city, You are as alone as any sailor on an empty sea.

* * * *

Abide in the spontaneity of the moment, free of all constraints, whenever possible.

* * * *

Metaphors hashed and rehashed again and again times beyond counting.

* * * *

You are the irony of paradox, and the paradox of irony.

* * * *

How oppressive all dogma to those who would be free.

* * * *

Plenty of cheerleaders out there for them that want comfort more than truth.

* * * *

If You had never been born, rest assured that You would neither know nor care.

* * * *

How could anyone seriously expect it to be less? Ye gods, such blasphemy.

* * * *

Probably a good idea not to fully trust people trying to get into your wallet.

* * * *

Heavens and hells are but hidebound visions of that which some call god.

* * * *

Truth does not require persuasion, nor is it subject to question or argument.

* * * *

What need do the passionate have for the peace of home-sweet-home?

* * * *

Leave no stone unturned, yet cling to none of them.

* * * *

A philosophical waxing, indeed.

* * * *

The roll cannot be changed once the dice are in play.

* * * *

What ambition there can be in seeking oblivion.

* * * *

Only through limitation can infinity be discerned.

* * * *

Self trumps all.

* * * *

The mind is laden with ghosts of every persuasion.

* * * *

Thinking is just another habit, just like all the rest.

* * * *

How much will too little too late cost this time?

* * * *

If it requires any effort, it is neither real nor true.

* * * *

Sure took a lot of waves for yours to hit the shore.

* * * *

Where stillness is not, there is one delusion or another.

* * * *

Vain notion cloaks any vision of the quantum field.

* * * *

Far less important how You begin the marathon of life than how You finish it.

* * * *

The Great Nada yawns for your return home.

* * * *

The machinations of creation are beyond counting.

* * * *

So many expectations, so many disappointments.

* * * *

Who is the who, who so badly wants to be free?

* * * *

Idealism is pointless; either put up or shut up.

* * * *

Not interested in playing your little game anymore, sorry.

* * * *

In the relativity of consciousness, perspective is all.

* * * *

Despite its great virtue, doubt can only take You so far.

* * * *

Awareness is neither of the heart nor in the mind.

* * * *

What is the god-damned, fucking point?

* * * *

If You would avoid the fate of moths, stay clear of the flame.

* * * *

Just not interested in that recording anymore, sorry.

* * * *

Inequity abides.

* * * *

Dogma and idolatry are the shroud of vanity.

* * * *

Self-absorbed mutations of an earth-bound kind.

* * * *

Only human beings pretend to be what they are not, never were, will never be.

* * * *

Mastery of breath is the link to eternal life.

* * * *

Nada interrupted.

* * * *

One lie in the midst of many truths is well-cloaked.

* * * *

We are all made strangers through our imaginary differences.

* * * *

What is friction but a quantum love fest?

* * * *

What a teeny-weeny view of god not to include your Self.

* * * *

May as well try catching a wave as to hold onto any existence.

* * * *

What is any memory but a vague shadow of the original perception.

* * * *

Look within to see everything You project upon others is but Self-reflection.

* * * *

What bounds can there ever be to the vanity born of imagination?

* * * *

You are the will of godness, quantum fever that it is.

* * * *

Look within to see everything You project upon others is but Self-reflection.

* * * *

What bounds can there ever be to the vanity born of imagination?

* * * *

All operate in one frame of reference or another.

* * * *

We shall measure and prod ourselves, our world, our universe, to the bitter end, no doubt.

* * * *

The challenge is to use the mind to solve problems, not make them.

* * * *

Patterns rule.

* * * *

Peek-a-boo, I see the You that is me, and the me that is You.

* * * *

How useless wisdom is in the face of the self-absorbed monkey-mind.

* * * *

Is there a crime if there is no guilt?

* * * *

Is anything really yours or mine for anything more than a brief burst of time?

* * * *

Well enough is well enough, indeed.

* * * *

So many ways to fill the mind with the distractions born of time.

* * * *

Reflection is for the few and far between.

* * * *

When desire and fear are at bay, serenity wafts into being.

* * * *

Just another thing come and gone in the dream of it.

* * * *

Is this need to research the obvious more a means to avoid a decisive change of course?

* * * *

Can the singularity ever be discerned but through the reflection of the other?

* * * *

That little attachment is the dream, too, You know.

* * * *

Nothing struck again today.

* * * *

The struggle to exist is not something for which all have the heart and mind.

* * * *

Arguing with fools is a waste of time for all concerned.

* * * *

Argue for Santa Claus, and sure enough, he is on the roof.

* * * *

Sticking around to watch it unravel.

* * * *

And what have You done with your brief existence but what You were ordained to do.

* * * *

Be the awareness, formless and unknown.

* * * *

Self-righteousness is a sure road to hypocrisy.

* * * *

I am Tao, You are Tao, all of us a-Tao-ing in the right here, right now.

* * * *

What else can bliss be but the perception of the indivisible pervading all.

* * * *

What is a frame of reference but any given life's statistical sample.

* * * *

Time bears naught for long.

* * * *

What useless things, resolutions.

* * * *

Right here, right now, smack dab in the middle of everything, You are.

* * * *

Christmas is coming, and this year Jesus is finally old enough to ride shotgun with his daddy.

* * * *

There You go again, looking for the literal, in what is, ultimately, just a matrix of metaphors.

* * * *

How vaporous any thought, no matter the precision with which it is crafted.

* * * *

Within and without, be the vastness You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

A re-varnished lie is always preferable to those who are more partial to comfort than truth.

* * * *

Corporeal bodies are portals through which the quantum mystery has achieved consciousness.

* * * *

All histories are but vague notions, all biased one way or another.

* * * *

A blade cannot enter that to which there is no entrance.

* * * *

The candy shop of life does not always carry sweets.

* * * *

If You did not exist, who else would there be to witness it?

* * * *

If the blinders fit, wear ’em.

* * * *

Nobody’s world is about You.

* * * *

How the dream does reek of unsubstantiated bullshit.

* * * *

The mating dance can be a lot of work for very little return.

* * * *

There is no point in judging what is really all your creation.

* * * *

Once You have any formula down pat, it is just about punching in the numbers.

* * * *

Remember, You are only the center of your own confabulated universe.

* * * *

You are, have always been, and will ever be, absolutely free, to be, or not to be.

* * * *

A will-lessness to be what You truly are, simplicity its Self.

* * * *

If You have managed to survive long enough to breed, your DNA will be only too happy to oblige.

* * * *

No, it is not all about jobs.

* * * *

The world went awry when fire was first used for more than cooking and warmth.

* * * *

Every problem the dystopian now is facing are all linked by over-population.

* * * *

It is all much greater than the limits of any imagination.

* * * *

The dream of space and time is only real if You believe the sensory body-mind.

* * * *

You are nothing but a mind chock-full of vain notions.

* * * *

We cannot all be seeing the same thing, and not discern a fair amount of it he same.

* * * *

Dip your foot into a stream, and the next moment neither are the same.

* * * *

It is the eye of awareness that creates the cosmos.

* * * *

What limits, what boundaries, what divisions, can there be in a void?

* * * *

Who needs God, Jesus, or any other deified idol if they have the courage to stand alone.

* * * *

Trust consciousness to sometimes bend You over and forget the lubricant.

* * * *

The mind evolved to solve problems, and when it cannot find one, tends to create them.

* * * *

Mutation happens.

* * * *

So yawn.

* * * *

Be the awareness, absolutely alone, without concern for the sensory feed.

* * * *

View the truth of your universe from behind closed eyes.

* * * *

So much ambition to achieve nothing.

* * * *

Go home, seeker, go home.

* * * *

Cling to nothing.

* * * *

Go formless.

* * * *

Articulate is as articulate does.

* * * *

Hold on to nothing.

* * * *

Free, the other four-letter word.

* * * *

Everything over before You know it.

* * * *

See your true face from behind closed eyes.

* * * *

Contemplate true and complete freedom and all it entails.

* * * *

Another day of consciousness playing out everything imaginable.

* * * *

Who was your father, who was your mother, and were they, really?

* * * *

Best never to plan on anything staying the same.

* * * *

Nothing is yours, and everyone else's, too.

* * * *

None of that matters anymore.

* * * *

Insanity rocks, baby.

* * * *

Something of a broken record, eh?

* * * *

A journey where none but one can go.

* * * *

Just another way to keep busy minds busy.

* * * *

So alone as to be the source of all irony and paradox.

* * * *

The time-bound grip of any universe loosens as time draws to a close.

* * * *

Nature is the mystery's creative expression, and that most definitely includes You.

* * * *

Samsara is ultimately but a means to your awakening.

* * * *

What part of 'It is just a dream' do You not get?

* * * *

A mind well-used is used for nothing.

* * * *

When did that first seed take root?

* * * *

To truly not care, what freedom.

* * * *

It is yours for the seeing.

* * * *

Drift on.

* * * *

Nothing, doing.

* * * *

Oopsie, misspoke yet again.

* * * *

Got nothing to do, and doing it well.

* * * *

Irony and Paradox … a plague on their houses.

* * * *

If this is not hell for many, then what the hell, pray tell, is it?

* * * *

And what was that thing called desire, again?

* * * *

Learning is a right, education a privilege.

* * * *

Greed is a prison of its own making.

* * * *

Done, done, the damage done.

* * * *

Dark, dark, too dark to see.

* * * *

Down, Ego! Down!

* * * *

You are Gaia.

* * * *

Nothing to do.

* * * *

Death brings us together.

* * * *

Nothing much ever happens.

* * * *

Awareness, in which all is manifest.

* * * *

It is in total awareness that all is forgotten.

* * * *

Do not hesitate to be your Self unto the last wheezing breath.

* * * *

The truth will out in any mind bent on integration.

* * * *

Remembering less with every breath.

* * * *

In the midst of all, absolutely alone.

* * * *

Nothing is inconspicuous, indeed.

* * * *

As You think, so shall You be.

* * * *

Unfurl your sail.

* * * *

Just running out the meter.

* * * *

Nowness, an ever-cresting wave.

* * * *

What, exactly, does ‘No Fear’ imply?

* * * *

You do not suffer but through your own volition.

* * * *

A momentary exploration into the nature of attention.

* * * *

Any given culture only has so many spare teats to go around.

* * * *

So many playing a numbers game in minds that really do not exist.

* * * *

Is what is considered normal ever really more than the average between extremes.

* * * *

Consciousness is the weaver of Samsara, awareness the witness.

* * * *

Wolves have always found sheep a tantalizing delicacy.

* * * *

The body is merely an accessory to the awareness.

* * * *

Another thing to fill the time that does not exist.

* * * *

Much simpler to be happy than sad.

* * * *

Do not doubt your real voice.

* * * *

Dream on, Dreamer.

* * * *

Nothing ever happens.

* * * *

We are all earthlings here.

* * * *

You are the first, You are the last.

* * * *

Anyone worth following wants nothing from You.

* * * *

Creation, preservation, destruction, what difference, really?

* * * *

Imagine going to your grave still asleep.

* * * *

Wake up, wake up, wherever You are.

* * * *

Discern your formless nature.

* * * *

Awareness, now.

* * * *

Your vanity is blinding.

* * * *

Is not heaven loving everything?

* * * *

What was never born can never die.

* * * *

What a worthy opponent, this Grand Illusion!

* * * *

What nature hath formed from chaos, man hath ordered back into chaos.

* * * *

Die! Die! Die! You who are not real.

* * * *

Don’t worry, be happy.

* * * *

Nothing is forever.

* * * *

What a splendid Soul You are.

* * * *

You get what You get, make the best of it.

* * * *

It may only be a dream, but it is your version, a one-time show, indeed.

* * * *

Consciousness weaves You into beingness.

* * * *

The Dark Side ain’t dark to those that see.

* * * *

Define freedom.

* * * *

Idolatry keeps the coffers full.

* * * *

There is only one church, and it is within.

* * * *

Time to move on.

* * * *

Cutting through that morass of irrationality would take even the sharpest blade a long while.

* * * *

Evaporating home.

* * * *

Another day in the dreamtime of the quantum ether.

* * * *

Some people are well beyond anything rational, and You must just slowly back away from their edge.

* * * *

Steep in the awareness.

* * * *

Nothing is real and free.

* * * *

Ask not what consciousness can do for You, but what You can do for consciousness.

* * * *

The madness that blooms ever anew.

* * * *

Mind-filler, time-filler.

* * * *

Transcend all boundaries; become the indivisible.

* * * *

The future? More an intellectual curiosity than anything to really bother about.

* * * *

Not all sovereigns live in castles.

* * * *

What is the matrix but an elemental fishbowl.

* * * *

Why would, how could, the singularity be bound to any creation?

* * * *

Knowledge and wisdom are both about knowing, but only one of them can be taught,

* * * *

To be a critical thinker requires the seeds of doubt, and the wit to question deeply.

* * * *

Sometimes inward ugliness is only compounded by outward beauty.

* * * *

Challenging for anyone to see their own prejudices clearly.

* * * *

It is about being, not becoming or believing.

* * * *

What else can perfection be but the quantum sea?

* * * *

What time could ever be outside eternity?

* * * *

It may be less about what You are than what You are not.

* * * *

How challenging to be in the world and not of it.

* * * *

Immersed You are in the infinitesimally, infinitely, indivisible quantum sea.

* * * *

Om, baby, Om.

* * * *

Peace, peace, peace.

* * * *

Words fall short in extolling how supercalifragilisticexpialidocious You truly are.

* * * *

Some nuts will likely never crack even in ten thousand lifetimes.

* * * *

Why would anyone ever settle for a small vision of what they truly are?

* * * *

More egocentric, ethnocentric, geocentric, chronocentric, heliocentric, cosmoscentric absurdity.

* * * *

Does it all mean anything? Likely not.

* * * *

Who in their right mind would save this world of monkeys even if they could?

* * * *

What suffering it has taken all across time and space for You to be right here, right now.

* * * *

Why would You need an imaginary friend when You are already your own?

* * * *

Nothing is nothing no matter how something it seems.

* * * *

To exist in any way, in any shape, in any form, is genius unto its Self.

* * * *

Metaphors abide equally in the democracy of Truth.

* * * *

Cheerleaders are about as consequential as gnats.

* * * *

Channel your inner guru.

* * * *

Nothing else will do.

* * * *

You are the stars, the space between, and the pale beyond.

* * * *

Nothing exists without your reckoning.

* * * *

More pandering to hope.

* * * *

Such bother, consequences.

* * * *

The across-the-Rubicon morass daily unfolds.

* * * *

Do not feel any obligation to be trapped by all your words.

* * * *

The moment rushes quickly enough without your wishing it be faster still.

* * * *

You are That I Am. Whoopee-doopee.

* * * *

The end of history, the end of time, the end of mind.

* * * *

What the heck does forever mean, anyway?

* * * *

A full, attentive breath washes away all stirrings.

* * * *

Ever the same mystery, the same enigma, no matter how it is named.

* * * *

There You are standing tall on a grain of sand thinking the beach cares.

* * * *

What final answer there is, is a no-brainer, simplicity at its prime.

* * * *

What a surreal thing it is to exist; boggling to the nth degree.

* * * *

Imagination, the source of all vanity.

* * * *

Perhaps the rest of the world exists so that some of us can go home.

* * * *

McDonald's, rolling over beltlines across the world.

* * * *

If You don't wanna be beholdin' ta any man nor beast, then die, baby, die!

* * * *

Surely any deity of the supreme variety does not pay attention to people who beg and whimper.

* * * *

We are all practitioners of political expediency to one degree or another.

* * * *

Wipe your ass on any so-called holy book that advocates disconnection.

* * * *

Every game has its rules, so what is the game, Luv?

* * * *

It comes, it goes, it ebbs, it flows, why oh why, nobody knows.

* * * *

Mu, baby, mu, it is all zen muse.

* * * *

Playing chess with God is jolly good fun until You get shuffled off the board.

* * * *

You think You know your Self? Hah! You funny guy. Make me laugh plenty hah-hah hard.

* * * *

Take Jesus off the cross, let the poor dude rest in peace.

* * * *

If You think You know, go to Go, and do not collect $200.

* * * *

What do Christ, Buddha and shit have in common, but that they are all You.

* * * *

Yes, yes, we know it is an indivisible pattern, now what?

* * * *

Here You are, isness, temporarily locked in a water-fat body bag.

* * * *

Stars die?

* * * *

Is this world an insane asylum, or what?

* * * *

You had your time, folks, the piper cometh.

* * * *

Why would You ever trust any deity of the supreme kind that stuck You here?

* * * *

Damn, this friggin' mask will not come off.

* * * *

Creation gave us herbs, mushrooms, and other devices that we might divine our divinity.

* * * *

God may love You, but is certainly going to kill You nonetheless.

* * * *

Mother Nature's gonna hit us with a shovel if we do not take better care of her garden.

* * * *

It does not matter diddly-squat how You get here-now, just be here-now, or be square.

* * * *

Is your shit so golden that You are too good to clean the toilet bowl?

* * * *

It is not about jobs, folks, sorry.

* * * *

Technically You cannot call God a son of a bitch since it has yet to be born.

* * * *

Only an imaginary god would bother to create all this absurdity.

* * * *

Mortality. Now that is entertainment!

* * * *

What two-legged sacks of shit we all are.

* * * *

The word professional really means high-paid whore to any given mindset.

* * * *

Discern the point where it all began.

* * * *

In the grand nothingness of it all, the inner is the outer, and the outer, the inner.

* * * *

Be happy, be sad, be whatever, what matter to Self?

* * * *

For good or ill, You must play your little part for a relatively brief notion of time.

* * * *

Look closely and You will discern it is the light of awareness, the youness, that is witness to it all.

* * * *

Seeing the larger picture tends to make it all relative and absolute in each and every moment.

* * * *

To find what is true, You must discern the singularity You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

You never know what ignorance and stupidity will do with a little history.

* * * *

You playing yet another version of You.

* * * *

Another game in which only vanity takes interest.

* * * *

To succumb to the will of the herd is to be lost in its synergy.

* * * *

It only matters to the winds of vanity.

* * * *

There is nothing about which to unwrap your head.

* * * *

It is all about the structure, the wiring and plumbing, into which You were hatched.

* * * *

Rarely is anything not diminished or lost in translation.

* * * *

Holding on to the world is but the mind bound to habit.

* * * *

What is time, and how can it ever be wasted?

* * * *

All belief systems have their extremes; moderation is a rare talent.

* * * *

How challenging, even the most simple existence in this manifest dream.

* * * *

The so-called intelligent who do not abide in harmony with nature are clever, not intelligent.

* * * *

Death is a freeing release, the return to the unburdened oblivion of nothingness.

* * * *

How can You be jaded, how can You not be jaded, all in the same breath.

* * * *

Hope is the far-flung vapor of imagination.

* * * *

A new identity only cloaks the same mirage.

* * * *

Even just one moment of the eternal mind transcend all time.

* * *

Within any aphorism is a pregnancy of meaning for those who translate deeply.

* * * *

The quantum indivisibility, given meaning and purpose, however temporary it may be.

* * * *

It is the nature of science to inquire into everything for as long as everything is.

* * * *

Some things require a great deal of agony and/or ecstasy to clearly discern their lesson.

* * * *

To move, or not to move, the prey's dilemma.

* * * *

You were never really born; You never really die.

* * * *

How many buddhas can dance on the head of a pin?

* * * *

Just when You think it cannot get any more absurd.

* * * *

To awaken is the revolution of evolution.

* * * *

Even the most supreme of deities must use some wee slice of its Self to create anything.

* * * *

You are smack dab in the middle of your universe, sensory illusion that it is.

* * * *

You need not abide inwardly as a human being unless You choose to do so.

* * * *

Forgiveness begins with your Self.

* * * *

The everything and nothing of everyone.

* * * *

And what is normal, and whose normal is it?

* * * *

And what is a newborn before it is encouraged to want and taught to fear?

* * * *

The eternal life is about being fully attentive, with your entire being, to the fleeting moment.

* * * *

Which to value more: The flower, or the memory of it?

* * * *

Your ancestors were slime, get over it.

* * * *

One god or hundreds beyond counting, it is still idolatry.

* * * *

Be that which is prior to any paradigm of conscsiousness.

* * * *

Thought is nothing more than the wind of mind given meaning.

* * * *

So many teachers as to be impossible to recall, much less count.

* * * *

Even the path of least resistance is replete with potholes of bother.

* * * *

Tools, tools, tools … What is the human experience without all its tools?

* * * *

Always a curious thing what any given set of memory sells will glom onto.

* * * *

It is the patterns, not history, that repeat themselves.

* * * *

Neither existence nor non-existence are of the eternal moment.

* * * *

In the indivisibility of all things mystery, how can there truly even be one boundary?

* * * *

Nature neither loves nor cares about any of its inventions.

* * * *

Any yoke is only as heavy as your attitude toward it.

* * * *

You move through life, and life through You.

* * * *

And what is the observant mind?

* * * *

Truth is for everybody and not for everybody at the same time.

* * * *

So much dogma making for a rough road ahead.

* * * *

Full attention erases all boundaries.

* * * *

How ephemeral all knowledge.

* * * *

Plug into any wave, and it will take You for one ride or another if You are surfer enough.

* * * *

Be awash in the timeless so as to be doubtless beyond all horizons.

* * * *

You are the result of that newborn's effort to make sense of it all.

* * * *

Abandon hope all ye who enter here, no sugarcoating allowed.

* * * *

Esoteric, indeed.

* * * *

What point words and numbers that do not translate into daily living?

* * * *

Intellectual reveries do not in truth abide.

* * * *

'None of the Above' is the answer to absurdity.

* * * *

Hell is the passion of time, heaven the indifference of now.

* * * *

Nothing stays neat or pretty or organized for long; chaos rules.

* * * *

When did absurdity ever stop anyone bound and determined?

* * * *

Blame some demon if You want, but it was You who said yes.

* * * *

The eternal life cannot be had by the mind a-swirl.

* * * *

Examine your world, your universe, until You see it for what it is.

* * * *

Often unheeded is advice too freely given.

* * * *

What is made by mind can be undone by mind.

* * * *

Attentive process inevitably trumps time-bound goals.

* * * *

Wisdom stays with You long after everything else is gone.

* * * *

The same nothingness You have always been, will ever be.

* * * *

The universe has already moved on by the time You recognize it.

* * * *

You are not obligated to do anything but through your blend of desire and fear.

* * * *

A powerful intellect can so easily be both boon and bane.

* * * *

And in the best of all worlds, what shoulda-coulda-woulda have been?

* * * *

What would be worth saving, even if You could?

* * * *

What convinces anyone they should be a parent?

* * * *

Imagine a garden world where the richness of existence was its gold.

* * * *

Own your truth.

* * * *

A great big pfft! on following anyone or anything.

* * * *

Many a shoal greets the explorers seeking greater depths.

* * * *

Seeking the vanity of power, of fame, of fortune, is laced with disappointment and futility.

* * * *

Unknown within, unknown without, no boundary between.

* * * *

The truth of it is absolutely indifferent to your existence.

* * * *

Maybe You get it, maybe You do not, who cares, really?

* * * *

So many games to endure in the vortex of this monkey-mind creation.

* * * *

Epiphanies make the world go round.

* * * *

Rest as easy as the lotus, if You can be so vulnerable.

* * * *

The stories, how they do double-double-toil-and-trouble, their only horizon dissolution.

* * * *

What is God? And what is not God? Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

Always look twice before You cross any Rubicon.

* * * *

The boundary between moderation and excess is not easily discerned.

* * * *

Being a good friend, having good friends, what more could anyone want?

* * * *

The detachment of bliss is easily left behind in any given day-to-day.

* * * *

The depth of anything is quantum deep.

* * * *

It always boils down to the given moment in any given day-to-day.

* * * *

In every breath, a fleeting sense of salvation and preservation.

* * * *

Differences, differences, as far as light can bend.

* * * *

Every potential is within to explore, whether You choose to see it or not.

* * * *

Time is on everybody's side, and on nobody's side, all the while.

* * * *

There is always someone willing to spin whatever lie You are willing to believe.

* * * *

The awareness prior to all movement of consciousness.

* * * *

There You go again, carving out your little window of dates and times.

* * * *

Whether motionless or moving, it passes the same.

* * * *

Lot of changing going on.

* * * *

What is possession? And who is the who, who possesses anything?

* * * *

What to do when You no longer want whatever it is You are supposed to want.

* * * *

You are only different if You think You are different.

* * * *

The difference between black and white is somewhere in your gray matter.

* * * *

Never believe any prediction until your head is hot, cold, or wet.

* * * *

So many things so tiringly annoying sometimes.

* * * *

So, friend, You thought maybe this was just a knife fight, eh?

* * * *

Eyes that see are the eye that is not.

* * * *

Yesterday, today, tomorrow, what difference, really?

* * * *

The town criers daily beat You over the head with so many bothersome things, to what end?

* * * *

It is whatever You think it is, and nothing all the while.

* * * *

Why should anyone ever feel at all obligated to being bound by ignorance and absurdity?

* * * *

A tiny view is only made infinitesimally tinier in the reflection of eternity.

* * * *

What is courage but facing the given moment large.

* * * *

To transcend death, You must discern the eternal life You have ever been.

* * * *

Futile as it is, there is always hope.

* * * *

The mind-body knows its many pains, its many scars, and attends them daily.

* * * *

There are countless ways and means to deceive in this world: the first is to your Self.

* * * *

The Great Nada is indifferent to your vanity.

* * * *

Wisdom is of all ages, across all boundaries.

* * * *

Everything great or small is followed by or proceeded by zeroes that do not exist.

* * * *

Caught in the ebb and tide whims of chemistry cycling to and fro.

* * * *

What is nationalism but the will of the individual usurped by the synergy of mob?

* * * *

It is not for selling; it is for giving.

* * * *

DNA is at the core entirely about itself: its survival, and its thrival.

* * * *

Doubt all until there is nothing left to doubt.

* * * *

It is not time.

* * * *

The nothing in which nothing is not.

* * * *

What we call regular life is really science fiction of the first order.

* * * *

You have it as it suits your purpose.

* * * *

Life, so much bother and for what, really, but endless vanity and intrigue.

* * * *

The mystery cannot do this without You, nor You without it, ergo You must be one in the same.

* * * *

Some seers are martyred, some are made into statues, likely most are ignored.

* * * *

Common sense does not always require proof.

* * * *

They know who is king, but not for want of envy or malice.

* * * *

Why waste what little time You have on things that no longer matter or interest You?

* * * *

Such a tale it is to be a thinker, an explorer of the mind and universe it spawns.

* * * *

Why would it possibly matter?

* * * *

Who are You? Who am I? Who is anybody?

* * * *

No need to jump to a hodgepodge conclusion if there is time to ruminate.

* * * *

Had to say it, sorry, sort of.

* * * *

That internal whiner sure can be annoyingly bothersome.

* * * *

Is there really any choice, any free will, at all?

* * * *

Ever empty, despite all the efforts of consciousness to fill You fuller than You.

* * * *

It is not kneejerk to question idiocy.

* * * *

Your primal essence is less than a moment away.

* * * *

Self-loving, self-loathing, You choose.

* * * *

Wisdom is the coin of eternity.

* * * *

The patterning is early done.

* * * *

For the lack of a better word.

* * * *

The Great Nada is null and void from any get-go.

* * * *

How easily the powerful, the rich, the famous, descend into the despotic heights.

* * * *

Learning is a lifetime endeavor whether You like it or not.

* * * *

What coincidence that we make our gods as petty as we.

* * * *

Assumptions, assumptions, what is the human drama but a vast web of assumptions.

* * * *

What is the point of an education that only dumbs You down?

* * * *

Another birth, another death, oh yawn.

* * * *

Where there is quality, there is a value to which words can only hope to aspire.

* * * *

Feeling sorry for yourself is about as useless as it gets.

* * * *

Stay home whenever it suits You.

* * * *

What is the body but a slowly crumpling temple?

* * * *

Such a tale it is to be a thinker, an explorer of the mind and the universe it spawns.

* * * *

What proof can there possibly be that would leave You content?

* * * *

A few more nuances is all.

* * * *

What credentials are required to be godness but seeing it so.

* * * *

How did You learn to take it all so seriously?

* * * *

There is need, there is want, and often a great divide between.

* * * *

What is bliss but love of Self.

* * * *

There very much is a quantum beingness, and it is within and without all things.

* * * *

Die to It

* * * *

Whatever dystopian times are ahead for humankind, it is likely the mob will survive.

* * * *

What bitter end will You endure to play out this very worldly dream?

* * * *

Why should You care what anyone thinks of You, or anyone or anything else?

* * * *

You must approach this in warrior manner: fearless, assured, detached, immortal.

* * * *

Another case of the zig in zag and zag in zig.

* * * *

How can the Soul ever be what You think it is?

* * * *

Does anything really surprise You anymore?

* * * *

Entitlement is blindingly short-sighted.

* * * *

Perhaps if You stop judging yourself, You will cease doing it with others.

* * * *

Nothing wrong with enjoying the pleasure of your own company.

* * * *

Another legend to which any semblance to reality is lost.

* * * *

Punctuality is a myth once You discover it is only time.

* * * *

Make each breath one of inner adoration.

* * * *

You do not have to be Buddha to see the wisdom of it.

* * * *

What is the sun, what is the universe, but a tiny, brief sparkle in the infinity of your quantum sea.

* * * *

Look out into the void beyond the pale, and discern your shadow.

* * * *

We are all cousins of the same puddle, and star stuff before that, and before that, who can say?

* * * *

Ultimately, the real You has witnessed it all.

* * * *

How many times has it been said or written: The world is for those who lack imagination.

* * * *

Why should You ever blindly accept anything You cannot for your Self scientifically verify?

* * * *

When it comes to the grand infinity of it all, always paint the largest picture You can imagine.

* * * *

Is any deity worth its salt as vain as we?

* * * *

Any path to glory is but another story cast into the dusty wind of time.

* * * *

Consciousness is a web of its own making, with filaments linking every mind.

* * * *

You are as free as You manage your mind.

* * * *

Both enticing and repulsive at the same time.

* * * *

Step back and watch that life You pretend with the detached eye of awareness You really are.

* * * *

Everything is God, and how can You not be a part of everything?

* * * *

Nature tells You everything You need to know without uttering a single word.

* * * *

Rich man's game, poor man's fight.

* * * *

We all swim out to the depth we are most inclined, most comfortable.

* * * *

Where is the line between any us and them?

* * * *

The indolent mind is the breeding ground of superstition, dogma, delusion, and other absurdities.

* * * *

Assumptions all.

* * * *

The weight of history makes pawns of the living.

* * * *

What certainty can science ever attain in an infinity of variables?

* * * *

This is all big bang.

* * * *

What is any hero but one who waylays all thought of consequence.

* * * *

The vapor of nothingness pretending it is somethingness.

* * * *

Define cute, and who the hell came up with pink?

* * * *

What a cruel joke it would be to bring someone back from the serenity of death.

* * * *

Most only escape into larger, more comfortable prisons.

* * * *

How quickly, how seamlessly, how timelessly, the future becomes the past.

* * * *

An inconvenient truth, indeed, indeed.

* * * *

The vapor of intelligence is the quantum fever come to life.

* * * *

The art of self-deception is about how good are You at lying to your Self.

* * * *

The level of intrigue to which You subscribe is the level of intrigue You will endure.

* * * *

A mindful mind is an empty mind.

* * * *

So much more stressful to be a human becoming than it is to be a human being.

* * * *

Mesmerized, polarized, demonized, terrorized.

* * * *

The orgasm is imagination's explosion into oblivion.

* * * *

A good idea belongs to everyone.

* * * *

The decision is long since made, and we are, alas and so it goes, well past the veil of no return.

* * * *

So predictable as to be yawnworthy.

* * * *

Yet another non-issue to distract the mob.

* * * *

Pretense is the harbor of vanity.

* * * *

There is no inner, there is no outer, there is only the clarity of awareness.

* * * *

Has any war really ever been about anything more than avarice?

* * * *

It is the absurdity of fools to think genius can be educated.

* * * *

In consciousness, You are just another monkey; in awareness, well, that is another matter.

* * * *

The thoroughly modern moment.

* * * *

Truth is greater than any fiction, but You must get past all the stories to discern it.

* * * *

So many people, so late in the game.

* * * *

Truth is greater than any deity and requires no followers.

* * * *

Brighter does not mean wiser, nor dimmer, lesser.

* * * *

This, that, and the other thing, always bubbling into mind.

* * * *

What is the universe but a sparkle in your eye.

* * * *

If being cool is being stupid, might a good idea to pass.

* * * *

What is, and what is not, same thing.

* * * *

You cannot free any who will not break their own chains.

* * * *

Vanity and greed daily mock the lessons of history.

* * * *

A little fasting might be good preparation for the daze ahead.

* * * *

You are a human being by design only.

* * * *

You are the only thing personal in the grand indifference of it all.

* * * *

No faster way to domesticate, to tame, to lessen the fear of wildness, than to feed it.

* * * *

Some eyes become older than the stars.

* * * *

Entitlement across this modern world is coming to a close for many if not most, perhaps even all.

* * * *

Your skull is the finite edge of your infinitely imaginary universe.

* * * *

Pretty hard to see your Self when You do not really exist, and the eye that sees does not either.

* * * *

Truth, ephemeral as it is, is the only real gold.

* * * *

Eternity is an awfully long timeless to stay still, ergo, genesis.

* * * *

What has any Hallmark holiday become but a manic frenzy of obligatory consumption.

* * * *

Rare is the monkey-mind that fully embraces change.

* * * *

If it is not free and clear, it is not true.

* * * *

Irony and paradox rule the roost in the most subtle and profound ways.

* * * *

Existence is but an intoxicating dream, an illusion which few have wit to set true.

* * * *

Give yourself over to it, be here now unto thy Self.

* * * *

It is through reflection upon the looking glass of imagination that all is seen and unseen.

* * * *

What moral of any story cannot stand alone?

* * * *

What are words and numbers but sounds given concept.

* * * *

Wacko is as wacko does.

* * * *

The obvious is not for many if not most, much like common sense is to fewer than common allows.

* * * *

It is a mob-eat-mob world.

* * * *

You need not be an expert in something to see which way the wind blows.

* * * *

Anybody can write a story, true or no.

* * * *

Between black and white, an ocean of gray.

* * * *

Are You really as (your word here) as You are starting to look?

* * * *

Nuances come and go, but he gist remains the same.

* * * *

Awakening to the greatest reality is a whole brain thing.

* * * *

Self-absorption makes possible every absurdity imaginable.

* * * *

How insatiable the one-percenters and their minions.

* * * *

Any Supreme Being worth its salt must surely be greater than any earthly claims.

* * * *

No pedestal for our kind, sorry.

* * * *

A tincture of absurdity is remedy to the same.

* * * *

More is never enough for the insatiable mind.

* * * *

Wisdom is the distillation of many foolish blunders.

* * * *

Smoke gets in your mind.

* * * *

What a luxury it is to not have to care.

* * * *

Awareness is indifferent to what plays out in its hollow ground.

* * * *

Our kind, our unkind.

* * * *

Death is always just offstage, sharpening its scythe, awaiting its cue.

* * * *

Star stuff as far as the mind can see.

* * * *

The farthest reaches are not that far in the small to great of it all.

* * * *

The pretense, the pretense.

* * * *

What are beginnings and endings but markers of mind of journeys between.

* * * *

Even the smallest blade can carve its way to the heart.

* * * *

If something is true, why would it matter who said it when or where?

* * * *

Just another bacteria swarming to the edge of the petri dish.

* * * *

Like fire, like smoke.

* * * *

In what way-back-when did the first hint of imagination flicker?

* * * *

Get over your Self.

* * * *

Each of us creating our universe, one moment at a time.

* * * *

The Wizard will know, Toto.

* * * *

Awareness is the touchstone of existence.

* * * *

Play on, Nero, play on.

* * * *

And what is the point of clinging to a paradigm that is no longer functional?

* * * *

Breed on, maggots.

* * * *

There are the clever, and then there are the assholes.

* * * *

What You will is bound by what You can.

* * * *

We all have our little patch of jungle.

* * * *

Not everyone pulls out their wallet when Hallmark beckons.

* * * *

What is the world, the universe, but a habit formed by the conditioning of time.

* * * *

Is a relationship in a power struggle one worth abiding?

* * * *

Who is educated but s/he who has learned to learn.

* * * *

Every limb has its regulars.

* * * *

Yet another betrayal spins into future-past.

* * * *

It is just your DNA talking.

* * * *

The dead can only live through You.

* * * *

Who can forever protect those who cannot or will not fend for themselves?

* * * *

It will keep on going the way it is until the giving world has nothing left to give the taking people.

* * * *

Self is not self.

* * * *

And then consciousness lost the reigns, and all evaporated into nothing again.

* * * *

You have arrived.

* * * *

Regarding the human drama, is it really headed in any direction You want to sojourn?

* * * *

The senses are mesmerizing deceivers in this quantum dream, and the mind the willing deceivee.

* * * *

A still mind is an empty set unto its Self.

* * * *

What is freedom but a state of mind to which even detachment is without attachment.

* * * *

Yet another break-away moment.

* * * *

You can bet You are in other people's minds as they are in yours.

* * * *

If pink is beauty, what color is ugly?

* * * *

Some just have hard lessons ahead, no two ways about it.

* * * *

What is identity but the wind of imagination.

* * * *

Any fool can pull a trigger.

* * * *

Living for likes, what in some deity's name is the point of that?

* * * *

Archetypes all.

* * * *

To enjoy your own company, now that is a little slice of heaven.

* * * *

Desire and fear: Do You play with them, or they with You?

* * * *

The limits of science are the limits of mind.

* * * *

Always beginning, always ending, consciousness is like that.

* * * *

The whimsy of neurons and glands is ceaseless.

* * * *

An awful lot of effort for all the nothingness You can hold onto.

* * * *

What need have the dead for vanity, theirs or yours?

* * * *

Friendship without debt is the crème de la crème.

* * * *

To the far reaches of whose mind are You traveling?

* * * *

All knowledge is spun from the nothingness of the awareness prior to imagination.

* * * *

Oh, joy, more pain, how droll.

* * * *

Nothing to portend, nothing to defend.

* * * *

What is a chameleon but a dancer in whatever mists arise.

* * * *

Getting old gets old.

* * * *

What is any given moment but another set of perceptions quickly vaporizing into vague memory.

* * * *

Beneath the indifferent sun and moon, above the indifferent ground, unceasing drama.

* * * *

So much foolery from one mind to another.

* * * *

Between Mother Nature and mean, greedy people, in general, You are screwed.

* * * *

What a knack the mind has for creating every sort of bother.

* * * *

The past cannot own You but through your own consent.

* * * *

Ignorance and stupidity do not suffer mockery well.

* * * *

Is it really all about owning what You no longer want much less need?

* * * *

No one teaches anything unless the student takes the bait.

* * * *

An entire universe moving in your mind.

* * * *

More than a few untraceable memories in every mind.

* * * *

Every flower, no matter how unique, is only born once.

* * * *

What is the keyboard but the stylus of these our modern times.

* * * *

Just being, how amazing that it is not enough for so many.

* * * *

The big bang, genesis, whatever You want to call it, is still underway, and very much includes You.

* * * *

You are but an ephemeral reflection of the many-faced mystery.

* * * *

What madness so many, by the twists and turns of their nature-nurture, are called to play.

* * * *

It is all You, it is all not You, challenging as it is to endure sometimes.

* * * *

Another snippet for the neuron trail to slice into vague perception.

* * * *

There is no something for those who abide nothing.

* * * *

Is any given life really any more than a footprint in the sand in the middle of a tempest?

* * * *

Such a curious thing how so many live for what others think of them.

* * * *

Hope and pray all You please, but not being prepared is on You.

* * * *

Which tomorrow will it be today?

* * * *

Your lifetime of post-traumatic stress is well-stirred into the hearty stew your mind-body daily endures.

* * * *

Who were You before the world was invented?

* * * *

Same jungle, different metaphors.

* * * *

It may be less about the pain than how it was endured and what it taught.

* * * *

Some daze so immortal, and more than a few not.

* * * *

Is this awake enough for You?

* * * *

Little children can be so cute, and then they grow up.

* * * *

War! War! What is it good for? Well, mayhem and plunder, of course, duh.

* * * *

What is a calling, but an inexplicable inclination, whose source is unknown.

* * * *

Largeness is a matter of degree, but at what point is something too big or too small?

* * * *

Revenge: Sometimes a long memory thing; sometimes something best remedied quickly.

* * * *

What is worse than stupid, but annoyingly stupid.

* * * *

Nothing happened again today.

* * * *

You are the hunger for everything; You are its cessation.

* * * *

There may be security in numbers if You are in the right set of numbers.

* * * *

Opinions: Everyone’s got them, and all, meaningless as they are, seem real enough at the time.

* * * *

Attitude is all: Innocence can be rekindled if You so choose.

* * * *

Ethical dilemmas and esoteric quandaries are both luxuries of a full belly.

* * * *

All knowing is ultimately nothing more than imagination pretending itself real.

* * * *

The price of the ticket: Injury, illness, decline, death.

* * * *

In the very still, here-now moment, not a hint of memory is abided.

* * * *

In the ultimate reality, have You ever even once moved?

* * * *

And how would You like spending your entire life in a cage?

* * * *

Nothing happens in a vacuum.

* * * *

And the difference between humankind and Killer Bees is what again?

* * * *

Even a tiny slice of too much is too much sometimes.

* * * *

The optimist's delusion, the cynic's joy, the pessimist's creed, the fool's preserve.

* * * *

Wind and waves are only different in quantum inflection.

* * * *

If the soul is awareness, is it any less indifferent than the universe from which it is spawned?

* * * *

What is identity but a voluntary assertion.

* * * *

Nobody is anybody without someone else to witness it.

* * * *

There is no higher authority, nor any authority, actually.

* * * *

Freedom is just a word, eternal awareness its only reality.

* * * *

And what else could be said of it?

* * * *

What irony that so many expect of others what they cannot nor would ever do.

* * * *

Same stardust in every eye.

* * * *

Namaste, to all brothers, all sisters, all critters of every hue and cry.

* * * *

History is laced with many a shallow grave.

* * * *

The mystery is neither good nor evil as much as it is indifferent.

* * * *

A worthy aphorism takes You to the hint of the moment that inspired it.

* * * *

Very funny in a very unfunny sort of way.

* * * *

This moment is effortless … All You need do is let go … Bwahahaha …

* * * *

Is the freedom imagined by consciousness really freedom?

* * * *

The tree rings of imagination weave through the dream You play.

* * * *

Is any future but a projected past?

* * * *

All that treasury donated to mere ideas, hopes, and dreams.

* * * *

Creator and creation, how can they be separate in the ultimate sense, really?

* * * *

Can You hear what does not interest You, or what You are not ready for?

* * * *

The quantum plays out every pattern with immaculate perfection.

* * * *

Tyranny hath no bounds but compassion born in the eye of self-refection.

* * * *

In all futures past and all pasts future, You ever are the same eternal nowness.

* * * *

Swimming on two legs in a quantum sea, You are, You are.

* * * *

A little hunger makes everything more tasty.

* * * *

Breathe content, breathe free.

* * * *

Brilliance lights every nuance the mind is capable of harvesting.

* * * *

Might be better to look to your own glass house than to play the judge in so many others.

* * * *

It will never be done.

* * * *

The iron is not well struck when it is cold.

* * * *

What touches You but that which is allowed to weave your thoughts?

* * * *

What is age but the same wind blowing through tattered sails.

* * * *

No one can be that I Am That You are but You.

* * * *

The potential for mindless dogma is a shadow in every thought.

* * * *

Life is bumpy for all, harsh for many, brutal for the unlucky rest.

* * * *

We are all a bit eccentric about ourselves and our worldview, are we not?

* * * *

Nothing romantic about nothing.

* * * *

You need not keep the world in your head all the time.

* * * *

Squeezing out the last few bitter drops: Is that the wisest course of action?

* * * *

The predictability! The predictability!

* * * *

Just because You do not want to look at it does not make it untrue.

* * * *

Time skewers all.

* * * *

Cannot kill what was never born.

* * * *

Peace is not the opposite of anything; it is the cessation of everything.

* * * *

Boo, I see You.

* * * *

For a few moments, be the inside of your eyelids.

* * * *

The human paradigm is like cement hardening into dystopian chaos.

* * * *

Curiosity does not abide time well.

* * * *

We only get wrinkled and gray on the outside.

* * * *

What is the saturation point of your realm of consciousness?

* * * *

In every breath, in every step, the unchanging.

* * * *

Alas, that tired old ankle just does not turn as pretty as it did in that vague way-back-when.

* * * *

There is but one witness at the source of all things.

* * * *

Awareness is the stillness of the silent Om.

* * * *

Good and evil exist only in imagination; the ultimate is quite free of either.

* * * *

Locked up in a prison of flesh and bones, You are, You are, until death comes with the key.

* * * *

Cynicism is just seeing things for what they are, not what they appear to be.

* * * *

Best face your demons if You are ever to discern they are nothing but imaginary notions.

* * * *

How sweet the solitude of the cosmic mind.

* * * *

Mum's the word.

* * * *

How could stars across the cosmos shine so without the light of your awareness?

* * * *

Just because You choose not to go there does not mean it is not there.

* * * *

None alike, all alike.

* * * *

A wedding ring may as well include a ball and chain the way some approach relationship.

* * * *

The eternal moment perceives no wind, no attributes, whatsoever.

* * * *

The co-dependencies ebb and flow unfathomably across the pale.

* * * *

We are all but glimmers of the sun's glory, and fertilizer for the earth's abundance.

* * * *

How many names of god are we all the time arguing about, anyway?

* * * *

How can any seed be more than a one-shot blueprint?

* * * *

Anticipation can be far more painful than many a consequence.

* * * *

Death humbles all.

* * * *

Polite applause for a show over-well done.

* * * *

The smoke of consciousness whirls and curls in the sea of awareness.

* * * *

Imagination is the time machine in which You daily travel.

* * * *

That to which You cling is never real.

* * * *

Some secrets should never be told.

* * * *

To be utterly alone in the swirl of consciousness, that is the momentary challenge.

* * * *

This trumps everything.

* * * *

No middleman for these words; You are on your own.

* * * *

Yet another uncoupled couple.

* * * *

Some people just always seem to pick the wrong horses.

* * * *

What is consciousness but eternity playing in time.

* * * *

How accurate is any story, really?

* * * *

You are as infinitesimal or infinite as You imagine.

* * * *

Anticipation is the stagecraft of suffering.

* * * *

The winds of nature-nature partner up to write the program sometimes called fate.

* * * *

Eternity is free, and spent before You know it.

* * * *

Aloneness, be okay with it.

* * * *

What is death but that good night's sleep for which You have long yearned.

* * * *

Truth is not about dogma, idols, or fairy tales.

* * * *

How did You function before the ascendancy of the ego identity? Effortlessly, of course.

* * * *

What adaptive effort it takes for all the other critters to survive us.

* * * *

DNA plays out whatever cards are drawn, whatever dice are thrown.

* * * *

It is only other-worldly if You cannot bring it to this one.

* * * *

There is nothing to contemplate.

* * * *

Curious how all other religions are the idolatry of false gods but their own.

* * * *

A child does not build sandcastles but to ward off the King of the Sea.

* * * *

Psst … look … the veil is moving … and You are not.

* * * *

Prior to the passionate mind, a sea of tranquility.

* * * *

Once the door to inquiry is unblocked, the quest will never stop for those bent on truth.

* * * *

A metaphor is only as useful as it is understood.

* * * *

What is meditation if not abiding in the awakened-snooze-button zone?

* * * *

All paths are uncertain, even the known ones.

* * * *

You are the equal witness in all.

* * * *

An exponentially accelerating world, in which no solution is viable.

* * * *

We all cherry-pick our modus operandi from those whose lives we travel.

* * * *

History is an ever-leaking bucket of metaphors.

* * * *

More to forget.

* * * *

The emptiness! The emptiness!

* * * *

It is all You in every shape and time imaginable.

* * * *

Ruminating over what never was, what never will be.

* * * *

A world of personalities; one quantum Soul, one quantum Self.

* * * *

Align with your assumptions, and what do You got? Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo.

* * * *

No response is the response.

* * * *

How my imaginary ego views your imaginary ego is the story between us.

* * * *

Guilt is heady stuff.

* * * *

What is any god-man but the one who realizes the witness within for what it truly is.

* * * *

Vanity is the poof of human egocentricity.

* * * *

Letting go of everything is the living death of eternal life.

* * * *

Easy to be fierce on a keyboard.

* * * *

It is all just a big game of pretend, a make-believe-to-be-or-not-to-be theater from the get-go.

* * * *

So many ways to die; which will be yours?

* * * *

Love is at best a many-splendored paradox, and at worst a cruel hoax.

* * * *

None of this exists, really, so go home whenever it suits You and the given circumstance.

* * * *

What is effortlessness but a calm indifference.

* * * *

By the time You read such as this, You likely have your own show pretty much down.

* * * *

No, that is not You.

* * * *

Though the patterns recycle again and again, no mind can ever think the same.

* * * *

What if You do not want to care anymore?

* * * *

You are only a prisoner of time if You allow it to reign your mind.

* * * *

Putting the human species on a pedestal is nothing more than self-serving absurdity.

* * * *

Through all potentials, You are.

* * * *

What is belief but believing in so many things; all of it, in fact.

* * * *

Vanity can always find ways to hurt itself if that is its inclination.

* * * *

Eternity cannot be discerned through the veil of time.

* * * *

History is but a fluke of evolution.

* * * *

Easy answers are not necessarily true; true answers are not necessarily easy.

* * * *

Is it even worth arguing about anymore?

* * * *

The mind is a weather system unto its Self.

* * * *

To go postal, or not to go postal, that is the question.

* * * *

The matrix is both infinitesimally and infinitely singular.

* * * *

So committed to our little parts that we die to play them.

* * * *

Doubt is not something that can be inspired or forced.

* * * *

How could any deity-upon-high ever compete with your vanity?

* * * *

Wandering from veil to veil does not for freedom make.

* * * *

Why is it necessary to believe in anything when just being is mystery enough.

* * * *

Saving the world one whale, one bottle cap, one computer chip, at a time.

* * * *

What name can withstand the test of timelessness?

* * * *

Sometimes the ocean, sometimes the crashing waves.

* * * *

History is best used as a tool for reflection, not an end in itself.

* * * *

Consequences, consequences.

* * * *

What is betrayal but trust forever lost.

* * * *

Every history a black hole of inaccuracy.

* * * *

The awakening is in each and every moment for those capable of giving it full attention.

* * * *

Martyrdom has a way of sculpting vanity immortal.

* * * *

Technology cannot forever plug the dike of its ever-accelerating exponential creation.

* * * *

God is but another of imagination's countless inventions.

* * * *

It might be said You can just about do anything if You approach it with due moderation.

* * * *

The Wild West of imagination is without end.

* * * *

Discern the state neither empty or full.

* * * *

Think streaming in a multi-dimensional, timeless sense.

* * * *

What puny gods to which these mortals bleat.

* * * *

Kick the world out and in aloneness dwell.

* * * *

Stories can disclose great truths, but they can also mask even greater lies.

* * * *

The drama! The drama!

* * * *

What more could there possibly be but this here, this now, forever.

* * * *

Tears or laughter, it washes out the same.

* * * *

Let go, be free.

* * * *

Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

* * * *

The art of any given creation includes knowing when to stop.

* * * *

Another monkey getting his dime's worth.

* * * *

A mind washed free of its chatter is a mind in which the eternal life like a lotus abides.

* * * *

And soon it will never have mattered at all.

* * * *

Probably best not to use words like human and sane in the same sentence.

* * * *

Another sacrifice to the Vanities

* * * *

The mind that accumulates only falls into an agony of daily proportion.

* * * *

At what age have You not been You?

* * * *

The creative process is to die for.

* * * *

To day, or not to day, that is the question.

* * * *

Rats and cockroaches never had it so good.

* * * *

What is desire but a primal hunger on steroids in consciousness.

* * * *

Does entitlement ever work out well for long?

* * * *

You do not need a piece of paper to doubt a lie.

* * * *

Process is the timeless state of mind from which all artistry is born.

* * * *

Is life war? Is life peace? Depends on the given day.

* * * *

What can be wrong about any linguistic spin that conveys meaning?

* * * *

Let pride be someone else's problem.

* * * *

If You want respect, You must give respect, even if You do not mean it.

* * * *

Another day, same game.

* * * *

Fits right in to the murky edge beyond the pale.

* * * *

Yet another lost generation.

* * * *

Curious how so many have no ability to self-reflect beyond their vanity.

* * * *

Though it is but a brief dream, your mortal fate is unchangeable and inescapable.

* * * *

It is not your pay grade to know.

* * * *

Today is tomorrow in some yesterday.

* * * *

Nothing is true all the time.

* * * *

There is, to be sure, one in everything.

* * * *

The seeker who discerns and abides that which is sought attains the peace of the eternal mind.

* * * *

Time: A delusion of an illusion.

* * * *

We cannot help our beginnings, only parlay the endings.

* * * *

Suicide is just not waiting for someone or something else to make the inevitable decision.

* * * *

Details, details, in which hell resides.

* * * *

Have You not done that enough?

* * * *

You have already been given the reward: It is called life.

* * * *

In a world, a universe of possibilities, the Great Quantum explores all.

* * * *

Attempt to describe your Self however You please, the sounds never even for a moment stick.

* * * *

Why be critical of something You no longer are? Love thy Self.

* * * *

Big mind, little mind, same thing but for the cloak of divisibility over the latter.

* * * *

The butterfly wing's flap, the elephant's belch, the snake's slither, the gnat's fart, all connected.

* * * *

Beware those who want to lead You.

* * * *

When there is nothing left to eat, we will eat each other.

* * * *

Why be anything more than what the moment calls for?

* * * *

You can imagine it whatever You will, or just be it, pure and still.

* * * *

It was technology that created the problem; it will not be technology that solves it.

* * * *

Not harming others is a challenge; not harming your mind-body even more so.

* * * *

The world is really nothing more than a spinning ball of distraction.

* * * *

Ever rending then mending that which is indivisibly flawless.

* * * *

What care blackboards for all the chalky scribblings that come and go like clouds in the sky?

* * * *

Naught but an imaginary dream, the smoke of time wafts where it will.

* * * *

Awareness is the ether in which earth, wind, water, and fire dance in consciousness.

* * * *

When is just enough just enough?

* * * *

Go blank.

* * * *

What is awareness but a bubble of immeasurable potential.

* * * *

Every mind a new genesis.

* * * *

And what indicators are You using to field that little play of delusion?

* * * *

It is your universe; explore it as You will.

* * * *

You have in the ultimate reality always been wrestling with your Self.

* * * *

Consciousness, it can be enjoyable, it can be painful, but not for more than a moment at a time.

* * * *

Immortality of the mortal kind.

* * * *

Looking back in the vague traces of memory, has not the awareness always been the same?

* * * *

The stew of mortality is daily stirred anew.

* * * *

We are all that which is the ultimate, but not in any way we think.

* * * *

A spoonful of anticipation is the best way to solve a problem.

* * * *

A well-rounded, science-based, agnostic education makes for intellectual sobriety.

* * * *

There is no figurative in the inquiry into Self.

* * * *

All fates are sculpted by the same wind.

* * * *

Life is best served raw.

* * * *

A Frankenstein world cannot be undone.

* * * *

Rest assured that your vanity and my vanity are equally absurd.

* * * *

It may be less about what You do than what You be.

* * * *

Any offer requires an acceptance for it not to die on the vine.

* * * *

Time is full of immortalized thinkers, many of whom were likely not all that likeable in person.

* * * *

Round and round the tent You may go, but your assumptions color the show.

* * * *

The winds that sculpt any mind-body are uniquely imagined.

* * * *

What is rational, and what is not rational, need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

The things for which we settle in the much ado about nothing.

* * * *

That we relentlessly battle over differences in vibration, how silly is that?

* * * *

Do not try, do; do not imitate, be.

* * * *

If You have ‘woken up’ to your satisfaction, who else is there to convince or please?

* * * *

Are You really what You think, are You really what You know?

* * * *

How can intolerance ever do anything but spin into more of the same?

* * * *

Normal is yet another time-bound concept, as real as any other ever is, ever was, will ever be.

* * * *

The best way to deal with problems is to anticipate them before they have a chance to bud.

* * * *

Ultimately You are as wacko as everyone else in this genetic lottery, so humble up, Pilgrim.

* * * *

Stardust in any other form, by any other name, does vibrate the same.

* * * *

Far larger than any puny vision this world has ever inspired.

* * * *

All differences are cast of the same stardust.

* * * *

Dissolve into the one mind where awareness is the eternal all and nothing.

* * * *

Count your blessings, for they may well be more than many can ever hope to be allotted.

* * * *

The creative moment is not something anticipated.

* * * *

No point complaining about that which You did not rise to change.

* * * *

No belief can achieve what You already are.

* * * *

To pretend to know what You cannot: How can You lie to your Self like that?

* * * *

What is the moment but a puff of nothing pretending something.

* * * *

Vague, selective, hazy, imprecise: all memories are like that.

* * * *

Was it You that did it, or You that witnessed the doing?

* * * *

The ripples of all things dystopian will be sloshing large before it is over.

* * * *

Technology only makes the lonely lonelier.

* * * *

Noteworthy to those relatively few who take interest in such things.

* * * *

The joy of the spontaneous-arbitrary is a dance with which only the free tango.

* * * *

Just another megalomaniac, yawn and ho-hum.

* * * *

And what is gray, and what is not gray, need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

Your existence works the way your mind works.

* * * *

How can any translation be anything but subjective?

* * * *

It is as finite or infinite as You imagine it to be, and nothing all the while.

* * * *

If only for a short while.

* * * *

Not the same and exactly the same all the while.

* * * *

Any assertion that You are this or that, or that or this, is entirely imagined.

* * * *

If someone gives You his/her best, what more can You ask?

* * * *

It takes a matrix.

* * * *

Discern your fate ultimately no different than any other particle of stardust.

* * * *

Assumptions are not knowing.

* * * *

Passion is but the wind of mind.

* * * *

And what good does caring about so many things really do?

* * * *

Allow your Self to wander the unbidden trails.

* * * *

He who needs least has most; he who wants least endures all.

* * * *

Pass it on, or at least what You can.

* * * *

Perception rides the neuron trails, gradually sculpting them into their nature-nurture fate.

* * * *

And at what point would the wind ever think it existed?

* * * *

For what can any cynic hope but that this is a one-life stand?

* * * *

Dominos rarely fall one at a time, or slowly.

* * * *

Who is ever truly homeless within these carnal shores?

* * * *

How similar forgiveness and execution.

* * * *

No matter how You fill it, time passes in the does-not-matter, matter of it all.

* * * *

What is the sound of dominos falling?

* * * *

As if there is no tomorrow.

* * * *

Is your existence any more than a streaming sack of vaporous habits?

* * * *

What is nirvana but a Self-induced high.

* * * *

Keep listening, keep reading; it may make sense one of these daze.

* * * *

A world filled with media babies.

* * * *

Chances are, You are the tool of one entitlement or another, likely many.

* * * *

Mind pouring out on paper.

* * * *

What is pointless? And what is not pointless? Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

An awful lot of monkey in there.

* * * *

The world did not matter when You were young, why should it matter now?

* * * *

Of awareness and nothingness, how can they be distinguished as anything but one in the same.

* * * *

Why hold on to a lie?

* * * *

What is church but a lot of good walks missed.

* * * *

Every moment is the spontaneous combustion, the spontaneous selection, of the quantum fever.

* * * *

To whose black and white are You perchance referring?

* * * *

Cannot help a dream that will not help itself.

* * * *

Indifferent to all creation, You are.

* * * *

What is desire but fantasy that makes the mind-body go round and round in a bath of endorphins.

* * * *

You cannot have the one without the other.

* * * *

Why worship many gods or even one when You are that which is prior to all?

* * * *

Attachment to outcomes is a sure road to perdition.

* * * *

It all so does not matter.

* * * *

And what is caring, and what is not caring, need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

If You wander the given moment untrammeled by thought, where are You but the eternal?

* * * *

You are irony, You are paradox, why entertain limitation?

* * * *

The Wanting Game: The no-life spent buying more of what was never needed in the first place.

* * * *

Scientific objectivity is flushed down the drain, when funding dictates a self-serving outcome.

* * * *

And where, pray tell, is this duality to which your senses and mind are so inclined?

* * * *

It is imagination that spends itself, consumes itself, as it is in awareness, witnessed by its Self.

* * * *

The winds of consciousness are stilled by attention to the awareness through which it blows.

* * * *

Mental illness is the common denominator of the human paradigm.

* * * *

Was the fruit of the garden knowledge or pride, and is there a difference?

* * * *

A foolish, sometimes even dangerous thing, to assume responsibility for what another is thinking.

* * * *

Who can predict where evolution will take this ravaged garden.

* * * *

In the everything of all, what is left undone? What is not left undone?

* * * *

You are not the thought, You are not the sensation, the manifest theater is but a temporal cloak.

* * * *

Fear not naught, for how frightening can naught be?

* * * *

That You exist is entirely in the head that is not really yours.

* * * *

Always interesting how we enjoy, whether alone or together, hearing ourselves talk.

* * * *

Sometimes the intuitive, sometimes the counterintuitive.

* * * *

Every imaginable vanity skyrocketing exponentially.

* * * *

Discernment is all.

* * * *

Imagination feeds upon itself.

* * * *

Is there a fate that inspires You enough to give your life over to it?

* * * *

Is civilization really anything more than organized savagery slathered with pretense?

* * * *

Let us count the ways want and need incessantly appear and disappear.

* * * *

So many stirred pots so quickly forgotten.

* * * *

Products of evolution, of natural selection, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

S/he who is master of his/her breath is master of his/her universe.

* * * *

What do You and a worm have in common if not the clay of all origins.

* * * *

Projection is all.

* * * *

What else do You so desperately not need?

* * * *

You live the given life, and history does with You what it will.

* * * *

Awareness, the mother of all dimensions.

* * * *

Another day of the mind in time be done-done-gone-gone-long-long.

* * * *

Life is a game that only matters while it is being played, and more to some than others.

* * * *

We are all beginners here; get over your Self.

* * * *

You are of the source of all things, of all dimensions, of all known and unknown.

* * * *

Losing one or more of the senses can certainly change the context of one's existence.

* * * *

Pleasure, what of it?

* * * *

Anything created by the mind is of dubious value in the ultimate view of things.

* * * *

Call it feedback.

* * * *

Open up to the vast maw of awareness, inexplicable host to consciousness.

* * * *

And every day You slog on in your little dream of time.

* * * *

All are punish'd.

* * * *

The desire to continue must cease, if fear, co-creator of the human mind, is to loose its fell grip.

* * * *

Religion and philosophy are really nothing more than much ado over nothing.

* * * *

What is cold, what is hot, but mortal limitation.

* * * *

You are the origin, but be very still to discern its no-paradigm paradigm.

* * * *

Oh, indifferent quantum.

* * * *

Neither young nor old, eternally unborn You are.

* * * *

What goals can ever long matter to the mind bent on process its Self?

* * * *

How important anything else when nothing will do?

* * * *

Life is cruel, and more for some than others.

* * * *

You are as likely as forgotten or misplaced or misperceived in their heads as they are in yours.

* * * *

It is your mind; kick the other out.

* * * *

What small gods are divined by the synergy of any given mob.

* * * *

We chat up, we chase, whatever interests us.

* * * *

It is always the first time in the sunshine of the eternal mind.

* * * *

Be formless.

* * * *

You keep coming back, why?

* * * *

Creation is a never-ending spigot of stardust streaming.

* * * *

How can You prove the obvious? And why would You need to?

* * * *

All problems have a solution … creation … preservation … destruction … all have their moment.

* * * *

History streams on, its passing untarnished by wisdom.

* * * *

Gravity is a jealous lover.

* * * *

The no-knowing mind knows all on the long and winding road.

* * * *

How wearing cruelty and malice.

* * * *

An ideal only means You are not really serious about it.

* * * *

Death is ultimately neither figurative or literal because that which is born can never die.

* * * *

The crows are flying, winter is coming.

* * * *

Faith abides delusion much more happily than doubt.

* * * *

What is not blasphemy to someone somewhere?

* * * *

What You have got to go through to become your Self, Jesus Christos, what a friggin' bother.

* * * *

Be the sugar unspun.

* * * *

Another moment closer to that last wheezing breath.

* * * *

The truest believer, the truest faith, is agnostic.

* * * *

Veering away from the time-bound is a rare feat in any mind.

* * * *

So much history to ignore in these our modern times.

* * * *

What is the world but a ceaseless battle between the vested interests of every rhyme and reason.

* * * *

No limits but what consciousness imagines.

* * * *

What has an asshole got to do to get some respect around here?

* * * *

All that stuff You own: How much You really need, how much do You really use?

* * * *

The no-mountain mountain stands tall in your mind.

* * * *

Emotion is a foggy assumption.

* * * *

Reverence? Pray tell, for what, when nothing rules the roost.

* * * *

The future has so many issues, it does not even know how many issues it has.

* * * *

Every life an epic.

* * * *

Animals with consciousness, a dangerous combination, indeed.

* * * *

Mastering the mind, what greater challenge?

* * * *

We done killed off just about everything but our own mind.

* * * *

What a fool to be so wise.

* * * *

Sustenance, security, and procreation are the primary directives common to all life forms.

* * * *

A paradigm-shifter, indeed, if You have the eye for it.

* * * *

You think You are … You think You are … You think You are …

* * * *

After all that, this.

* * * *

What is ego but a psychic barrier built by imagination.

* * * *

One is not without the other.

* * * *

Why would You ever let anyone think for You?

* * * *

Much a-doing about nothing.

* * * *

Every generation pays one price or another for its little window of history's unfolding.

* * * *

The banter of fools is remedied by solitude.

* * * *

It is much less about who You were than who You are.

* * * *

No one conquers a mountain any more than an ant does a picnic table.

* * * *

You were never born; what is to celebrate?

* * * *

Only in imagination are dreams made true.

* * * *

Takes a lot of discipline to live life well, and even that is no guarantee.

* * * *

Any offer is only as good as its acceptance.

* * * *

Inanity hath no bounds.

* * * *

What is a full life but more to forget.

* * * *

That new is always better is dubious, even shallow notion; the same with old.

* * * *

You can only see as far as imagination allows.

* * * *

Meaning and purpose, why?

* * * *

Life is a gift in which You best be present to win.

* * * *

Yes, folks, it can happen here.

* * * *

This is one whacked out dream, of that there is no denial.

* * * *

Judge and You will find yourself wanting.

* * * *

The ancients painted the broad strokes: modern times color in the nuances.

* * * *

No one is teacher for all.

* * * *

It be a tail wagging the dog world.

* * * *

Wisdom is the game of fools.

* * * *

Is that so?

* * * *

The agnostic mind – completely open to the given moment – is actually the highest spiritual state.

* * * *

What is a bell curve but the graph of any given Ponzi Scheme.

* * * *

Open your mind up to the great expanse of awareness, and You will see it all You.

* * * *

Witness.

* * * *

Why feel the need to be defined by some other's limits?

* * * *

Eventually even the emptiness is empty.

* * * *

The illicit You eschew today, is a clear conscience tomorrow.

* * * *

Each of us has our own fate in mind.

* * * *

Why would You not take an all-inclusive galactic view in your exploration of this mystery?

* * * *

A quietude emerges, and the lotus mind blossoms.

* * * *

Seriously, how could anything ever really matter?

* * * *

Humankind's ascension to the summit of the food chain is a bloody heap, indeed.

* * * *

The lie that imagination built is founded upon temporal whimsy.

* * * *

Do not cower at death, the Reaper has no power but through fear.

* * * *

Matter is as matter does, no matter all the while.

* * * *

Good and evil will always require great insight to discern the lack of difference between them.

* * * *

What is beauty but a promise destined to be broken.

* * * *

Empty or full – Empty is as empty does, full is as full does – it is what it is.

* * * *

World weariness is just running out of adrenaline for absurdity.

* * * *

Life is a hardy brew.

* * * *

Natural selection, do not leave home without it.

* * * *

Feel the Reaper's breath, soft upon the back of your neck, just below the hairline.

* * * *

Every life form but a means to procreate its genomic sequence.

* * * *

After all that book learning – all those stories, all those facts, all those tools – what next?

* * * *

What is it You so badly want that You will ride the bucking tailspin of the fear it inspires?

* * * *

If You wish to lead, You must become very hard, therefore Buddha.

* * * *

Why not You?

* * * *

What to do when the mind is no longer hungry.

* * * *

How full are You, how much room for more into that which can never be filled?

* * * *

Without imagination, what can there possibly be?

* * * *

Yes, it can happen here.

* * * *

Can You see, can You hear, can You smell, can You taste, can You feel, what You do not know?

* * * *

If You are willing to be honest with your Self, trust that inner voice.

* * * *

Yesterday, today, tomorrow, are merely variations of the ever-present now.

* * * *

All self-imagery is but the lie of imagination.

* * * *

Wit is as witty as irony and paradox allow.

* * * *

To doubt, or not to doubt, that is the question.

* * * *

What is need? What is want? And how full is the closet between?

* * * *

Die another now.

* * * *

You are all things, and none of them all the while.

* * * *

Even the gutter has a path to glory.

* * * *

Every life form small to great is but a pattern, a quantum receiving unit in the slot allotted.

* * * *

Justify your existence? Why? And to whom?

* * * *

Do nothing well.

* * * *

The show was all but over once Nature became a resource and its vastness owned.

* * * *

No man is an island but he is.

* * * *

What happened at any point of your dreamtime only matters if You hold onto it.

* * * *

Humankind, the ultimate natural disaster.

* * * *

It may or may not be necessarily so much what You do, as the attention to which You give it.

* * * *

Kill them all, no mercy.

* * * *

Is it arrogant to think such thoughts, or arrogant not to?

* * * *

Consuming experience like a waterwheel.

* * * *

Just because You are disturbed hearing something, does not mean it is not true.

* * * *

Nothing is like that.

* * * *

No need to pretend something is what it is not, never has been, and will never be.

* * * *

You will care for as long as You feel like caring.

* * * *

A koan is the answer to that for which no answer is available.

* * * *

The fiercest, most frightening demon is the other born of your own imagination.

* * * *

The harshest lesson of any entitlement is that all someday end.

* * * *

The pen is only mightier than the sword as long as it is sheathed.

* * * *

Sometimes the intuitive, sometime the counterintuitive, irony and paradox at the helm.

* * * *

The superficial always offers an enticing distraction.

* * * *

Why would You need to be any form, much less a human being, ever again?

* * * *

More of what You never wanted that badly in the first place.

* * * *

Fear, where does it take You, and what is the point?

* * * *

Keep throwing stones into the still pool, and pretty soon it becomes a raging sea.

* * * *

What part can be, but of the whole, discern it or not.

* * * *

The eternal awareness, is prior to manifestation, prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Despite what the sensory feed suggests, the universe has never been a linear creation.

* * * *

Life happens until death sees fit to pop the blister.

* * * *

To questions where there are no answers, silence.

* * * *

There is no mind.

* * * *

What is a seer but a seeker minus two letters.

* * * *

Even a gazillion incarnations is ever the same youness.

* * * *

How tiring to pretend interest in things that no longer interest You.

* * * *

It is an awareness too profound for the linear mind caught in time to even begin to conceive.

* * * *

The dead live only in the minds of those who remember.

* * * *

Across every play of mind for all time, it has ever been the same.

* * * *

A gift? A curse? Good? Bad? What difference, really?

* * * *

Only in the stillness of mind is vanity waylaid.

* * * *

Wander empty.

* * * *

Time is death, life is eternal.

* * * *

Was oblivion really so vapid that You had to do this to your Self?

* * * *

There is no more: So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

What is any history but vanity given the weight of time.

* * * *

Who, what, where, when, why, how … will be the last man or woman or child standing?

* * * *

Do either abused or entitled children ever easily fare well?

* * * *

Nothing stays the same, everything stays the same.

* * * *

Suffer well, friend, suffer well.

* * * *

Since when has any god's will not been the confabulation of one mind or another?

* * * *

All too predictable for words.

* * * *

Questions without answer hear only their own echoes, and believe them true.

* * * *

Revenge has a long memory, and payback can be meted out in many ways in many tempos.

* * * *

The abyss equally grinds all notions into the indivisible they always were.

* * * *

To what itsy-bitsy slice, to what itsy-bitsy smidgen, of the infinite does the finite pertain?

* * * *

Eternity is an indifferent bull ride upon which no form long stays astride.

* * * *

Both truths and lies are spun from the same nothingness of imagination.

* * * *

Any given technology is only as useful as the person using it.

* * * *

What are words, what is language, but the boundaries of concept, the limitations of imagination.

* * * *

There are apt to be a few splinters where You are straddling that fence.

* * * *

Arguing over which imaginary conceptual framework is better, how pointless is that?

* * * *

Nothing has ever happened.

* * * *

That most esoteric doubt launches many a mind into parts unknown.

* * * *

What can exist without the mind melding its eternal creation.

* * * *

Me, my Self, and I in the most absolute sense.

* * * *

Red pill, blue pill, all the same, just a different vision of it.

* * * *

And then the cancer turned upon itself.

* * * *

Does it ring true? the only real question.

* * * *

You are only as free as You allow others to be.

* * * *

What is the whole mind? What is not the whole mind?

* * * *

Why give a gnat's ass for some meaningless confabulation?

* * * *

Once upon a time, in a now long ago …

* * * *

In the expanses of eternity, no sound long echoes.

* * * *

Wisdom is the flower of doubt, and doubt the esoteric seed.

* * * *

The seed of doubt, how will it flower?

* * * *

Awareness, through which speeding bullets and rays of light, must pass, to be.

* * * *

What is the universe but a vast and ever-expanding petri dish.

* * * *

For everything there is a price for which your mind-body must pay.

* * * *

To be born You must someday die: Is the life You are living worth the price of the ticket?

* * * *

Chew on it however You will, the tasteless is prior to all sensory notions.

* * * *

Details and subtleties, how they do create hells in their rabbit holes.

* * * *

Passion is the root of all evil.

* * * *

Everything appears and disappears within the indivisibility in which all eternally abide.

* * * *

Look with the inner eye at the feast of nothingness set out before You.

* * * *

Smoke gets in your eye.

* * * *

Killing each other over one tribal set or another, how ridiculous is that?

* * * *

How great can the Great Spirit be if it is locked in any form?

* * * *

Discern the indivisible: See it, hear it, taste it, smell it, feel it, be it.

* * * *

How is it that what is, is not enough for so many?

* * * *

So many lies history has fed You.

* * * *

How can that which is ever-changing ever be real?

* * * *

Desire and fear are nothing more than habits of the sensory mind-body.

* * * *

Alone, be.

* * * *

To discern whether or not there is mind without mythos is an epic journey of its own.

* * * *

Cut off the head of desire, and what is there left to dread?

* * * *

Forever is nothing more than a projection of vanity.

* * * *

Love is best done unconditionally or not at all.

* * * *

Morality and ethics are the antithesis of our Darwinian roots.

* * * *

A cosmos of one.

* * * *

Fair, the other four-letter F-word.

* * * *

Curiosity killed the cat, and it will not hesitate to take your number, too.

* * * *

Awareness is a still sea through which consciousness is the only churning.

* * * *

History is an albatross, sometimes boon, sometimes bane, to any given modern world.

* * * *

You are not the vehicle; the vehicle is not You.

* * * *

To quantum, or not to quantum, that is the question.

* * * *

Awareness, now, what more is there, really?

* * * *

History is only rarely written by the losers, and even more rarely by the dead.

* * * *

What is any history but a collection of half-truths all too often given cultish credence.

* * * *

You must navigate your Self home.

* * * *

What a show: indivisibly divisible, perfectly imperfect, consciously unconscious.

* * * *

Language is but sound steeped in concept.

* * * *

What is death but a dreamless sleep blanketed by every sort of notion.

* * * *

Ugly generally only gets uglier, and beauty, too.

* * * *

All this bother, for nothing.

* * * *

Despite all efforts to the contrary, there is not even one universe the same.

* * * *

All life must play out its nature-nurture, and the reflection into which is cast.

* * * *

Resistance is futile, and all delusions about it meaningless.

* * * *

Individuality is the assumption of imagination, as is everything else.

* * * *

Why call it anything?

* * * *

It is the differences that prove how alike all things truly are.

* * * *

Self-promotion on a quantum scale.

* * * *

History is chock-full of nebulous assumptions, about which our attachment harbors few bounds.

* * * *

The instinctual mind caught up in consciousness is a voracious beast.

* * * *

So many things that just do not matter, and never did, never will.

* * * *

Your universe is your muse.

* * * *

The voice of mystery is within all.

* * * *

Inhale deeply, inhale mindfully, exhale fully, exhale mindfully.

* * * *

What is great courage but great disregard for fear's imbedded shadow.

* * * *

Any given life is shaped by the courage with which it is faced.

* * * *

Just putting in the time, in whatever way the serendipity calls, is my lawless.

* * * *

Every mind is drawn to a fate of its own making.

* * * *

There can be nothing without something, but there cannot be something without nothing.

* * * *

Awareness is the source code of the underlying formless.

* * * *

The mystery of existence is short no matter how long, and long no matter how short.

* * * *

You are richer than You think.

* * * *

The only wake imagination churns is the roiling of illusion and delusion.

* * * *

The hydrogen bomb was invented by whoever picked up that first rock.

* * * *

Going on and on and on to some bitter end … What point?

* * * *

Nothing is as nothing does.

* * * *

And just what does this monkey-mind keep thinking it can hold on to?

* * * *

Why do so many people force others to lie to them so often and so well?

* * * *

The universe requires that every ephemeral particle play out its ever-evolving manifest role.

* * * *

The immeasurable is immeasurable, no matter how it is spun.

* * * *

The mind is a prison of its own imaginary design.

* * * *

In the ultimate reality, You have all along been drinking your own pee and eating your own shit.

* * * *

Self-righteousness is by and large marinated in hypocrisy.

* * * *

Everything is illusion … Yes, all of it.

* * * *

A secret is not a secret unless it is kept secret.

* * * *

We are all narcissistic hedonists trying to get away with it.

* * * *

The question ‘What is Truth?’ has no answer minds known can ever fathom.

* * * *

The indivisible I Am is a formless thingless.

* * * *

And these thoughts, too, undiscerning minds may well usurp in ways beyond counting.

* * * *

To feed the beast, or not to feed the beast, that is the question.

* * * *

When it comes to the mystery, what explanation can ever really mean anything?

* * * *

There is only one monkey in the world; one monkey, with many faces.

* * * *

The pieces to any game embody the rules that move them.

* * * *

Let us note the vast chasm between tourists and travelers.

* * * *

Are You who-what-where-when-why-how You think You are, really?

* * * *

A never-ending curiosity how much drama can be fabricated upon things that do not really matter.

* * * *

Irony and paradox are the soulmates of absurdity.

* * * *

So many memories that You cannot remember them all.

* * * *

Perception is the root of all vanity.

* * * *

There is no knowing what cannot be known.

* * * *

What are dreams but the subterranean rumblings of the three vanities: the Me, the Myself, the I.

* * * *

More, still more, of what You never needed in the first place.

* * * *

The scientific mind is ever-watchful, prone to questions without conclusion.

* * * *

What is sane, what is not sane, and who cares?

* * * *

Humankind will keep rushing to the brink until there is no brink left to rush.

* * * *

Regarding inner peace, there is no controlling the mind, only observing it closely.

* * * *

What is death but the end of a universe.

* * * *

More to it than meets the eye.

* * * *

The Great Quantum giveth, and the Great Quantum taketh away.

* * * *

To do nothing is the greatest industry ever devised.

* * * *

If You do not do it, why should anyone else?

* * * *

The personal self is but a reflection of the impersonal Self.

* * * *

Embrace the nothingness You truly are.

* * * *

What more can be said of good and evil, but that they exist only in imagination.

* * * *

The mystery is a big or small as You envision it.

* * * *

If You were not here to witness it, where exactly would your version of a universe be?

* * * *

The invulnerability of oneness.

* * * *

The moment, space-time it is called, passes whether You attend to it or not.

* * * *

Judge, and You shall be judged, likely mostly by yourself.

* * * *

The world is an equal-opportunity graveyard to all vanity great or small.

* * * *

Nothing, be.

* * * *

Yet another statistic in science's long and endless trudge into oblivion.

* * * *

Here we all are waking up to another day of pretending it all real and important.

* * * *

You are here now, so be here now.

* * * *

Life can be rather a bother, and more bother, and even more bother, can it not?

* * * *

What is death but the physiological ending to what never really was in the first place.

* * * *

What indifferent beasts, the Fates.

* * * *

Cast away, Matey.

* * * *

Death erases all pretense.

* * * *

The veil of space-time masks the stillness in which it eternally emanates.

* * * *

Life in a nutshell: To be continued, to be endured, to be undone.

* * * *

So many things awry, the dominos quake at their fall.

* * * *

Every age is modern, every age is civilized.

* * * *

Maybe tomorrow, or even a day or three after.

* * * *

All in your head, all out there, nothing makes sense, nothing makes no sense, all the while.

* * * *

Arbitrary is as arbitrary does.

* * * *

What is any attachment but imaginary notion.

* * * *

How can truth ever be discerned by those who will not give the streaming moment their full attention?

* * * *

Your perception is as real and unreal as anyone else's in this quantum dreamtime.

* * * *

The human species cannot fuck with nature and expect to get away with it forever.

* * * *

How can the mystery witness its Self, but through one dream of time or another?

* * * *

The world has an unending array of mirages to continually entice your absorption in its grand illusion.

* * * *

Only in the heart of awareness can the mystery even vaguely grasp its Self.

* * * *

Resting in Peace.

* * * *

What is life but solitary confinement in sensory dreamtime.

* * * *

Time, an imaginary construct since the dawn of mind.

* * * *

If joy is the absence of sorrow, and sorrow the absence of joy, what is the absence of both?

* * * *

Round and round we all go in the rat wheel of speculation.

* * * *

It is, and is not, whatever You think it is; seek and You shall find.

* * * *

So many thoughts, so little time.

* * * *

The schism is first and foremost in your mind; it is up to You to heal it.

* * * *

Is faith anything more than dread translated into the delusion of hope?

* * * *

Your existence is but an imaginary reverie playing out in the synapses of the mind-body.

* * * *

Awareness, the font of consciousness, ever the same.

* * * *

Void are You but for the swirl of imagination.

* * * *

Nobody cares about You as much as You, and if You do not, well, so be it.

* * * *

The quantum faceless is not bound to any face, any form, any creed, any path.

* * * *

The same indivisibility within and without all.

* * * *

Nothing takes on an entirely new meaning once You see it for what it is.

* * * *

If objectivity is possible, it will not include You.

* * * *

Garbage in; diarrhea, hemorrhoids, and cancer, out.

* * * *

It is a god-eat-god universe, no matter how You measure it.

* * * *

What system can ever serve long with glass as its underpinning?

* * * *

Alas that life does not come with a rewind button.

* * * *

What judgment can awareness, need awareness, conveyer of all dreams, ever muster?

* * * *

Awareness is the witness to any sensory devise any universe might possibly create.

* * * *

The true church requires no edifice.

* * * *

Yet another parable for an audience never born.

* * * *

Humankind seems incapable of any other mode of behavior but squabbling self-interest.

* * * *

The intractable doubter settles for nothing less than the absoluteness of that which cannot be known.

* * * *

Many a someday never arrives for many a somebody,

* * * *

The wolf will find the sheep seeking its fang.

* * * *

The art of the chameleon should not be lost upon any whose theater requires vigilance.

* * * *

The terrible horrors of human history, even demons sometimes shudder to fathom.

* * * *

There they go again playing the pedestal game.

* * * *

You get plus-or-minus ten years of innocence, and then spend whatever's left paying for it.

* * * *

Yet another day in the never-ending dialectic.

* * * *

Even the most impenetrable rock cannot withstand eternity for more than an instant.

* * * *

And what will You do when all that glory is but a fading memory?

* * * *

Empty in, empty out, empty every who-what-where-when-why-how between and betwixt.

* * * *

You do not do nothing; You be nothing.

* * * *

Peace is right here, right now, if You have the wit to endure it.

* * * *

What is life but organized goo?

* * * *

The everything and the nothing is built upon irony and paradox.

* * * *

How many zeroes will satiate your greed?

* * * *

What is death but the end of time, the end of yesterday and tomorrow.

* * * *

The metaphor without is the metaphor within.

* * * *

Assumptions, all.

* * * *

What point to spending your existence trying to please people You will never even meet?

* * * *

God's will and your will, how are they not the same?

* * * *

What is so absorbing about the idolatry of an imaginary god in the human psyche?

* * * *

'Tis the rare beast who strides across the universe in his mind's eye.

* * * *

Organized religions are designed to make people stupid and weak.

* * * *

Is any history ever anything more than a collection of vague perceptions?

* * * *

As forever as never can ever be.

* * * *

The babblery of humankind is unceasing and unrepentant.

* * * *

No harbor can withstand the tsunamis of time.

* * * *

How aware is awareness without the wind of consciousness to create and explore its empty expanse?

* * * *

Pretty hard to see clearly when your head is up your ass.

* * * *

Another day entertaining the void.

* * * *

Holding on to nothing in your mind is not as easy as it sounds.

* * * *

How convenient.

* * * *

Educational systems cannot help but fail if learning is not universally valued.

* * * *

The boundaries of imagination are … well … imaginary.

* * * *

Abide where life and death are the same.

* * * *

The immeasurable is immeasurable, no matter the measure.

* * * *

The gods and goddesses of the silver screen walk on high among we mere mortals.

* * * *

The fourth quarter is a rough quarter in a game You are bound to lose.

* * * *

Take the high road: Cleaner air, better view, less traffic, and maybe even peace of mind.

* * * *

Howdy, bye-bye.

* * * *

We have tool-made ourselves into a corner.

* * * *

Which has more value, which is more real, which is more likely: happiness or peace?

* * * *

Obligation to what?

* * * *

As we are judged by the friends we keep, we are judged by the history we allow.

* * * *

It is done when the Reaper says it is done.

* * * *

What need for religion for those who have discerned truth within.

* * * *

Eternal life is yours for the being.

* * * *

Who knows, who cares, what any other thinks of You.

* * * *

Words are such inadequate tools for such an eternal task.

* * * *

It has always been You.

* * * *

Nonexistence playing existence.

* * * *

All potentials of consciousness are revealed by the choices in which they find harbor.

* * * *

With every breath, another note in eternity's magnum opus.

* * * *

And why would monkeys wearing lipstick be any less ridiculous than pigs doing the same?

* * * *

To wander effortlessly is not as easy as it might sound.

* * * *

There is no point in playing a part in which only the other is interested.

* * * *

Is it he with the most toys who wins, or he who has enough?

* * * *

Denial of the truth has never nor will ever change the truth.

* * * *

Awareness has no hunger.

* * * *

Seriously, folks, is there really any reason to continue playing it out at this level of absurdity?

* * * *

The known mind is a finite pattern; awareness, infinite potential.

* * * *

Drugs only alter consciousness; the witness is ever the same.

* * * *

Another day in the whoever-whatever-whenever-whyever-wherever-however enigma.

* * * *

Find a happy woman, and it will be because she is a man.

* * * *

War is not the theater for mercy or compassion or remorse or forgiveness.

* * * *

Yet another arbitrary binge.

* * * *

There is nothing to be figured out.

* * * *

How can You arrive when You never really left?

* * * *

Words are not the thing, and the thing is not the thing, either.

* * * *

The masks and costumes may change, but it is ever the same sun, ever the same monkey-mind.

* * * *

What is anarchy but an unbound state of mind, the witness unleashed.

* * * *

You only think You exist.

* * * *

It is not a universe, it is a monkeyverse.

* * * *

To discern the universe is all in your head, leaves unanswered, where is your mind?

* * * *

Will You die hungry or full?

* * * *

That which is, offers nothing, gives nothing, and asks nothing in return.

* * * *

The only way is forward, whatever way forward is.

* * * *

Unwind the clock of time; be unto awareness as it is unto You.

* * * *

A mind given over to the indivisible is no mind at all.

* * * *

Enough rarely is.

* * * *

Wake up to the awareness and see what You truly are and are not.

* * * *

The discerning universe is in every mind unique.

* * * *

The one in all is the all in one.

* * * *

The end of desire, and its dancing partner, fear, is peace.

* * * *

Laughter is the best medicine if You can swallow it.

* * * *

It might be embarrassing if You choose to care what anybody thinks.

* * * *

Better living through chemistry.

* * * *

Peace is in every step if it is upon the ground You tread.

* * * *

What is the universe but the frothy wake of the sensory mind.

* * * *

The perfection of all things quantum, is in the awareness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

An early exit is a nice way to avoid all the funerals sure to follow.

* * * *

Yet another day of wandering the universal oblivion.

* * * *

Glimpses of eternity are gleaned by the finite mind through a sensory fog.

* * * *

The nuanced view is only a shade of the squinty arbitrary.

* * * *

The measurable is the immeasurable all the while.

* * * *

A mind awash in differences is a mind waylaid by judgment.

* * * *

The greatest and least common factors are ultimately the same, despite all the zeroes and such.

* * * *

You are your own exploratorium.

* * * *

Be anonymous within and without, free of all claims.

* * * *

The indivisible is … well … indivisible.

* * * *

Embrace your universe whole, or carve it into pieces, no matter to anyone but You.

* * * *

Does anyone really know what time it is?

* * * *

God is a preposition.

* * * *

Time does not exist but through the minds that give it reality.

* * * *

Heaven and Hell are the same thoroughfare, left to the given eye to discern the difference.

* * * *

Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Ignorance will always find a way to distort and maul the truth to its own ends.

* * * *

And this, too, shall be forgotten.

* * * *

The great secret is neither great nor secret to those who give it their full attention.

* * * *

To dial in is to dial out.

* * * *

You do not need to organize what is right in front of You.

* * * *

Irony and paradox in every step.

* * * *

That You exist as anything more than a figment of imagination is an assertion of the same.

* * * *

It is your life; live it as You will.

* * * *

You are but a slice of eternity's indivisible electromagnetic rainbow.

* * * *

Consumption is all.

* * * *

A slow-motion trainwreck.

* * * *

Doubt opens the door to truth; dogma is not required.

* * * *

It was probably well past the point of no-return well over ten thousand years ago.

* * * *

Why worry? You are dead no matter what You do.

* * * *

Distill the nectar from the dung as the dream allows.

* * * *

If You must speculate, take it to the farthest reaches your imagination will allow.

* * * *

We must all face the consequences of our own law.

* * * *

Your universe is your teacher, and it is a many-faced mystery.

* * * *

The doubter doubts until all doubting is done.

* * * *

The world is afire, and there is nothing to be done but witness its ravaging flame.

* * * *

Is there life out there in the universe? Who wants to know?

* * * *

The burden You carry is as serious as your imagination makes it.

* * * *

What is eternal life but being born again and again and again each and every moment.

* * * *

And why would You be concerned about that?

* * * *

Nothing exists or ever existed but what You imagine existed.

* * * *

Be in it but not of it.

* * * *

No, You are not required to give megalomaniacs your attention, undivided or otherwise.

* * * *

In what context do You daily dwell?

* * * *

To be mindful, or not to be mindful, that is the question.

* * * *

A lot of shoulda-coulda-woulda's in any given life, no doubt.

* * * *

The heights to which humankind subscribes is an interminable mound of crap.

* * * *

What is the purpose of any culture, but to mold the young into its version of inanity.

* * * *

To stand alone is the highest stage from which to discern reality.

* * * *

Each mind a meme unto its Self.

* * * *

Awareness is the origin, the source, the fountain, the portal, of all mystery.

* * * *

The script will out.

* * * *

Nothing to do, nothing to be, but that which all seers see.

* * * *

You are here-now and not here-now all the while.

* * * *

Remembering to forget, forgetting to remember, a snake eating its own tail.

* * * *

The doubted path reigns supreme.

* * * *

Is there any label that does not in at least small part apply?

* * * *

There is no heaven or hell but what imagination decrees.

* * * *

Assume nothing.

* * * *

Allowing funding to politicize science, well, that is just plain wrong from any get-go.

* * * *

The raison d'être of smokescreens is to blind all to the truth within.

* * * *

About reflecting upon their thoughts, some are more subtle than others.

* * * *

Who is the You who calls anything yours?

* * * *

The remorseless tick-tick-tick measures eternity real.

* * * *

Spirit and mind and body do not always have the same agenda.

* * * *

How can You be homeless once You are always home.

* * * *

Mother Nature can be a brutal taskmaster, but her law is, without exception, equal for one and all.

* * * *

Yet another here-now in the guise of time.

* * * *

You in yet another form; fascinating with a yawn.

* * * *

Bell-curving the fourth dimension.

* * * *

The rules of the game do not change for anyone or anything.

* * * *

Churning through the clock face of time.

* * * *

Thank You, Jesus, what would we do without Christian guilt?

* * * *

Nothing, doing.

* * * *

Eyes of innocence inevitably give way to the eyes of age.

* * * *

'Tis meme-ish faire.

* * * *

The alonelies strike again.

* * * *

To discern the serenity, the grace, in the ever-present moment is the task set before You.

* * * *

We are all just doing the busy-busy until the coroner shows up.

* * * *

Politicizing a fact does not change the fact.

* * * *

There is no god but that awareness which peers out from within.

* * * *

There are the quick, the lucky, and the dead.

* * * *

The things we will never know are well beyond counting.

* * * *

History is the albatross every culture hangs upon its young.

* * * *

It may well matter less what You do, than the awareness with which You do it.

* * * *

The entire human drama boils down to me-myself-and-I.

* * * *

All assumptions are the breadbasket of delusion.

* * * *

You can never escape or change what You truly are.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how are you, but an imaginary, conditioned frame of reference.

* * * *

What is punctuation but road signs of the writer's intent.

* * * *

Original sin, or original separation?

* * * *

And You are it and it is You.

* * * *

Living and complete and utter surrender to the beingness, what else is there for the sannyasi?

* * * *

We are slaves to our own ignorance.

* * * *

Even if it is not real, we love the story, if not the storyteller.

* * * *

To simply be, as all other creatures are in this garden world, is the highest state.

* * * *

Your version of a universe exists only because You are here to witness it.

* * * *

There is just too little time to be caught up with the minions of absurdity.

* * * *

Buku, indeed.

* * * *

Cannot save anybody who will not save themselves.

* * * *

Living the dream.

* * * *

The analogy without is the analogy within.

* * * *

Any given flower only attracts the given bee for as long as its enticing essence thrives.

* * * *

Let us count the daze as we wander though the maze.

* * * *

It is the body that is born, the body that endures, the body that dies, not You.

* * * *

Life, it'll kill ya.

* * * *

A bit confusing; not for the first time, and likely not the last.

* * * *

Your universe and everything in it is whatever You think it is.

* * * *

Who knows? Who cares? Who anything?

* * * *

And in complete and utter aloneness, where are You, where are You not?

* * * *

And then what happens?

* * * *

Nothing can be lost or saved, to be lost or saved.

* * * *

Do nothing as often as possible.

* * * *

There is much You cannot learn from words.

* * * *

New is old and old is new, only in the ever-changing hues of conscious stew.

* * * *

The god born of imagination is no god at all.

* * * *

Anything has a way of becoming true if there is a selling opportunity.

* * * *

Same sun, different day.

* * * *

Death is but another universe collapsing upon its Self.

* * * *

Ascertain the timeless moment, and the universe will discern its way.

* * * *

Monkey verse for the monkeyverse.

* * * *

Eternity does not even give a shrug whether You brand it with some conceptualized sound, or not.

* * * *

In awareness, be.

* * * *

You may be guilty by someone else's standards, but are You guilty in your own?

* * * *

Imagined as it all is, some states of mind are far easier to endure.

* * * *

Do You really know your own mind, or are You nothing more than a dittohead meme?

* * * *

Neither a follower nor disciple be: Equals stand equal.

* * * *

Embrace absurdity.

* * * *

How can any god born of limited thinking ever be god?

* * * *

How indifferent the genetic lottery to the cruel fates it so often casts.

* * * *

The ever-shifting consciousness is the granite and quicksand of imagination.

* * * *

How many masters of Wall Street daily whip themselves?

* * * *

You are your own best friend, You are your own worst enemy.

* * * *

Ain't nothing holy about a holy war.

* * * *

What does not kill You today will take another stab at it tomorrow.

* * * *

Dualistic delusion is so much easier than having to actually think for your Self.

* * * *

How ludicrous to believe some deity is tracking your every move, your every thought.

* * * *

It has taken You this long to figure that out.

* * * *

Behind the eyes, the stillness of eternal awareness, if the frontal lobe can allow it.

* * * *

They just will not stop breeding.

* * * *

That You are this indivisible quantum mystery is the most obvious of factless facts.

* * * *

History daily playing out its sorry future.

* * * *

Some politics are local, some are regional, some are national, some are global, all are connected.

* * * *

Another day in the war of mind.

* * * *

Nothing like conflict of one degree or another to stir the blood.

* * * *

Un-care the despair.

* * * *

We are all creators of our own little asylums.

* * * *

All translations are dubious harbors.

* * * *

Where there is no world, no universe, You are.

* * * *

You are the indifferent quantum.

* * * *

To live in past, to live in future, is but the living face of death.

* * * *

Quantum dream, quantum dreamer.

* * * *

The joy of real work, of real play, how can You explain it?

* * * *

The light turns on, the light turns off, we are all suns in our own time.

* * * *

To realize time does not exist requires pretending it does.

* * * *

Is it arrogant to see it this way, or arrogant not to?

* * * *

The razor's edge slices and dices many ways.

* * * *

How many die still ravenous for the insatiable more, more, more?

* * * *

How many things have You done or not done because of what others think or may think?

* * * *

No, You do not have to do it that way; You can break the pattern, maybe.

* * * *

Fat is an insatiable state of mind, and more than a few die hungry.

* * * *

If You are invoking dogma, You are missing the point.

* * * *

Anticipation is the harbinger of dread.

* * * *

What is your frame of reference but the universe in which You abide.

* * * *

Sense every sense until it makes sense.

* * * *

The inevitable is inevitable.

* * * *

So be it.

* * * *

There will be consequences.

* * * *

Is that voice, that record playing over and over in your mind, really You?

* * * *

Universes are like assholes, everybody has one.

* * * *

The world, the universe, are nothing more than a set of ideas, a bag of imaginary notions.

* * * *

No lie becomes true no matter how many times it is repeated.

* * * *

You are That I Am: Be That I Am.

* * * *

How easily dogma corrupts any thought into one mayhem or another.

* * * *

Wit or shit, it happens.

* * * *

Give the moment your undying attention, for it is quickly forever come and gone.

* * * *

What a clingy thing the mind shaped of time.

* * * *

Yet another cult consolidating its ways and means into being able to call itself a religion.

* * * *

Not everyone is destined for greatness, whatever that is.

* * * *

'What if?' is always a nebulous diversion.

* * * *

Attitude is all: Captivity or liberation, every moment You in mind choose.

* * * *

There is no rewind button, nor is there a fast-forward; there is only endurance.

* * * *

You conquer nothing.

* * * *

You are the unknown made briefly known through the delusion of imaginary notion.

* * * *

God is a metaphor.

* * * *

What is any burden but a state of mind inspired by imagination.

* * * *

What can any bottom-feeder do but abide whatever the behemoths deign?

* * * *

Hope is but begging the question.

* * * *

Good god, would You voluntarily come back to endure that again?

* * * *

The political mind bent on security is ever calibrating its position.

* * * *

Dissolve the other within.

* * * *

The insatiable vanity ever cries for more, more, more.

* * * *

Sometimes it is interesting to give the mob what they want, just to see what they do with it.

* * * *

Absurdity plays ways beyond counting.

* * * *

Time is a stuckness of mind to which most acclaim.

* * * *

What is real, and what is not real, is the awareness upon which all imagination is founded.

* * * *

Every human assumption warrants a critical eye.

* * * *

If we prefer some inane Armageddon over any semblance of rationality, so be it.

* * * *

You came, You saw, You realized.

* * * *

The art of war and artlessness of peace are mutually exclusive.

* * * *

Why call it love?

* * * *

History only has as much weight as imagination gives it.

* * * *

The last of our kind will not know s/he is the last hominoid standing.

* * * *

The quantum reality is pointless.

* * * *

You will never know what came of most everyone You have ever known.

* * * *

Irony and paradox, ever an unborn, undying alliance.

* * * *

Do not cross the line too often, You might get caught on the other side.

* * * *

Obsessive-compulsives, this is your time.

* * * *

Life springs from and to oblivion, quantum dust all the while.

* * * *

There is no place like home.

* * * *

To diwcern what love is, You must in large part know what it is not.

* * * *

Wherein the oneness within views the allness without.

* * * *

Wealthy beyond belief.

* * * *

It may sound different, but it is the same please, thank You, and fuck You across the world.

* * * *

Suffer well, quantum, suffer well.

* * * *

The discordance of the world is in mind only.

* * * *

Imagination is a prison of its own design; awareness its emancipation.

* * * *

Rationality is nice if You are Spock enough to manage it.

* * * *

Be content to be anonymous in your own mind.

* * * *

The inanity! The inanity!

* * * *

You need not allow the universe to infringe upon your serenity.

* * * *

Choose your Self.

* * * *

What You enjoy is shadowed by what You must endure.

* * * *

Nothing is calling You.

* * * *

Peace, brothers and sisters, peace, what is it that keeps it but an ideal?

* * * *

You cannot explain what You do not know with more than grunts and inarticulate gestures.

* * * *

What wisdom is harbored is harbored alone.

* * * *

Every mind a unique dream, a unique universe, sovereign unto its Self.

* * * *

Go placidly amid the noise and haste.

* * * *

That You pretend You are not at least occasionally a hypocrite is the first and last hypocrisy.

* * * *

Quantum chaos, quantum order.

* * * *

Is there anyone not caught up in the filament of vanity?

* * * *

If now had a name, it would be then.

* * * *

The all-embracing, ever-indivisible Great Nada; nothing pretending something.

* * * *

Yet another very then.

* * * *

What is there to fear about death once You live through it.

* * * *

Childhood ends, alas.

* * * *

Who is not anonymous in the ultimate timelessness of it all?

* * * *

Through all seed lines, You are.

* * * *

You think many things, and because You think them, they are so, at least in your version.

* * * *

Yet another very then.

* * * *

Best to wander about with the clip full and the bladder empty.

* * * *

Rest on whatever laurels your path to glory has managed, imaginary as they are.

* * * *

Gravity must inevitably fall on its own sword.

* * * *

Closer and closer weaves the tide of doom; such is death for all life small to great.

* * * *

Truth has no temperature.

* * * *

How quietly content, those barren of the quagmire of assumption.

* * * *

Embrace the inevitable.

* * * *

Let s/he who is without vanity cast the first stone.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, You.

* * * *

All that can be said with any certainty is that You are the mystery.

* * * *

Every life form its own version of a universe.

* * * *

The Unifying Principle: One equals one, one equals two, et cetera.

* * * *

The choiceless choice is not apparent.

* * * *

Look closely, and what You will see is a dream playing out.

* * * *

It is all pride, it is all vanity.

* * * *

In the face of reality, hope is little more than laughable.

* * * *

Gaia, the ultimate entitlement.

* * * *

Vibration, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

Zen madness.

* * * *

History will run your show if You allow it.

* * * *

How quickly everything can be forgotten.

* * * *

Yet another case of tail wagging dog.

* * * *

What good is data if You cannot harness it?

* * * *

Self-imagery is all.

* * * *

You are a mix of rationality and irrationality, same as everyone else.

* * * *

It is and is not whatever illusion-delusion You care to make it.

* * * *

Quested in the mind of consciousness, it rests in the heart of awareness.

* * * *

What is love but nothing known.

* * * *

From wafting breeze to stormy tempest, the monkey-mind blows this way or that.

* * * *

Abide where no thought dwells.

* * * *

It is not You who makes anything happen in this sensory dreamtime.

* * * *

Practice being deader than dead.

* * * *

Do not confuse what the tongue wants with what the body needs.

* * * *

A hell of a lot of bother to die for.

* * * *

Nothing exists for a while, pretends for a while, but ever succumbs to its true nature.

* * * *

Yet another round of irony and paradox.

* * * *

What is entitlement but getting overly, blindly attached to anything that cannot last.

* * * *

All your conclusions are true, all your conclusions are false.

* * * *

The inevitable is inevitable.

* * * *

You will see what You feel called to see, what You are prepared to see.

* * * *

A soul that does not have a price is rare, indeed.

* * * *

Always the beginner.

* * * *

Oh, ye of little doubt.

* * * *

There are those who believe in god, and those who are god, and never the twain shall they meet.

* * * *

The true agnostic does not know, does not care.

* * * *

Why would You ever feel the need to do anything other than what comes naturally?

* * * *

This dream is going nowhere very, very quickly.

* * * *

If You believe only the countless lies the senses weave, your destiny is mortal faire.

* * * *

The pendulum caresses the middle of all extremes.

* * * *

You are witness to a cloud of consciousness ever-swirling in the winds of illusion.

* * * *

History is not soda pop.

* * * *

Yet another indecipherable footnote in the annals of history.

* * * *

Ideals have no reality, no meaning, unless they play out in the annals of time.

* * * *

None of the above is always an option.

* * * *

Outside the last box, nothing.

* * * *

Do not believe your own propaganda, much less anyone else's.

* * * *

What is awakening but conscious witnessing.

* * * *

Do not rely on the human paradigm to be anything but the pallbearer of truth.

* * * *

Anything is dangerous if You do not know how to do it.

* * * *

Any language is dead without the culture from which it was fashioned.

* * * *

Know when to start, know when to stop.

* * * *

Yet another master race sets itself at the head of its very small table.

* * * *

So many stories: long, short, and every sort of thing between.

* * * *

Panning for gold.

* * * *

Always do your best, and win or lose with as much grace as possible.

* * * *

You are doing the matrix, and the matrix is doing You.

* * * *

Never buy into the propaganda of time; any agenda is not truth.

* * * *

All those eyes looking back are in your own.

* * * *

What is ego but the force of imagination getting over-attached to its endless stream of notions.

* * * *

Wakey-wakey.

* * * *

The invisibility of anonymity offers a relatively quiet existence if the times allow it.

* * * *

Vanity extending itself immortal.

* * * *

Awareness is awareness: Unborn, undying, eternally present, timelessly ephemeral.

* * * *

On high babble.

* * * *

The only koan that counts, is the one that has no solution.

* * * *

Open the fist, monkey-mind, open the fist.

* * * *

What epic can ever count for much in the winds of relativity.

* * * *

What suffering innocence must endure to abide the horrors of the human paradigm.

* * * *

Another day for consciousness to raise its crescendo yet another notch.

* * * *

Monkey seeing, monkey doing.

* * * *

What is faith but imagination given the wings of hope.

* * * *

You do because You can.

* * * *

There it is … There it is again … And yet again.

* * * *

Preserving the past or bearing concern for the future is a dubious responsibility.

* * * *

Is life blessing? Is life bother? Attitude is all.

* * * *

Truth will out nothing.

* * * *

It is ever the same, but no one will ever see or experience it the same.

* * * *

Agenda? What was that?

* * * *

Was that an accident? Or intentional? You will never be quite sure.

* * * *

Another moment of pleasure, another moment of pain, whoo-hoo for nerve endings.

* * * *

Obviously not your first rodeo.

* * * *

In a world given over to demons, what are the righteous to do but whine and moan?

* * * *

The wisdom of insecurity is a solitary affair.

* * * *

And what fear could there be if there were no desire for one more or another?

* * * *

Wrap your head around that, Pilgrim.

* * * *

Where can there be a boundary between the absoluteness of You and any god?

* * * *

It all so does not matter.

* * * *

Large talk, small talk, all talk, nothing more than the tick-tock-tick-tock of consciousness.

* * * *

The line between what is and what is not, is drawn in the sands of imagination.

* * * *

The most obvious way is the most obvious way.

* * * *

Clouds come and go, sometimes hazy, sometimes roiling, through an ever indifferent sky.

* * * *

To be a worm, oh happy, content life.

* * * *

Many are called, few are inclined.

* * * *

What is any existence but a relatively few daze in the sun.

* * * *

And, so what, really?

* * * *

The ignorance of childhood was a bliss of its own, indeed, indeed.

* * * *

The inexplicable requires no god.

* * * *

Peace in the first step, peace in the last step, and in every step between.

* * * *

Be no trace, leave no trace.

* * * *

Merge life and death into the undying, and You will be born again every moment.

* * * *

Nothing matters, nothing does not matter.

* * * *

What is any savior saving but imaginary projection.

* * * *

Is there anything more vain than false piety?

* * * *

Truth be buddha fare.

* * * *

Self-imagery, what a bother.

* * * *

Who questions, and what do they question?

* * * *

There is no before, there is no after, in the clarity of eternal awareness.

* * * *

Let your self dissolve into your Self.

* * * *

What whiners age makes of many if not most of us.

* * * *

Consciousness is bound by limitations of its own making.

* * * *

What is yours? What is not yours?

* * * *

You can change your mind as often as You are able.

* * * *

Inner peace is a breath away.

* * * *

Truth will play along with whatever You imagine it to be.

* * * *

So many lies set in stone by the labels we weave.

* * * *

There is no other, why allow the many voices to entice You this way or that?

* * * *

Un-know your Self.

* * * *

Gravity is the arbiter of the game board.

* * * *

Scientist that You every moment are, You are first and foremost your own experiment.

* * * *

Heaven and Hell are both imaginary states.

* * * *

The dream of consciousness, or the reality of awareness, You each and every moment choose anew.

* * * *

Watch for that bullet; You might be able to dodge it if You see it coming.

* * * *

The beingness prior to belief requires no dogma.

* * * *

Seven Daze: One for God, and the other six for whatever mirth narcissistic hedonism allows.

* * * *

Detach, detach, detach.

* * * *

What is freedom but immortal disregard for mortal faire.

* * * *

Another religion, ho-hum and yawn.

* * * *

What a stomach it takes to abide in any political arena.

* * * *

Be your unborn Self.

* * * *

Blaming anyone for not knowing any different, how reasonable is that?

* * * *

It is written in one sandbox or another.

* * * *

Nero would have a hard time keeping his fiddle tuned in these our times.

* * * *

The certitude with which each moment is approached only exacerbates the suffering.

* * * *

What is never born never dies.

* * * *

What are hope and faith but slothful reaction to the dread of imagination.

* * * *

And what point is there to a question, whose answer is but an echo?

* * * *

How many ways we find to clash over nothing.

* * * *

What freedom, what peace, is there really, in power, in fame, in fortune?

* * * *

The stars have no memory.

* * * *

Yet another day in the salt mines of perpetual doubt.

* * * *

When it gets right down to it, taking a shit is really quite magical.

* * * *

It is a god-eat-god world.

* * * *

A very brief, very mortal dream, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

Watch that record play and play and play, over and over and over, memes all.

* * * *

The Sisyphean 2duz list of the busy-busy.

* * * *

Discern what every other life form in this garden has never not known.

* * * *

Play both sides against the middle, or for it?

* * * *

Disband it whenever You please.

* * * *

What is human existence but the venting of imaginary notion.

* * * *

Zen challenge: Bet I can do less than You can.

* * * *

Quantum is creation is evolution is an incessant, indivisible fact.

* * * *

Humble up.

* * * *

Free Jesus: 2,000 years is long enough to play hostage to fear.

* * * *

Greed works all too well.

* * * *

Yet another harbinger of the fate in store.

* * * *

How ironic, how paradoxical, that it takes so much effort to be effortless.

* * * *

The world is indeed all but flat in its shallow round.

* * * *

Looking neither forward nor back, the witness is.

* * * *

History as we know it is full of self-serving bunk.

* * * *

The Eighth Deadly Sin: Speculation

* * * *

Who knows what will call You before your time is over.

* * * *

Explore the vanities until they no longer hold sway.

* * * *

Different faces, same monkey.

* * * *

Truths, half-truths, and the lies upon which they are shored.

* * * *

To blame it on some devil, to leave it up to some god, how ludicrous is that?

* * * *

Leave no stone unturned.

* * * *

Life is an endless river of epiphanies.

* * * *

Funding is all.

* * * *

Only the mystery knows all, sees all, is all.

* * * *

Male and female worlds rock to a different beat, only in the womb do they meet.

* * * *

This is where the mañana attitude gets You, or not.

* * * *

Too much and not enough all the while.

* * * *

Death is the ultimate detachment; be dead and You will see.

* * * *

There is no religion, only Self-discovery.

* * * *

You think You can change your mind, really?

* * * *

The mind as playground, the mind as torture chamber.

* * * *

The mob votes its mind.

* * * *

The limits of science are the certainties of its hypotheses and the absolutes of its theories.

* * * *

Expectations are bound to be disappointed sooner or later.

* * * *

Only vanity dies.

* * * *

So it goes … ibid … Ibid … Ibid …

* * * *

Eternal life, ain't it grand?

* * * *

What it is, what it is not, same thing, same thingless.

* * * *

Is it a holy spirit, or a whole-y quantum?

* * * *

What are time and timeless, but alternate states of mind.

* * * *

Bzzz bzzzz zz z z z.

* * * *

Nothing new under the sun; nothing old, either.

* * * *

Die gently, die bloody, after the last breath, it will not much matter.

* * * *

What is not a metaphor? What is not an analogy?

* * * *

Either You flow with nature, or battle against her; there is no middle ground.

* * * *

Unspin the spin.

* * * *

To more than a few absurdities, eye-rolling is the only coherent answer.

* * * *

The pleasant boredom of eternal presence.

* * * *

The jungle of mind has usurped the jungle of origin.

* * * *

Everyone has a story, all quite equal, really.

* * * *

Yet another corner into which our incessant ingenuity paints itself.

* * * *

Dogma is as useless as rules in a knife fight.

* * * *

Some things never change? Hah! Look a little closer.

* * * *

Nothing is, nothing is not.

* * * *

Ethics is best served on a full belly from a secure perch.

* * * *

It is written somewhere on the flesh of one forest or another.

* * * *

You are as shaped as any clay figurine.

* * * *

Always curious how god's will is so often in accord with that of the given believer.

* * * *

No rewind, no fast-forward, now reigns.

* * * *

The tinker's damn is a solitary curse.

* * * *

We are all equal quantum creators creating; nothing divine about it.

* * * *

If there is a god behind the curtain, he/she/it is not talking.

* * * *

Nod-nod, wink-wink.

* * * *

Dead man walking, dead world spinning.

* * * *

Is real power the wiliness to use the club, or the willingness not to?

* * * *

It is always perfect; only the mind in disarray sees it otherwise.

* * * *

Here You are, passing through a dream.

* * * *

Why do today what You can put off until some day after tomorrow.

* * * *

Close enough for this game of horse shoes.

* * * *

Any mind can suffer its own quagmire, ever drawing the awareness into its depths.

* * * *

Be ever-watchful in the prior-to-consciousness awareness sense.

* * * *

Busy is as busy does.

* * * *

Walk or run or stand still, the same grave catches all.

* * * *

What does it take for effortlessness to be effortless?

* * * *

Create a law; create an extreme.

* * * *

Are You consciousness being watched, or awareness watching?

* * * *

Truth is anonymous.

* * * *

Agnostic is not knowing what it is, and it is also knowing what it is not.

* * * *

And how again was that spelled?

* * * *

There is artistry in everything for those who esteem that level of excellence.

* * * *

Forever happening one moment at a time, simultaneously one.

* * * *

It is up to You to alone get rein of your mind, to alone discern what is true.

* * * *

Any given moment is quite effortless if the mind allows it.

* * * *

Why get involved with nonsensical arguments over any insignificant assumption?

* * * *

We are the gods of dreamtime.

* * * *

A curious thing how so many are always sticking their noses in other people's business.

* * * *

Mind is movement, and no-mind, the awareness prior to all.

* * * *

What is true, what is not true, may be impossible to prove, but why should You have to?

* * * *

What is any opinion but what would be taken for gas passing at the other end.

* * * *

How pointless to judge another's dream.

* * * *

How quickly too little can become too much, and too much too little.

* * * *

What is this mystery but more than everything and less than nothing.

* * * *

Coming soon, yet another hard lesson.

* * * *

Prior to the first word, prior to any I Am, You are.

* * * *

If You knew no different, there would be no cause to pause for reflection.

* * * *

Slice by slice, the pie becomes but a memory; it is only a pie as long as it stays whole.

* * * *

You are all there is, all there ever was, all there will ever be: Where is the karma in that?

* * * *

The mob will get what it deserves.

* * * *

If You put no edges on awareness, where does it begin, where does it end?

* * * *

Is any mind less variable than the wind?

* * * *

Anything is given more power by dwelling on it.

* * * *

The rutted mind only gets narrower and deeper in its round and round again groove.

* * * *

Quantum theater, quantum playground.

* * * *

Thought is but a habit, which only mindful breathing breaks.

* * * *

Somebody wrote it; it does not really matter who.

* * * *

Often a good idea to have the Cloak of Plausible Deniability in your bag of tricks.

* * * *

And after this, then what?

* * * *

The camel is in the tent.

* * * *

Gaze out into the sensory theater with as much faceless wonder as the given moment allows.

* * * *

Peace, brothers and sisters, if You can abide it.

* * * *

Oh boy, another statistic, whoo-hoo.

* * * *

Following the village idiot, what does that say about You?

* * * *

Is it free will, or free your Self from will?

* * * *

Any given word has in unending array of associates.

* * * *

As predictions go, humankind is off the grid.

* * * *

It just is; so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Awareness You are, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Rule one in a knife fight: There are no rules.

* * * *

Existence is but a relatively brief hiccup in an otherwise non-existent eternity.

* * * *

Hold nothing in your mind.

* * * *

Such a cluster; no wonder so many cling to hope.

* * * *

Quantum matrixing.

* * * *

There are just some things only saints and the truly detached can forgive.

* * * *

Like You really had a say in any of this.

* * * *

Of course, there is no god in the way anyone thinks.

* * * *

It is all just a dream in your head, the same head You have never seen.

* * * *

Into the swarm, into the storm.

* * * *

In pure awareness, You are That I Am, but to discern it, must still the vanities of mind.

* * * *

The price of the ticket to eternity is your mind.

* * * *

Hell is in the details; heaven, the oblivion.

* * * *

You think You know something, that You know anything, and what, pray tell, is that?

* * * *

The Usual Suspects: Me and Myself and I.

* * * *

Dead is dead, no matter the cause or length of journey in the dying.

* * * *

It is a mystery, You are a mystery, one in the same.

* * * *

The universe nothing more than a lightning storm of imagination.

* * * *

You are a portal, a wormhole, to eternity.

* * * *

The cessation of vanity requires that You stop taking the given mind-body-spirit so seriously.

* * * *

We are all patterns; some more complex, some more exotic, than others.

* * * *

There is only one undying birth for those never born.

* * * *

Creepy boy meets poison girl, live unhappily ever after.

* * * *

Sheep need not apply.

* * * *

To wait for anything to hit the bottom of any bucket, why?

* * * *

Who knows what will happen as the world grows large again.

* * * *

Yet another episode of the Twilight Zone.

* * * *

Any given life is its own unique play of consciousness, a universe unto its Self.

* * * *

The heart is a fickle beast.

* * * *

Is time passing You, or are You passing time?

* * * *

To be at ease with your monkey-mind, that is the challenge.

* * * *

Wisdom, what is it good for? Absolutely nothing.

* * * *

Hieroglyphics on every wall.

* * * *

Eternal life is being mindful in an empty-mind sort of way.

* * * *

… buying … They are selling … They are buying … They are selling … They are buying … They are …

* * * *

There are some things even quantum need not endure.

* * * *

The prime number is one.

* * * *

Well enough, indeed.

* * * *

Infallibility, what tommyrot.

* * * *

Some things are destined to make other things favorites.

* * * *

From slavery to salaried, the whip shifts from back to mind.

* * * *

Follow your intuition to a deeper logic.

* * * *

Rationality is a myth, objectivity a lie, inspired by the madness of consciousness.

* * * *

The good guest knows when to leave.

* * * *

Yes, Alfie, even wisdom has its bounds.

* * * *

Suspend your fabricated notions of identity, and the universe You have in mind imagined.

* * * *

The incessant chatter is but a confabulation of your conditioning.

* * * *

A simple ‘I Am’ covers it.

* * * *

Breathe in the dream, breathe out the dream.

* * * *

If it is empty on the inside and empty on the outside, where are You?

* * * *

The god quest ultimately consumes everything.

* * * *

The jungle is without remorse.

* * * *

Do You try to keep up with the Joneses, or leave it all behind and go your own way?

* * * *

Do not confuse arrogance with courage.

* * * *

The first universe was born in a puddle long ago.

* * * *

Rest assured, gravity always wins.

* * * *

What judgment can there be in a mind drifting in the stillness of awareness.

* * * *

The all-consuming quantum is an insatiable beast.

* * * *

No one can help You fulfill your destiny past any uncertain point.

* * * *

Who can say who will be the last prophet?

* * * *

Leave no wake.

* * * *

The masks of oblivion are a cacophony of quantum design.

* * * *

How is that lie doing?

* * * *

The true believer projects, the truth believer receives.

* * * *

Speculations abound, including yours.

* * * *

Why feel any need to prove what is obvious?

* * * *

Imagine, if You will, that humankind is nothing more than a binge of imagination.

* * * *

You are the quantum gold prior to all dreams.

* * * *

How could oneness ever keep up with gazillions of details, ergo creation unleashed.

* * * *

Such are the wheels of power, of fame, of fortune.

* * * *

Alimentary, my dear Watson, alimentary.

* * * *

To be invisible, or not to be invisible, that is the question.

* * * *

Great wisdom is not without great suffering.

* * * *

Whether singular or plural, is love anything more than imaginary notion?

* * * *

What is human existence but a wisp of vanity.

* * * *

Solution? What ever made You think there was one?

* * * *

What You really are is even better than forever in a forever-after sort of way.

* * * *

On the inside of the mask, the contours are indivisible.

* * * *

You have missed the point, Pilgrim, best go back to square one and start over.

* * * *

Forever … yeah, right.

* * * *

Yet another confabulation of groupthink hogwash.

* * * *

Eternal life, what is it but awareness, what is it but the undying moment.

* * * *

Time wears any number of hats, bare-headed all the while.

* * * *

Tomorrow, coming today.

* * * *

Always arriving, always departing.

* * * *

The dangled carrot, the unforgiving stick, are the foundation of motivation.

* * * *

Yet another idealistic notion for which history has at best rudimentary interest.

* * * *

Mother Gaia: Womb, Garden, Graveyard.

* * * *

The paths to glory are many and equally vain.

* * * *

The streets of gold are within.

* * * *

You are a footnote in time, ultimately as anonymous as a grain of sand.

* * * *

We must all learn to swim about in our given mind pools.

* * * *

Kick out the other.

* * * *

For all life forms small to great, what is it to exist but ceaseless struggle.

* * * *

What need for dogma when You have eternal life.

* * * *

You do not have to do it all to see it all.

* * * *

There are no guarantees, my friend, no guarantees.

* * * *

The many-faced god is a many-fated god.

* * * *

The total functioning, where would You be without it?

* * * *

Those are the rules of the road … this dreamtime.

* * * *

All things possible are equally impossible.

* * * *

You make it what You will. How could it be anything more or less?

* * * *

The entire universe is but a speck in the eye of your mystery.

* * * *

Just because You cannot wrap your head around something, does not make it any less true.

* * * *

Breathe easy, consciously, and nirvana will unfold its graceful wings.

* * * *

Adventures in time, stories in mind.

* * * *

The politics of becoming and the politics of being are two very different states of mind.

* * * *

Normal is nothing more than the middle ground of this insane asylum.

* * * *

Awareness, ephemeral, indistinct, nondescript, You.

* * * *

The people who are afraid to die are afraid to live.

* * * *

Let us not confuse inanity with happiness.

* * * *

Disappear as often as mind allows.

* * * *

Nature has no vanity but through human confabulation.

* * * *

It is only consciousness that changes hues; the palette of awareness is ever the same.

* * * *

We invent so many things, and then live to serve them.

* * * *

How many layers of lies have been woven into the fabric of any given tomorrow.

* * * *

Life is always spun whatever way the given mindset inclines.

* * * *

Vanity is the source of every imaginable mishap.

* * * *

The wind is no more wind than any wind could ever be.

* * * *

Any given question runs the risk of being limited by the assumptions from which it spawned.

* * * *

It is a big fuckin' universe, and it all starts in You.

* * * *

Has that face staring back in the mirror ever really been the You staring into it?

* * * *

An imaginary center in the middle of nothing.

* * * *

We have made ourselves lords and ladies of an asphalt jungle.

* * * *

The three vanities … power … fame … fortune.

* * * *

How canny the unprincipled.

* * * *

Is there a universe without You to witness it?

* * * *

The weight of tradition falls heavier and heavier upon every new generation.

* * * *

Yet another adventurer exploring this quantum affair.

* * * *

And to which assumptions will You cater today?

* * * *

The final solution is not of the worldly sort.

* * * *

Look in the mirror, we are the pigs wearing lipstick.

* * * *

Fear of the unknown runs deep in time's bones.

* * * *

There is no resolution to the fragmentation of thought; there is only the next breath.

* * * *

All kingdoms are arbitrary inventions.

* * * *

Dust everywhere in this insidious universe.

* * * *

Maybe god is not what You think, or, then again, maybe it is.

* * * *

What an insistent thing all this empty chatter.

* * * *

There are some who are just not made to recite catechisms.

* * * *

We are all playing out one meme or another, perhaps several.

* * * *

Every seed starts anew.

* * * *

You imagine your Self, You, and I imagine my Self, me, and the fulcrum word, imagine.

* * * *

The only real revolution awaits within.

* * * *

If there is a god or gods, are he/she/it/they really any different than any other player?

* * * *

Clock hands, round and round they go, declaring time real at every glance.

* * * *

Be weak or strong, You decide.

* * * *

As simple as it is, weaning your Self from the habitual mind is no easy task.

* * * *

What choice is there in the matter?

* * * *

Tooth and nail versus claw and fang, where would we be were, it not for evolution's happenstances?

* * * *

Human existence is a series of broad strokes filled with vain details.

* * * *

Yes, it will happen to You, too, despite all your hope and the many designs to which You cling.

* * * *

Where is the center without imagination to muster it.

* * * *

The endless quest to know what can never be known is delusional notion from the get-go.

* * * *

Go where no mind has gone before.

* * * *

Consciousness evaporates into an awareness of stillness.

* * * *

Geeks rule in these our modern times, but what will they do when Old School rises again?

* * * *

It is all illusion; no cherry-picking.

* * * *

It is your eternal life; best pay reasonably close attention while it lasts.

* * * *

The nothing special daze.

* * * *

Perdition is the interlude of a mind caught between heaven and hell.

* * * *

Just being does not require any particular setting, nor any noteworthy preparation.

* * * *

Awareness is the end-all-be-all of everything and nothing.

* * * *

You have never even once been separate from the moment You are in.

* * * *

Love thy Self, or at least try to put up with it.

* * * *

One man's mundane is another's windmill is still another's wishful thinking.

* * * *

What is eternal life but this very moment in awareness You are.

* * * *

Why would You ever feel required to play it out the way history dictates?

* * * *

All laws but nature's are arbitrary.

* * * *

You have never been what You think You are.

* * * *

What is any life but an ever-streaming series of distractions.

* * * *

There is only one quantum in the universe. One quantum, with many faces.

* * * *

You, who ever is, never was, and will never be.

* * * *

Life is but a touchy-feely, three-dimensional dream, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

For the inscrutable indivisible, there is no within, there is no without.

* * * *

Rationalism laced with emotion; how rational is that?

* * * *

Find You own way, be your own law, bow to no one, expect none to bow to You.

* * * *

It is only in imagination that all players are created.

* * * *

Rationalism laced with emotion is as irrationally intolerant as any other political correctness.

* * * *

Why is it so challenging to discern that the creation is creating itself?

* * * *

Creation and creator are one in the same.

* * * *

Holding the inner awareness and outer illusion in balance is the challenge.

* * * *

It is all awareness; get over yourself.

* * * *

It is in the being that truth is discerned.

* * * *

The more there is to remember, the more there is to forget.

* * * *

There will be blood.

* * * *

The rabbit hole of technology is a never-ending journey into the abyss of loneliness.

* * * *

Steal a man's wallet or wife or life, it is in the thieving You are known.

* * * *

Is a bed of nails any more prickly than satin sheets to the sound sleeper?

* * * *

Explore the mystery without assumption, and You shall become its source.

* * * *

To take, to give, what difference, really?

* * * *

Deeper and deeper, every rabbit hole beckons.

* * * *

What You nip today may well bite back much harder tomorrow.

* * * *

The inattentive mind: Where would You be without it?

* * * *

The other will come into mind as often as inattention allows it.

* * * *

A mystery too humungously mindboggling for any mere word.

* * * *

Detachment: Not as easy as one often wishes.

* * * *

Who is most alive but s/he who gives the moment their fullest attention.

* * * *

What is money but time already spent.

* * * *

There is only one source, and it is not bound by its creation.

* * * *

You are always here now in one place or another.

* * * *

The stillness before time, or the silliness of time, You decide.

* * * *

Yet another sordid existence.

* * * *

Cannot expect someone to know what they ain't never been taught.

* * * *

Talk does not for pudding make.

* * * *

Yes, there is a quantum matrix, through which awareness gazes, and it is all You.

* * * *

That which has no name, endures all.

* * * *

How can the so-called soul ever be confused with the pedestrian personality?

* * * *

We are all the same monkey; we just make different choices about consequences.

* * * *

Choice, really?

* * * *

Look into any creature’s eyes, and see another universe peering out.

* * * *

Does anyone really know themselves much less another?

* * * *

Can the mind be reprogrammed, reconditioned, or is awareness the only key?

* * * *

We are all wandering back toward the great obscurity.

* * * *

Propaganda is not a function of science.

* * * *

There is no happy ending, unless You consider death a happy moment.

* * * *

The end of vanity will be when we are extinct and insects rule.

* * * *

You can only shit in the pond so long before You get very thirsty.

* * * *

Empty, we are all the same.

* * * *

Are You ever who-what-where-when-why-how You think You are?

* * * *

Any thought process can be usurped.

* * * *

If the world, the universe, is but an illusion, why do You keep subscribing to it?

* * * *

And what part and particle of all history have You not ultimately witnessed?

* * * *

Who would have thunk it?

* * * *

To be That I Am is to let go, to release, to ignore, all that is imagined.

* * * *

What is time but the measurement of imagination.

* * * *

The list of possibilities grows longer and longer, and the amount of interest less and less.

* * * *

What is any given mind but a collection of pigeonholes.

* * * *

Angel and demon in the same corporeal package.

* * * *

Consciousness is smoke; awareness, fire.

* * * *

From nothing, everything.

* * * *

What is there to teach? What is there to learn?

* * * *

You are already dead; the only question is how.

* * * *

What is time but perception projected by imagination.

* * * *

Who needs an audience when You are your own.

* * * *

Contemplation and meditation and suicide are for those who have run out of things to do.

* * * *

What a burden it can be to care.

* * * *

Nothing matters about this world, but that You carry it.

* * * *

Just about anything can be usurped for one foul purpose or another.

* * * *

Existence is painful; sometimes excruciatingly so.

* * * *

The problem we have created have become too huge for any happy solution.

* * * *

Between god and the marketplace, best be anything but a farmer.

* * * *

Create a god and they will pay.

* * * *

Doing versus being; one of them is effortless and without the chitchat of hollow ego.

* * * *

Less greed makes for less headache.

* * * *

Contemplation can take You far and wide, and meditation, near and dear.

* * * *

A mind at peace with its Self, abides in the eternity of awareness.

* * * *

God is a joke on You.

* * * *

Chew your liquids and drink your solids; your universe is You in every ever fore and after.

* * * *

Accidents happen; that is why they are called accidents.

* * * *

Your little footnote is but human absurdity.

* * * *

Death reunites all.

* * * *

Forever, as long as it lasts.

* * * *

If the good die young, the obvious question is, why are You still here?

* * * *

What is a problem but a solution waiting to happen; what is a solution but a problem undone.

* * * *

There are storytellers, and there are truthtellers.

* * * *

Most prefer one lie or another because truth is much too simple.

* * * *

The tranquil mind is awareness its Self.

* * * *

History sows all futures.

* * * *

Awareness is the first and last freedom; it is the only freedom.

* * * *

Wander as You will.

* * * *

The mystery is a mystery is a mystery, even unto its Self.

* * * *

No need to share that little secret.

* * * *

Another label … Yawn.

* * * *

There You go again behaving as if there is any You or yours at all.

* * * *

What bounds can there be to the nothingness of awareness?

* * * *

Illusion knows no bounds but the ones You set.

* * * *

In the indivisibility, there is no vanity.

* * * *

What is any puzzle but a Gordian Knot to be undone as the given mind allows.

* * * *

Freedom's bounds is something of an oxymoron.

* * * *

What to save today?

* * * *

Always expect the unexpected, and then improvise-adapt-overcome, as necessary.

* * * *

What a lonely species.

* * * *

The intelligence creating this mystery is prior to all manifestation.

* * * *

Alas, that for so many reasons, so many do not realize they should not breed.

* * * *

Humankind's capacity for delusion is insurmountable.

* * * *

What is the truth but the glare of the obvious?

* * * *

Save the world? What world?

* * * *

Right now is as close to time as You can ever get.

* * * *

… tick … tick … tick …

* * * *

Nothing like biblical revenge to set the vanity aright.

* * * *

Is the discernment of truth a matter of believing, or of seeing?

* * * *

No worries.

* * * *

When just being is enough, any sunny bench will do.

* * * *

Save humanity? What humanity?

* * * *

Worldly wealth can be an albatross, to which attachment is beyond-the-pale.

* * * *

The maker and the making, how can they be separate?

* * * *

Garçon! Another round!

* * * *

Chaos is ordered by mind's synergistic ebb and flow.

* * * *

An esoteric dialectic to which only the esoteric are inclined.

* * * *

Reality has a way of puncturing all balloons.

* * * *

Abstraction does not hold a candle to the roshambo of reality.

* * * *

Another name, another story, same quantum.

* * * *

All histories are a mirage born of the vagaries of human consciousness.

* * * *

Leave the world to those to whom it matters.

* * * *

Life is distraction; oblivion, home.

* * * *

Better not to join a group than it is to leave it.

* * * *

Funny in a sadder than sad way.

* * * *

The un-buddha endures.

* * * *

With or without the other, You are the same.

* * * *

History does not repeat itself, but the patterns do.

* * * *

Science is ultimately nothing more than the observation and measurement of illusion.

* * * *

Now is where You wax and wane, indivisible all the while.

* * * *

It is all process to which even birth and death are but passing players.

* * * *

Withstand those who would reduce You.

* * * *

Truth is the only authority, and those who discern it, its un-lettered authors.

* * * *

Take on Mother Nature at your peril.

* * * *

Consciousness is the harbor of illusion, and the source of all delusion.

* * * *

Now is the source of all beginnings, the preserver of all process, the key to all endings.

* * * *

Neither follow nor lead, abide in peace, be and allow.

* * * *

Fulfill what?

* * * *

All dogmatic assertion is meaningless but for the vanity with which it pounds its chest.

* * * *

Sometimes vulnerable, sometimes not, as life calls.

* * * *

Give it no mind.

* * * *

Meditation is viewing the mind as space, as pure awareness, empty and clear.

* * * *

All forms are equal, but some are more equal than others.

* * * *

Ignorance wins more than its fair share of arguments.

* * * *

The expanses and limits of language are many and not far between.

* * * *

Heaven and hell are but imaginary domains.

* * * *

And there it has always been, awareness, witnessing.

* * * *

Curiosity may kill the cat, but for we two-leggeds, it only increases viewer ratings.

* * * *

That which inspires the hunger of the sensory mind-body is the underpinning of what will come.

* * * *

It is only through the illusion of duality that unicity can awaken to its Self.

* * * *

Every day a new stream of instants.

* * * *

To put anyone on a pedestal only creates the temptation to pull them down.

* * * *

The point and purpose, is whatever You imagine it to be, or not to be, no question.

* * * *

Nothingness is the practice.

* * * *

What is a good father? A good mother? A good son? A good daughter?

* * * *

Yet another other combobulating in your head.

* * * *

Life is the dream between naps.

* * * *

Why keep looking for something to move You when nothing can anymore?

* * * *

Hold the course; hold no course.

* * * *

It filled the time.

* * * *

We daily grow more and more deaf to our vain cacophony.

* * * *

What pleasures may come; what pains will pass.

* * * *

What must any flower endure but the withering of its nectar, its scent, its raison d'être.

* * * *

Did You live it? Or merely dream it?

* * * *

A ceaseless game of pretend played by the one in the same quantum pretender.

* * * *

Perception is all and none.

* * * *

It is suffering that so adeptly sharpens the blade of the critical thinker.

* * * *

The no-mind knows nothing.

* * * *

The difference between night and day is but a spin of the dust ball upon which your eye resides.

* * * *

Bliss, sort of.

* * * *

No tweetling about it anymore; it be Twitterdumb and Twitterdweeb in these our modern timez.

* * * *

One is when the other is not.

* * * *

More is rarely enough for many if not most.

* * * *

Rest assured there is no dike that will withstand Mother Nature for long.

* * * *

A sensory mystery, untouched by all that is witnessed.

* * * *

Abide as best ye may, and do not pretend anything is forever real.

* * * *

Nothing suits You.

* * * *

In consciousness, You are splintered; in awareness, You are unified.

* * * *

Stop posing and do it.

* * * *

You are the mystery, the eye of awareness from which all creation comes into being.

* * * *

Yet another ending; yet another beginning.

* * * *

Power and fame and fortune; the three vanities to which so many succumb.

* * * *

An abstract abstract.

* * * *

Are You a conditioned identity, or just awareness pretending to be a conditioned identity?

* * * *

You are on your own: Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Another day of the children of the lesser gods battling over their idolatries.

* * * *

Everybody gotta die some time, Red.

* * * *

Enjoy as best as mind allows.

* * * *

Smack dab in the middle of no who, no what, no where, no when, no why, no how.

* * * *

Moderation: Cannot get enough of it.

* * * *

Much easier to forget a peasant than it is a monarch; anonymity is its own reward.

* * * *

The ego is but a false shield.

* * * *

All paths to glory find the same grave.

* * * *

We do think ourselves so clever, do we not?

* * * *

Fear is the composite of all the tree rings You harbor within.

* * * *

It was this all the while.

* * * *

If You think that screen can forever protect You from reality, guess again.

* * * *

To be totally vulnerable, at least occasionally, is the challenge.

* * * *

Memory cannot guarantee anything.

* * * *

Nothing is perfect.

* * * *

All that mind and body allow add up to didley-squat in a zero-sum sort of way.

* * * *

What is done is ever undone; what is undone remains undone.

* * * *

Null and void create universes unending.

* * * *

What is greed but ‘Just a little more ...’

* * * *

Run and walk and sit and eat and sleep on empty.

* * * *

When is full enough?

* * * *

Practice nothingness.

* * * *

Birth and death; same thing, really.

* * * *

What are piss and shit but fertilizer to yet more creation.

* * * *

Illusion is but a sensory overlay.

* * * *

The scientific mind is a mind exploring reality for its Self.

* * * *

What do yay and nay mean but that it does not appeal to your vanity.

* * * *

And it was over practically as soon as it started.

* * * *

Your entire existence is nothing more than a stream of habitual thinking.

* * * *

Perfect enough.

* * * *

There is no god here; only awareness of a ceaseless, timeless mystery.

* * * *

Knowledge is but a superficial coating to the mystery its source truly is.

* * * *

The collective yay, the collective nay, the collective meh.

* * * *

Tradition is only as real as it is given the weight attention.

* * * *

Born into ignorance, will You spend your whole life there?

* * * *

Imagination, imagination, all is imagination.

* * * *

The mini-death of sleep is but practice for the longer version.

* * * *

Otro día, la misma mierda: Another day, same shit.

* * * *

And that died, too.

* * * *

The creator and the createe, how can they not be one in the same?

* * * *

The earth was doomed the moment it was perceived as a resource.

* * * *

The issue of detachment is but an instantaneous insight.

* * * *

What point, really, trying to explain or justify or rationalize anything?

* * * *

The judgmental mind stews in its own brew.

* * * *

Sometimes the harshness of the jab, the hit, the knockdown, is the lesson required.

* * * *

What a great ditty source some others are; the gift that keeps on giving.

* * * *

Ignorance pays many a price.

* * * *

There are many opinions about it, but there is only one source, one truth.

* * * *

Let those who require entertainment of You look for it elsewhere.

* * * *

The mañana list grows daily longer

* * * *

In the vastness of this cosmic mystery, anything is possible.

* * * *

There is nothing to teach, nothing to learn.

* * * *

All community is arbitrary invention inspired by the appearance, the notion of otherness.

* * * *

Breathe as if You have never breathed before, as if You will never breathe again.

* * * *

Everything matters; nothing matters.

* * * *

What is any dimension but a sensory fabrication of consciousness.

* * * *

A mind given over to eternity is no mind at all.

* * * *

Peace is not had by minds bent on vanity.

* * * *

A slippery mind on a slippery slope.

* * * *

Creative designer, creative designee, one in the same.

* * * *

Process is all, all is process.

* * * *

What vanity will call You today?

* * * *

When nothing is the loudest call of all, what distraction can hold You?

* * * *

The one eye sees all.

* * * *

The key to freedom can only be found in the prison of the given mind.

* * * *

To discern the ‘I Am,’ You must let go of everything.

* * * *

Does a star bemoan its demise?

* * * *

The tale of Midas on an over-the-top scale.

* * * *

Be sure to drink your solids and chew your liquids.

* * * *

Cultivate the state of not knowing.

* * * *

Born again … and again … and again … and again … every moment.

* * * *

Remember to forget.

* * * *

To seriously not care is the challenge of mind over mind.

* * * *

You are the source of all knowledge.

* * * *

To remember or not to remember, that is the answer.

* * * *

Why so busy?

* * * *

Why so serious?

* * * *

Imagination feeds off its own concoctions.

* * * *

Yet another thing to file under things that do not matter; never did, never will.

* * * *

Take the other out of the equation, and where are You?

* * * *

Still alive, maybe.

* * * *

All saints, all demons, and everything between, are born of imagination.

* * * *

The wealthiest are the ones who want the least.

* * * *

Passion is the root of all confusion, all miasma, all mishap, all chaos.

* * * *

Is oneness one point? Or as many as two or an infinity of more?

* * * *

Belief, faith, hope: the triage of the mind caught in the delusions of time.

* * * *

Boring is as boring does.

* * * *

The tourist consumes, the traveler wanders.

* * * *

What is a mind free of constraints to do but remain ever-present.

* * * *

How distracting, how pointlessly entertaining, all this babbling wordplay.

* * * *

Answers come to minds who have the wit to ask the questions.

* * * *

Later that now …

* * * *

Might may make right, but it does not necessarily make true.

* * * *

Chances are, your god is as puny as your mind.

* * * *

All choices hinge upon the time and space allotted.

* * * *

Every generation is handed a bill of goods, into which they stir in their own concoction.

* * * *

Yes, even the rich and famous and powerful die very much alone and anonymous.

* * * *

The end is nigh, and the beginning just as nigh before that.

* * * *

Power and fame and fortune have evaded me so far, thank You, Jesus.

* * * *

Nobody cares but You.

* * * *

In the play of time, You are a ceaseless appearing-disappearing act.

* * * *

Doing something, doing nothing, what difference, really?

* * * *

Think again … and again … and again … and …

* * * *

Where else could You possibly be but right here, right now, whatever the stage?

* * * *

Power ends, fame fades, fortunes fall.

* * * *

Matter up, quantum, matter up.

* * * *

Sorrow is but the residence of self-absorption.

* * * *

No way is the way.

* * * *

So many wins, so many losses, what difference, really?

* * * *

Best if You can ignore all the imaginary bothers hopscotching through your head.

* * * *

Nothing is happening again, always again.

* * * *

Yes and no spin the world of mind; without them there would be peace.

* * * *

The original sin is time, the lie born of mind, every timepiece a deceiver.

* * * *

Women are bound up in their emotions, men in their egos, neither real for long.

* * * *

To be human is to participate in a never-ending insanity that evolved in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

You are only a human being if You abide the conditioning.

* * * *

The mighty ‘If’ wanders aloof in every mind.

* * * *

No, You do not have to do anything but what the moment calls.

* * * *

Everything You say can and will be used against You.

* * * *

What will who think, and what matter but for the politics of survival.

* * * *

The emptiness cannot be filled; it can only be embraced.

* * * *

What idle vanity has more virtue than the discernment of the singularity within and without.

* * * *

Did You seek it, or did it find You?

* * * *

Neither sun nor moon, neither mountain nor speck, king nor pawn, You are.

* * * *

Oblivion being what it is, You will not, in the relative sense, remember anything much longer.

* * * *

Assert this, deny that; none the same, all the same.

* * * *

There is but one source, and it is nothing the pinnacles of consciousness can more than pretend.

* * * *

Memo to Self: Remember to forget.

* * * *

Play it again, Sam.

* * * *

Why would You ever care what another thinks of You, but for all the dread inspired by time.

* * * *

Self plays every part equally and forever complete.

* * * *

The other is but the dream in the neuron trail that has made this all possible.

* * * *

Is there a beginning to creation? Or an end? Who can more than speculate?

* * * *

How can You teach that which cannot be taught?

* * * *

It is desire and fear that have molded You from pure awareness to finite consciousness.

* * * *

Fat monkeys do not travel far or quickly.

* * * *

The redundancy, the redundancy.

* * * *

The ‘I’ You play is but the filament of imagination dancing along a neuron trail.

* * * *

Awareness has no Self; awareness is Self.

* * * *

How can anyone explain anything, to ears that cannot hear, to eyes that cannot see?

* * * *

Too much awareness to completely quantum.

* * * *

That is entertainment.

* * * *

Life, brief as it is, is an adventure, at which all are not adept.

* * * *

Hail from this here-now.

* * * *

Your world, your universe, all that is known, is unutterably forgettable.

* * * *

But first a nap.

* * * *

How can that which never was ever be born, much less preserved or destroyed?

* * * *

Number games abound.

* * * *

A good guest knows when to leave; scarcity has its value.

* * * *

What a troublesome thing the mind can be.

* * * *

The School of Anarchy subscribes to no contortions of mind.

* * * *

Zen what?

* * * *

Why imitate what any individual or group prescribes?

* * * *

What is desire but that which seeks distraction in every embodiment samsara offers.

* * * *

Yes, there are stupid questions.

* * * *

Arguing over nothing is a favorite pastime of many if not most.

* * * *

Nothing is born, nothing is preserved, nothing dies, the mystery is all.

* * * *

And what can anyone truly be saved from?

* * * *

Gaze out into the cosmos, and know that it is all You, and nothing all the while.

* * * *

The dread of what others think of You is what draws You into the world again and again.

* * * *

Breathe in simplicity, breathe out simplicity.

* * * *

To be as deft as the moment, is to the wind of time.

* * * *

So have You woken up to something besides that reflection in a mirror yet?

* * * *

Be the ‘No I’ of awareness.

* * * *

Reality transcends belief and faith and hope.

* * * *

Rue no day.

* * * *

It is as large or small as You imagine it.

* * * *

Consciousness is but clouds passing through the clarity of awareness.

* * * *

Your adventure is You own, and no one will ever care about it as much as You.

* * * *

The politics of recognition are a distraction to which human consciousness ever succumbs.

* * * *

To master contentment is to waylay all fates.

* * * *

All in one, one in all.

* * * *

To be weaponized is to perhaps survive a bit longer in this our modern world.

* * * *

None of that matters anymore; let it go.

* * * *

Your entire existence is nothing more than a dream that never happened.

* * * *

Space-time offers far more than memory banks allow.

* * * *

Time is but the figment of imagination.

* * * *

All in a dream, as if it never happened.

* * * *

The great void beckons.

* * * *

Explicable or inexplicable, You decide.

* * * *

Always look twice, and maybe even three times.

* * * *

How much of your existence do You spend thinking about what others think of You?

* * * *

The earnest doubter doubts until the doubting is done.

* * * *

Good health is the only true wealth; everything else is nothing in comparison.

* * * *

Freedom is only free is everyone's got a piece of it.

* * * *

To be who-what-where-when-why-how You really are, and are not, is the final challenge.

* * * *

The intelligent designer is the intelligent design.

* * * *

The clock keeps ticking-ticking into the future, but You, You are ever the same.

* * * *

A dream, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but, like it never happened.

* * * *

Does the world, does the universe, does anything exist, if You are not here to witness it?

* * * *

The road less traveled is a path of least resistance.

* * * *

Peering out through every set of eyes, the one eye sees all.

* * * *

Are You really any more than a repetitive body bag of habitual thinking?

* * * *

Let go the world and it will let go You.

* * * *

How ironic that a world beyond all redemption finds You wanting.

* * * *

Boggling, indeed.

* * * *

What is any direction known to the relative mind?

* * * *

The first day and the last day, are they really so different?

* * * *

Power, fame, and fortune corrupt, and absolute power, fame, and fortune corrupt absolutely.

* * * *

The world worth saving was destroyed long ago.

* * * *

Sometimes sanity and madness are only separated by a few random thoughts.

* * * *

The world is only as real as You carry it.

* * * *

To be compassionate or not to be compassionate, that can be a question.

* * * *

When madness becomes normal, normal becomes madness.

* * * *

Some seers spend their awareness in a cave; for others, the world is their cave.

* * * *

The underlying current in any torture is anticipation.

* * * *

What is death but that which never was resuming that which will never be.

* * * *

And why again do we call it progress?

* * * *

Awake, asleep, what matter? It will all be over the same either way before You know it.

* * * *

Life owes You nothing.

* * * *

It the here-now in which anything happens; pay attention, or not.

* * * *

You may know history, but do You understand it, do You feel it in your beingness?

* * * *

Freedom is only as free as detachment allows.

* * * *

The no man's zone between known and unknown is the madness of the mystic philosopher.

* * * *

Touch the sun if You dare.

* * * *

What is a brain worth if it cannot step beyond its limits at least once and a while.

* * * *

If absolute power corrupts absolutely, how corrupt is god?

* * * *

Anticipation can be a thoroughfare of both delight and horror.

* * * *

It is all a dream, no part more real than another.

* * * *

So, what You are really saying is that we are all going to die.

* * * *

What depth can there be to the superficial without the awakening of intuition and doubt.

* * * *

And to whose history might You be referring?

* * * *

Quantum mind, quantum universe, quantum everything, quantum nothing.

* * * *

The giving world, the taking tree-dweller.

* * * *

A miss is a miss no matter how close.

* * * *

It is all biology playing itself out until one bitter end or another.

* * * *

Vanity creates, vanity preserves, vanity destroys.

* * * *

Forgo time; be.

* * * *

Only the mind believes its tripe real and important.

* * * *

Endure, and whine.

* * * *

Is piety really any less vain than any other vanity?

* * * *

Big bang, or big swirl?

* * * *

To go where knowledge cannot is to return to the unknown.

* * * *

Whatever normal is, it is not something to which wit aspires.

* * * *

How much needless suffering finds its way into so many minds.

* * * *

Hah!

* * * *

Nah!

* * * *

Awareness trumps all.

* * * *

A symmetry that has no existence; an existence that has no symmetry.

* * * *

Never again.

* * * *

Ramble on.

* * * *

Chatter on.

* * * *

What an albatross this unyielding Self-absorption can be.

* * * *

Space is, indeed, the final frontier.

* * * *

There are many things that matter and many that do not; the art is discerning which is which.

* * * *

No nature, no nurture.

* * * *

Drifting through the motions.

* * * *

Listen and learn; no need to follow.

* * * *

The opportunist is ever-vigilant.

* * * *

The wind is the truth, and there is no such thing as truth.

* * * *

Greed works as well as anything imagined.

* * * *

Dualism, a sensory-induced imaginary notion; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

In every eye, a different cosmos.

* * * *

What is creation, what is existence but a quantum shake.

* * * *

A poisoned world, a poisoned body, a poisoned mind.

* * * *

What are life and death but different reflections of the same mystery.

* * * *

Still the mind, still the thoughts, still the imagination, and what is left of You?

* * * *

Contentment rests easy on both laurels and thorns.

* * * *

They are only words.

* * * *

Giving anything a label is a nice way to file it away in an out-of-sight-out-of-mind way.

* * * *

The lab coat is not a religious vestment.

* * * *

Some folks are just born to be targets of one wrath or another.

* * * *

Name that face.

* * * *

Attachment is a Gordian Knot best cut in one fell slice.

* * * *

The whiff of permanence is but illusion.

* * * *

Awakening is all about paying very close attention.

* * * *

Another maggot has its day.

* * * *

The political correctness of any given time is always afire with its own tyranny.

* * * *

Even the thickest stone has the wit to keep moving.

* * * *

History: All true; all false.

* * * *

How much are You willing to suffer for an idea, for a whimsy born of imagination?

* * * *

The quantum scale, the quantum scaleless.

* * * *

From mystery comes life, and from life, mystery discerned.

* * * *

The awareness is the omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent within and without all things.

* * * *

Yet another story to be forgotten, as all eventually are.

* * * *

Game face on, game face off.

* * * *

Even practically perfect people make mistakes and have bad daze.

* * * *

Of course, it does not matter, but still we watch.

* * * *

The mind-body: friend or foe?

* * * *

The challenge is to not let your conclusions keep You from looking further.

* * * *

You, awareness.

* * * *

When opportunity knocks, opportunists answer the door.

* * * *

Now You know, now You decide.

* * * *

Yet another forum for idolatry.

* * * *

Embrace the void.

* * * *

Do not get mad about it; deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

The wind of opinion is fueled by assumption.

* * * *

What an unyielding blight we are to ourselves and the world.

* * * *

To heck with anyone who tries to put You in a box.

* * * *

Even the greatest good casts a shadow.

* * * *

Imaginary as it is, we are all drug along in the wake of history's future-past.

* * * *

Are You not the clever one.

* * * *

The light at the end of the tunnel grows daily dimmer.

* * * *

All You can do is keep walking toward whatever fate is in store.

* * * *

Art is its own reward.

* * * *

To effect right change, the right thing must be said in the right ear at the right time.

* * * *

Good breathing helps the mind find its source.

* * * *

Taking anyone or anything for granted is a precarious precipice.

* * * *

Yet another story, true or fictional, You decide.

* * * *

There is no safety in the vulnerability, unless others play it be and allow.

* * * *

Real meditation is death before dying.

* * * *

Endure – tolerate, continue, carry on – as best ye may.

* * * *

You are alone, ever watchful.

* * * *

Awareness is all, and there ain't no more.

* * * *

Whether You do or do not, be or not be, live or die, is of little concern to the ultimate.

* * * *

Religion is the invention of Fear and Greed

* * * *

Imagination is the creator of all lies; it has no jurisdiction over truth.

* * * *

God-fearing or god-fearless, You decide.

* * * *

Heaven and hell are but states of mind to which imagination easily succumbs.

* * * *

Thought is one way to use the mind; insight the other.

* * * *

Meditation and contemplation are resting easy in one's Self.

* * * *

The source of vanity is also its end.

* * * *

What is the world when awareness is all.

* * * *

Pretending You are an identity is a far lesser charge than true-believing it.

* * * *

It seemed right at the time.

* * * *

Home is wherever your head or foot or rear are abiding.

* * * *

A vast quantum matrix conceived and nurtured in your imaginary mind.

* * * *

Innnnn-siiiiight, get it?

* * * *

For the DNA, it is all about getting laid; tilling that soil and planting that seed.

* * * *

Trials are but the winds of fate, the course of which can only at best be vaguely set.

* * * *

The more still You are, the more You, You are.

* * * *

All You can do is play the fate your mind-body inspires in this garden world.

* * * *

To discern your passion, your raison d'être, is the most true fate.

* * * *

What another thinks of You, is but imaginary notion, to which You need not subscribe.

* * * *

The given moment is all; there is no who-what-where-when-why-how else to be.

* * * *

Just say no.

* * * *

Creator and creation, weaver and woven, how are they not the same?

* * * *

Guilt and remorse are the presoak of suffering.

* * * *

The mind that has no real problems has a tendency to make up its own.

* * * *

All consciousness is born of an imaginary, subjective center.

* * * *

About as rational as a flying pig.

* * * *

Someday the pain will end; until then, endure and enjoy as best You may.

* * * *

Rationality sponsors many an irrational notion.

* * * *

Basking in envy works every time.

* * * *

The way it is; it is what it is.

* * * *

What is to save?

* * * *

Certainly easier to regurgitate a story than it is to discover the source of all stories.

* * * *

Just a dream of time filling itself with all sorts of self-absorbed gobbledygook.

* * * *

Do nothing and nothing will do You.

* * * *

How many ways there are to cut the eternal pie.

* * * *

Pain is the teacher, but what have You learned?

* * * *

Patterns all, puppets all.

* * * *

Any book is likely to be the greatest story ever written if that is all You have read.

* * * *

Something for everyone.

* * * *

It is what it is.

* * * *

A quantum dream, no matter how many dimensions.

* * * *

Distractions only distract; they do not make You any less alone.

* * * *

Is there anything more enjoyable than gratuitous anything?

* * * *

Even the most well-meaning memory is but a lie of selective perception.

* * * *

Existence is the imagined time between indifferent sleep.

* * * *

Watch the judgment.

* * * *

Like nobody has done or said it before.

* * * *

Where is science when there is nothing to observe, when there is nothing to measure?

* * * *

The Reaper is always hovering just a breath away.

* * * *

To wrap your mind around the mystery, You must unwrap your mind.

* * * *

Speculation is the root of all inanity.

* * * *

Blessed are the children, for they have not been stricken by the weight of the world.

* * * *

There is no becoming, there is only being.

* * * *

The irony, the paradox, of the spiritual quest, is that less always ends up being more.

* * * *

History is testament to hell on earth.

* * * *

No need to fear what You really truly are and are not: just be it.

* * * *

Redemption for what, pray tell?

* * * *

The truth is but the given moment, and thus neither the purview or the domain of consciousness.

* * * *

Shallow breathing; don't do it.

* * * *

Only the living dead have risen.

* * * *

Being but a turn of the mind, heaven and hell are equally close and far.

* * * *

Imbibe the chaos and all its order.

* * * *

Here You are right here right now: Redeem your Self.

* * * *

Wisdom is connecting the dots.

* * * *

… blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah … ad infinitum …

* * * *

Gaia is a dream world of eternity.

* * * *

Your true nature is emptiness.

* * * *

You are but a brief mortal dream of the immortality of eternity.

* * * *

You cannot know truth; You can only be it.

* * * *

Hell is in the details, and history is creator of its future-past.

* * * *

A worthy windmill if You enjoy futility.

* * * *

Harder to let go than it is to hold on, until its not.

* * * *

Less is the new more.

* * * *

Nothing is, nothing is not.

* * * *

In the whole mind, awareness is all, thunder perfect.

* * * *

You are not saving anyone's cosmos but your own, and only for a short while.

* * * *

Nobody knows nothing but what they imagine so.

* * * *

More parts, more bother.

* * * *

Different ways of looking only create more differences.

* * * *

What has not been usurped?

* * * *

The partial mind can never grasp the whole mind in which it partitions itself.

* * * *

Nothing is not matter, and does not matter, either.

* * * *

Awareness is as close to seeing and being as it gets.

* * * *

The future is getting uglier and uglier in every way every day.

* * * *

Time is the living death of consciousness.

* * * *

Sometimes it may well be that the baby needs to be thrown out with the bathwater.

* * * *

To discern clearly is to aimlessly wander the untrammeled pathless.

* * * *

Anything can be written and rewritten again and again.

* * * *

It’s how we roll.

* * * *

Your political clout is only as strong as your base.

* * * *

What is any conquest but home invasion on a grand scale.

* * * *

The way of war, the way of peace, each chooses in his their own mind.

* * * *

Breathe in contentment, breath out contentment.

* * * *

Rage on.

* * * *

Did it ever begin? Does it ever end?

* * * *

The way of life is the way of death.

* * * *

The mind will consume whatever notion draws its eye.

* * * *

Necessity is the best teacher, followed closely by pain.

* * * *

The dysfunctional loop is not easily overridden.

* * * *

Only through the part can the whole be clearly discerned, and through the whole, the part.

* * * *

What is a mind free of all prescriptions?

* * * *

Nothing that can be imagined is what it is and is not.

* * * *

How can just being, be any sort of goal?

* * * *

Now is the timeless dreamtime of all yesterdays and tomorrows.

* * * *

Judge, jury, executioner, all in one, one in all.

* * * *

Even wisdom is only as deep as illusion allows.

* * * *

Security, is there ever enough?

* * * *

Yet another one of those many curious things with which vanity is so absorbed.

* * * *

True science is not a political subject.

* * * *

Ain't nobody askin', ain't nobody tellin'.

* * * *

Mindless belief – tedious, senseless, stupid – is the lazy way.

* * * *

There they go pushing the fear button again.

* * * *

The judge is his own executioner.

* * * *

You do not exist in the way You think.

* * * *

Where is the line between the attention of caution and the obsession of paranoia?

* * * *

To thine own Self be true.

* * * *

The mind stilled by full attention merges into eternity.

* * * *

Vanity tolerates no rival.

* * * *

Existence given little attention is but hollow vanity, and thus no life at all.

* * * *

Tomorrow is a new day, and, quantum willing, You might even live to see its sunset.

* * * *

There is something real about the working man's existence that a desk jockey can never know.

* * * *

Yes, there is eternal life, but it is nothing You think.

* * * *

Be and allow, the highest law, is daily usurped across the human theater.

* * * *

Who was that masked man?

* * * *

Is it 'I Am' or 'Am I?'

* * * *

You ain't seen nothing yet.

* * * *

The inherent violence of greed never bodes well for the meek.

* * * *

Of the unknown, nothing can be known.

* * * *

Regarding intelligence, best not too hot, not too cold, kind of a Goldilocks thing.

* * * *

Regarding whether or not You are the enigmatic totality, assume it so.

* * * *

The man behind the curtain cannot save You.

* * * *

History will consume You if You allow it.

* * * *

Who is ever really ready for their last day?

* * * *

Truer than true … Say what?

* * * *

Strike hard, strike fast, strike true.

* * * *

It is not win or lose, it is win or learn.

* * * *

And the other was created that the Great Quantum might see its Self more clearly.

* * * *

It be good policy to back away from anyone who wants to lead You.

* * * *

No matter what You believe, it is all speculation.

* * * *

Process is life; arrival, death.

* * * *

We are all faking it the best we can; some are better at it than others.

* * * *

It is only flesh and bones; rise above it.

* * * *

What's to save?

* * * *

The joy of existence them details are not.

* * * *

For those who truly seek that which is roots out that which is not.

* * * *

Now is an impenetrable mystery.

* * * *

The muddy stream gets muddier every day.

* * * *

Every student gleans something different from any given teacher.

* * * *

The web of futility is a many-spidered thing.

* * * *

You woke up again this morning; your story continues.

* * * *

What is it to be alone, but to be in an attentive, undistracted state of mind.

* * * *

It is all in your head.

* * * *

The meaning of oblivion: No how, no why, no when, no where, no what, no who.

* * * *

You do because You can, and You can because You do.

* * * *

You are nothing more than a fiction of a neuron web locked in a vain little skull.

* * * *

What are You trying to prove? And to who?

* * * *

Planned obsolescence is the cancer of modern man.

* * * *

The everything, the nothing.

* * * *

Imagination is all, all is imagination.

* * * *

Sugar and spice and all things nice is unadulterated, delusional propaganda from the get-go.

* * * *

The empty of full; the full of empty.

* * * *

You cannot win an argument against ignorance.

* * * *

Heaven is the invention of imagination to make endurable the perdition of earthly existence.

* * * *

Imagination is a quantum magic carpet ride through awareness.

* * * *

Who are the wealthiest but those indifferent to wealth.

* * * *

When the mind becomes its awareness, where is the fear, where is the desire, where are You?

* * * *

How can the cosmos the eyes perceive and mind conceives ever be real?

* * * *

Relatively easy to win an argument if there is no one to argue with.

* * * *

Only the delusion inspired by DNA would find a newborn adorable.

* * * *

Who would not be happy to get fat on whatever taxpayer tit they can latch on to?

* * * *

There is no changing destiny into something it already is.

* * * *

How can You understand anything if You are not willing to explore everything?

* * * *

Imagination Is All, All Is Imagination

* * * *

Woke up again this morning, born of imagination, on a road through perdition.

* * * *

Doubt is the rarest of commodities.

* * * *

How poor the rich who still crave more, more, more, ever more.

* * * *

The end of the story is the end of history.

* * * *

The consuming mind is an insatiable thing without the tether of awareness.

* * * *

History: read it and weep.

* * * *

Prescriptions tend to get forgotten in one haze or another.

* * * *

There is nothing to discover.

* * * *

The eggshell of conditioning is but an imaginary shell.

* * * *

What do You do with the truth that has neither meaning, nor purpose, nor reality?

* * * *

Are You insane, or jsut not playing the game?

* * * *

Why resist the immutable?

* * * *

What matters, what does not matter, very much the same

* * * *

All different, all the same.

* * * *

Only after that last wheezing breath will it be too late to change your mind.

* * * *

Full breath or shallow, You pass through it the same.

* * * *

The dead are used as the living choose.

* * * *

Nothing exists but the dreamtime of imaginary notion.

* * * *

Give it no mind.

* * * *

Explain, if You would, why You have never, and will never, see your face.

* * * *

All is but imaginary notion.

* * * *

Why resist the inevitable?

* * * *

We are time machines of the meaty kind.

* * * *

A sensory play fostered by imagination.

* * * *

In every mind, a different universe.

* * * *

Full enough, yet?

* * * *

The world, the universe, that imagination built.

* * * *

Truth is not some sliver of a dimension exclusive to humankind.

* * * *

To be free of time is to be free of mind.

* * * *

What is will but consciousness balled up with intention.

* * * *

The all-seeing eye discerns with an all-seeing mind.

* * * *

Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain.

* * * *

Nothing will never make a difference.

* * * *

Far easier to idolize someone else's Self than it is to discern your own.

* * * *

You scientist.

* * * *

Well, well, well.

* * * *

Déjà vu all over again.

* * * *

What the fuck were You thinking?

* * * *

We all have our timeline.

* * * *

What cannot be known cannot be usurped.

* * * *

Deign it merit?

* * * *

The madness that is sane is the mind that sets an aimless course.

* * * *

The inner eye, both empty and full, sees all, knows all, is all.

* * * *

Life, it'll kill ya.

* * * *

An imaginary creation, a tale of universal proportion.

* * * *

Vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity, except for pure awareness of the eternal kind.

* * * *

What is any history but the fog of perception.

* * * *

Scream or moan or laugh, the roller coaster rolls on and on.

* * * *

Feng that shui.

* * * *

Every moment a new discovery in the mind undivided by time.

* * * *

If your practice is idolatry, then You have missed the point.

* * * *

Humankind is no different than any other cancer chewing away at its host.

* * * *

The point being?

* * * *

Detachment is key.

* * * *

Are You this? Are You that? No and no.

* * * *

How quickly the sparkle of obsession can morph into dark shadows.

* * * *

Contentment is when just being is enough.

* * * *

This world is not for You shake it off.

* * * *

What You do not give your mind to does not matter.

* * * *

Travel light, travel sure, travel free.

* * * *

It's your world now, kids, rotsa ruck.

* * * *

What the tongue craves is not necessarily what the tummy needs.

* * * *

Give it no name.

* * * *

Whether You are as still as a pond, or as restless as a typhoon, the awareness is ever the same.

* * * *

There is no before, there is no after, there is only now.

* * * *

Every passion has its destiny, death rules us all, the world wags on.

* * * *

We are but dreams in each other’s minds.

* * * *

Let the gods double-double-toil-and-trouble with all their judgments.

* * * *

Boggling how simple it all is, if You manage to lose your mind.

* * * *

Dust You ever are.

* * * *

Letting go the world requires attentive mindfulness in each and every moment.

* * * *

People come, people go, vanity rules.

* * * *

Devise whatever claims You will about awareness, all are speculations, none are real.

* * * *

All boundaries are born of imagination.

* * * *

It does not need to mean anything.

* * * *

For far too many, enough is not an option.

* * * *

To be born is to die each and every moment.

* * * *

A fair amount of the aging process is pain becoming a constant companion.

* * * *

You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but You can't take the jungle out of the monkey.

* * * *

There is no copyright on wisdom.

* * * *

Every birth a new universe; every death an end.

* * * *

Nothing doing.

* * * *

You are the ever-born-ever-undying mystery, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

What circus calls You?

* * * *

The joy of imagination is that You don't have to go there.

* * * *

The ever-present is, well, ever-present.

* * * *

Truth is the filament in every moment's birth and death.

* * * *

Wisdom has no bounds.

* * * *

The race of nothing to nowhere.

* * * *

It all is nothing more than a dream of mind.

* * * *

Always astounding how long it can take for some things to become obvious.

* * * *

We all get locked in our conditioned recording, playing out the rutted mind round and round.

* * * *

Define good, define bad, if You can.

* * * *

There is nothing to do, so do it well.

* * * *

Artificial intelligence for an artificial world.

* * * *

Die to everything but the awareness You truly are.

* * * *

As You see more and more clearly, what is real, and what is not, detachment just sort of happens.

* * * *

Once again, the deadline is postponed.

* * * *

The flesh is weak, and daily weaker.

* * * *

The biological imperative will out.

* * * *

There is no such thing as normal, or it might be said, we are all our own version of normal.

* * * *

Some people You laugh with, and others You cannot help but laugh at.

* * * *

Alas, poor Yorick! Alas, poor Monkey!

* * * *

Joy, more to forget.

* * * *

There is nothing normal.

* * * *

There is nothing not normal.

* * * *

Nothing is but what You think it.

* * * *

The unknowable unknown is, well, unknowable.

* * * *

Holding onto nothing.

* * * *

We are all buddha, we are all god; the trick is having the wit and will and courage to discern it.

* * * *

‘See You tomorrow’ can be a dubious assumption.

* * * *

Not holding onto nothing.

* * * *

Eternity is all, attached to none.

* * * *

What is any gourmet meal but just another pile of shit waiting to happen.

* * * *

Detachment is a blade unto Self.

* * * *

It is only vanity that believes anything important.

* * * *

What a prison the body ultimately becomes to those ready to burst across the universe.

* * * *

How long can forever be if time is an illusion?

* * * *

Only seven days? … Only six thousand years? … The chosen people? … Yeah, sure … Pfft.

* * * *

Feed them a lie and they will follow; feed them the truth and stand alone.

* * * *

What is it to awaken? And is it worth arguing about?

* * * *

Truth serves no purpose.

* * * *

If it defied physics, it probably didn't happen.

* * * *

Vanity-vanity-all-is-insatiable-ductless-glands-and-viscera-delusional-blue-pill-vanity.

* * * *

How can that which was never born ever die?

* * * *

History has proven over and over again, that anything can be usurped.

* * * *

The sands of time are written in the stars.

* * * *

Let go the conditioned mind.

* * * *

Have You ever really moved in any way, any shape, any form?

* * * *

The winds of mind are the winds of time.

* * * *

True science is an unblinking, unwavering, unallied eye.

* * * *

Even the most exotic venue can become dull after the first day.

* * * *

A life well-lived is nothing well done.

* * * *

Rejecting the human paradigm is an option.

* * * *

In any creative enterprise, only the artist knows all the agonies and ecstasies of its genesis.

* * * *

God of man, man of god, one in the same.

* * * *

What true scientist is not also a philosopher?

* * * *

Too late for all but the most disconcerted, willing and able to let go.

* * * *

Every seed has its fate.

* * * *

The truth, and nothing but the truth.

* * * *

Nothing muffled about the accusatory question.

* * * *

You are the grist; You are the mill.

* * * *

The good news is that You will never die; the bad news is that You must endure forever.

* * * *

If it is a concept, it is not truth.

* * * *

You are responsible; You are not responsible.

* * * *

You are as large as You are small, as small as You are large.

* * * *

You must figure it all out for your Self.

* * * *

Same grist, another day at the mill.

* * * *

Always look any gift horse in the mouth.

* * * *

Nothing matters, and even nothing does not matter.

* * * *

There is no I am, only I am-ing.

* * * *

Buddhists and Christians aplenty; Buddhas and Christs, rare indeed.

* * * *

No matter the point and purpose, all ambition clouds the mind.

* * * *

Mind your own awareness.

* * * *

Doubt is a rare commodity.

* * * *

There is no path through emptiness.

* * * *

Might makes right; always has, always will.

* * * *

Name that Judas.

* * * *

There is only one teacher in the universe. One teacher, with many faces.

* * * *

The worms are licking their lips.

* * * *

What need for a solution when there was never really a problem.

* * * *

Oh, happy choiceless.

* * * *

How can anyone see, much less care about, everything they do not know?

* * * *

The ever-changing is, well, ever changing.

* * * *

Fill your Self with the absoluteness that transcends the imaginary persona.

* * * *

In these our times, Old School is every moment dying.

* * * *

To see nothing, be nothing.

* * * *

And what is your ambition, your goal, your agenda, your raison d'être, this very moment?

* * * *

Adventures happen, if You have the courage to allow them.

* * * *

A lot of words, all for nothing.

* * * *

Wake up in whatever way You will, it does not matter, it is but a dream.

* * * *

Never trust history to tell You the truth.

* * * *

What a burden it is to be responsible for someone else's happiness.

* * * *

The quietude of which so many speak is beyond all pales.

* * * *

Alone … alone … alone … so utterly alone You ever are.

* * * *

Why keep coming back? Surely, one life well-lived is more than enough.

* * * *

The roving sun births a new year on this spinning mirage of quantum design.

* * * *

Yet another edifice of mind for eternity to unravel.

* * * *

Hell is in the details.

* * * *

The indivisibility is sliced and diced by a divisibility that has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.

* * * *

How can forever be any longer than You?

* * * *

Emotional lunacy strikes again.

* * * *

All better now, until the next trip and fall in some other now.

* * * *

Well, that answers it, then.

* * * *

Cut to the gist.

* * * *

More is less; less is more.

* * * *

Another round of that ancient game show: Name That Vanity.

* * * *

Go back from whence You came.

* * * *

No history can never be more than a story.

* * * *

No matter how resolute, science is ultimately limited by the doors of human perception.

* * * *

Intuition is imagination's rabbit hole.

* * * *

There are some secrets best taken to the grave.

* * * *

The only thing smart about most smart phones is the phone.

* * * *

Yet another Ground Hog Day begins.

* * * *

Nationalism is nothing more than a loftier version of a high school pep rally

* * * *

Tyranny sculpts both cowards and martyrs.

* * * *

Let us not confuse humanity with humanity.

* * * *

And what will come of life on this world when the web is tattered beyond redemption?

* * * *

Too hot, too cold, whiners all.

* * * *

Wisdom is not an end in itself, but a natural distillation of a life of inquiry and observation.

* * * *

How can creator and creation not be the same?

* * * *

Pretty amazing the different universes our bodies play out.

* * * *

The quest for peace is a solitary trek.

* * * *

Morality is a convenient distraction.

* * * *

There is no other, never was, will never be.

* * * *

The ultimate irony and paradox is always speaking of time as if it were real.

* * * *

The joy of the long stroll is without compare.

* * * *

What a burden it is to be made responsible for someone else's happiness.

* * * *

The body is going to die someday, so why not my its own hand?

* * * *

Close encounters of the third kind playing out daily.

* * * *

Give me anonymity, or give me death.

* * * *

Science is only as potent as eye and technology allow.

* * * *

Only in the absoluteness of pure awareness is there an end to relativity.

* * * *

The seed of tomorrow is in today, and yesterday but an imaginary tale.

* * * *

What a burden it is to be responsible for someone else's happiness.

* * * *

History is everywhere and nowhere.

* * * *

All those so-called mystical experiences are almost as profound as a good shit.

* * * *

The indivisible nothingness slathered with imagination is still indivisible nothingness.

* * * *

A picture is worth a thousand words, and a thousand people see a thousand pictures.

* * * *

The body lives, the body dies, and imagination imagines between.

* * * *

The real You in a nutshell.

* * * *

History is relative to every eye that discerns it.

* * * *

You are a conditioned recording, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Truth does not exist because the eternal moment it is, is not.

* * * *

Every mind a lie unto its Self.

* * * *

Lose your mind.

* * * *

You are indelibly linked to the mystery of origin; there are no intermediaries.

* * * *

You are not what You do; You are not what You say.

* * * *

Why be bound by any human concoction?

* * * *

Dates and times may vary.

* * * *

So many things to care about; what's the point of bothering anymore?

* * * *

You are the ever-emanating now, radiating an imaginary universe.

* * * *

The world and all its attributes are but stardust in your mind.

* * * *

Past and future are but vanity projected upon any imaginary timeline.

* * * *

Good god, look in the mirror, play your gray.

* * * *

Trying to justify your existence is a rat wheel in the mind.

* * * *

Yet another universe created by imagination.

* * * *

Another day of pretend underway.

* * * *

There is no good guy in a home invasion.

* * * *

Religion foments dogma, dogma foments disharmony, disharmony foments destruction.

* * * *

Does anybody really die until You do?

* * * *

Imagination is a time machine that can travel anywhere but the present.

* * * *

Consciousness is an ever-changing show of imagination.

* * * *

Nothing exists for less than a moment.

Breadcrumbs

All these thoughts are but a few decades worth of babble
That came to mind during the wandering from one adventure to the next,
Reflections of an unsought existence born of the choiceless repast of the genetic lottery,
In an inexplicable mystery too infinitely unfathomable to claim any knowing.

* * * *

This is the thesis I would have liked to have had available early on in this life,
And hope is still floating about if perchance I am required to one day begin anew.
If there is a deity of the supreme variety, hopefully, he/she/it will not be so malicious
As to fling me back into this often hellish dream of gratuitous suffering and angst.

* * * *

There is always a chance that some of these many ditties have been poorly written,
Or that there is a grammatical, spelling, punctuation, or other semantic error.
Never hesitate to cross the t's and dot the i's with your own intuition.
After all, that is really all You have to go by in this quest for truth.

* * * *

Bit by bit, ditty after ditty, one ditty at a time.
Who knows how many have been written, and more than that,
But for those so many lost by unbidden chance and inattentive happenstance.
The fate, the fates, oh what destiny do they reckon before time's end?

* * * *

These many thoughts are left for humankind's unfolding reverie,
Written by a witness, a seer, who was born in 1953 A.D.
To what duration he cannot at this writing say.
Geographically, it was called Northern California
During the agricultural-industrial-technological epoch
Of the United States of America, a nation-state
In what seemed the zenith and early decline
Of civilization as he elected to perceive it.
But history knows many such epochs,
So the accuracy of all predictions in time
Is for future scholars to ponder and pontificate,
As they always have, and undoubtedly, always will.

* * * *

This is how these many aphoristic observations came to be:
One by one bubbling up in the daily wander.
Pen and paper ever in hand.
None sought.
No stories to be told.
No fame, no fortune, no power.
The life of a peasant in an extraordinary time,

In which so many things were easily achieved, easily experienced,
And the vanity, the avarice, the arrogance, of the human species approached its pinnacle.

* * * *

Why spend so much time penning all this rather meaningless silliness, You might well ask.
Well, the woeful truth is this aging mortal container can only carouse
So many hours of these winter daze, anymore.
And what remains is philosophy.
The title of the next book might well be:
The Hedonist's Guide to Higher Consciousness.

* * * *

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily.
But I am only a hypocrite when given moments of vanity force my hand.

* * * *

Once upon a time I thought I knew something.
It took a long time to realize I was mistaken.

* * * *

I think, therefore I think I am.

* * * *

I watch, I taste, I smell, I listen, I feel,
And then I scribble whatever comes to mind.
Quite a thing to experience, of that You can be sure.

* * * *

Didn't ask to be here, ain't prayin' to be stayin'.

* * * *

Herein is what these eyes have seen,
Given freely for time to do with it what it will
In whatever way the theater of consciousness dictates
In its unparalleled experiment of free will.

* * * *

Without pen and paper in hand,
Yet another aphoristic witty
Goes swish in the wind.
Easy come, easy go.

* * * *

What more can be said?
Apparently a great deal.

* * * *

Ah, alas, this poor body.

Having to contain a Soul seeker,
A god-mind in the making,
Is rarely ever easy.

* * * *

I am not Buddha, nor Jesus, nor Lao Tzu,
Nor any other of the countless ones
Come so many times before.
I am Michael, but any name will do,
For we are all in reality the same one as You.

* * * *

No doubt all the conclusions, all the judgments about me are true
In a sideways-topsy-turvy-inside-out-convoluted-mangled sort of way.

* * * *

Trial by fucking fire, I calls it.

* * * *

Not interested in anything requiring a middleman with his/her hand out.

* * * *

A mystical Quixote if ever there was one.

* * * *

Vanity so great that the audacity to scribe all these thoughts only grew in time.

* * * *

Mission accomplished.

* * * *

Epiphanies unending,
Each a spontaneous twinkle of insight
Punctuating one streaming contemplation after another.

* * * *

Do not see this human drama
Going any direction I need to see,
Much less one in which I want to be.

* * * *

Caught in a mind too easily given over to the world.
A vamp for seemingly every sort of novel experience.

* * * *

Never need to meet anyone or anything again.

* * * *

Off in the timeless zone yet again.
Would that it were not so easy to stay there.
We likes our busy-busy mind, do we not, my precious?

* * * *

A chatty antichrist, are I not?

* * * *

Thoughts of every variety written for a relatively small audience,
And who they are, or where they are, entirely unknowable.
Ergo, the Johnny Appleseed scatter-it-about approach.
And if nothing comes of it in the dreamtime to come, so be it.

* * * *

He who was, no longer is.
At least some of the time.

* * * *

A scribe, nothing more.

* * * *

Considering the seeds of your beginning, what a truly amazing journey it has been.

* * * *

Alas, not given the mind to write great narratives.
Stuck in an aphoristic mode that will likely
Not see the light of too many daze.

* * * *

Thousands and thousands of hours of babbling away
About something that will likely die on the vine.
What a waste of a perfectly good existence.

* * * *

Another satisfying ditty moment followed my many hence.

* * * *

Leaving the dreamtime these thoughts to do with whatever it pleases.

* * * *

Do not for a second believe all these thoughts are in the order they were written.

* * * *

Be sure to realize there is a very precise, almost legalistic use of words in all this.

* * * *

How often these little ditties, when they do not come out practically camera-ready,
End up transmuting into something very-if-not-entirely different,

As they stream from eternity into time.

* * * *

Odds are, the further down the road You are, the less impact You will have.

* * * *

He enjoyed writing. he enjoyed the words.
He enjoyed the definitions, the spelling, the grammar.
He enjoyed the word processing, the spellcheck that saved him,
The thesaurus that catapulted the many thoughts many unexpected directions.
And most of all he enjoyed the many reveries that inspired it all.

* * * *

Yes, I am Buddha, though sometimes I forget, and must wander about for a bit,
Until I eventually remember who-what-where-when-why-how I truly am.
And no, not into saffron robes this round. and no followers, either.
Too much bothersome confusion, the far too common result.

* * * *

The tension of existence, it will not be missed.

* * * *

Not even a smidgen of interest in setting up some roadshow-sideshow
Marketed into something all shiny and bright and new
In the nothing-new-under-the-sun file.

* * * *

I got mine; up to You to find yours.

* * * *

A dues-paying member of the food chain since 1953.

* * * *

And to the Reaper he said, “What took You so long?”

* * * *

A mind that explores anything and everything to the gist degree.

* * * *

Lordy, what would I do without spellcheck and a thesaurus?

* * * *

I might think someone is a villain, an idiot, a fool,
But I more than likely will not execute them for it.

* * * *

Pfft, I say, pfft.

* * * *

Just finishing out a life sentence without concern or fanfare.

* * * *

A prophet of oblivion.

* * * *

Veni, Vidi, Scritti.
I came, I saw, I wrote.

* * * *

The agenda daily diminishes.

* * * *

Sometimes the mind is very still, and sometimes, obviously, it is not.

* * * *

Got a hankering for the Great Nada, a yearning for some quantum oblivion.

* * * *

All these words count for nothing.

* * * *

These brief thoughts are all You need
To go where no mortal can go.
They are sincere and true
From one who sees it all as You.

* * * *

A paucity of words, what would that be like?

* * * *

What is left to question, to ponder, to wonder, to gorge, to drink?
Surely, this hodgepodge is more than enough for any wayfarer.

* * * *

These many thoughts come from where everything comes:
The mystery, the enigma, the unknown; call it whatever You will,
You impromptu players, You jazz cats, of the eternal stage.

* * * *

This is the work I would hope to find were I ever come back to the is fine mess.

* * * *

A cantankerous old fart who has lived far too long to ever be missed.

* * * *

Yet another mortal player penning endless absurdities about nothing much ado.

* * * *

The scribe is just as mad as everyone else in this asylum.
Just another inmate, another monkey-mind in the jungle of Eden.
The only nuance of a difference is a somewhat rational, introspective eye,
For some reason inclined to explore the observer and observed within and without.

* * * *

What a prison the body can become as it loses its well-being,
Especially to a spirit no longer intoxicated with the vanity of existence,
Incarcerated in the space and time of a mind, of a body, of a world, of a universe,
Playing an infinitesimal function in an ephemeral dream, for which there is no longer appetite.

* * * *

In all honesty, I am just another god-damned fucking monkey,
Often weary of acting out a mind so incredibly steeped in balderdash.
Just doing the so-it-goes as long as the going is not too painfully intolerable.

* * * *

Seemingly mortal, yet not all the time.
Seemingly carefree, yet not all the time.
Seemingly arrogant, yet not all the time.
Seemingly egocentric, yet not all the time.
Seemingly narcissistic, yet not all the time.
Seemingly sociopathic, yet not all the time.
Seemingly psychopathic, yet not all the time.
Seemingly courageous, yet not all the time.
Seemingly intelligent, yet not all the time.
Seemingly attached, yet not all the time.
Seemingly relaxed, yet not all the time.
Seemingly intense, yet not all the time.
Seemingly foolish, yet not all the time.
Seemingly this or that, yet not all the time.
Seemingly so many things, yet not all the time.

* * * *

Many things were done, many things were undone.
These many thoughts, many insightful, many foolish,
Are the mind's harvest of this life's many adventures.

* * * *

What new trial will today's wander inflict upon this poor body?
He wondered with a sigh as he set stepped gingerly out the door.

* * * *

Biding my time, making the best of this perdition.
Not at all interested in being a human being ever again.
Have experienced far more that would have ever been imagined.

Existence is no longer necessary in any dimension.
The quantum singularity beckons.

* * * *

The only Gaia that could call me back
To another voluntary existence
Would be the one before fire was harnessed,
The one before humankind began its cancerous ascension.
But, alas, that garden, that Eden, is long since spent, long since played out,
And no time machine, no portal, no wormhole, but imagination, at the ready at this reckoning.

* * * *

The dream can do whatever it wants with these many words.
They came to mind in their own effortless way,
And it was an enjoyable process
Putting pen to paper.

* * * *

Would that it were so easy to be as impersonal as Mister Spock.

* * * *

A rich life on the edge of a dime.

* * * *

Makes my head spin, too.

* * * *

And everything written by this hand
May well be completely off-base.
Could be just a lot of wasted existence
That could have been better spent elsewhere.

* * * *

No creed, no dress code, no edifice, no heaven, no hell, no groupthink.
Just a few too many thoughts with which You are welcome to spend time or not.
Oblivion beckons if You can hear the soundless and taste the tasteless.

* * * *

Mister Just-in-Case.

* * * *

Not all callings earn a paycheck.

* * * *

These thoughts come to mind of their own accord.
An effort effortlessly composing its Self.
To what end, if any, unknown.

* * * *

Another day in a weary, achy, aging body.
The life sentence in purgatory marches on.

* * * *

Still here, still collecting that statistical sample
On what it is to dream a very human dream.

* * * *

A happy fate it is to be all but ignored.
To wander, witness to it all, anonymous.

* * * *

What to do when the favorite time of day
Becomes the oblivion of dreamless sleep.

* * * *

These many thoughts, well, they are sort of a long-view-Johnny-Appleseed thing.
Good old vanity playing out the delayed gratification that history offers the dead.

* * * *

Woke up again this morning.
Back for more of what I never really wanted or needed in the first place.
Thanks, Mom. Thanks, Dad.

* * * *

Most of the original small spiral notebooks and sundry scraps of paper
Are in landfills near Chico and Turlock in Northern California.
There is an ever-growing corpus of blank index cards
From some of the more recent dittyfesting.

* * * *

So many staring into the screens of technological absurdity,
Mother Nature all but abandoned, little more than a resource.
What is to come of it all but a mystic philosopher's musing.

* * * *

A little something for those who will endure the dystopian now
The mind of humankind hath blindly wrought upon paradise.

* * * *

Somebody had to think it, write it, say it,
And it looks like You got the short straw.

* * * *

One slightly younger friend once remarked:
"You are either the craziest person I know, or the sanest, I'm not sure which."
The essence of the fabled Catch-22, to be sure.

* * * *

Woke up again this morning, and it ain't over yet.
Pass the peas, Mildred.

* * * *

My thread, my raison d'etre.

* * * *

Can You feel that meme's dull, rusty blade, carving through your trachea,
Down through the artery, while your screams turn into a frothy gurgle?

* * * *

These many thoughts redundant? Well, of course they are redundant.
The entire human drama is redundant to an absurd degree,
And not likely to be any less so anytime soon.

* * * *

I think I have nothing to say as well as anybody.

* * * *

In a race never run, a dark horse, indeed.

* * * *

Brought to You in a Joe Everyman form.

* * * *

Another inexplicable post from oblivion.

* * * *

Creating things for a future about which I can only shake my head.

* * * *

First, I gave You my mind, then, I left it.

* * * *

God wakes up every night in a cold sweat
Knowing what is going to happen
When I am done here.

* * * *

Quantum jester.

* * * *

Word association, ain't it fun.

* * * *

No one should die or suffer for anything I have ever said or written.

These myriad thoughts should never be taken dogmatically.
They are but a reflective process of Self-discovery.
Passing time, jousting with words, if You will.
Discern your own way; mimic no one.

* * * *

So many very, very foolish moments to foster all these sagacious insights.

* * * *

Just filling in the time with whatever thoughts come to mind.

* * * *

A life filled with epiphany after epiphany.

* * * *

What makes You think I would save this world of monkeys even if I could?

* * * *

An eclectic existence, a statistically sound sample from beginning to end.
What richer life could one have ever hoped for, much less planned?
Are tranquility and contentment at some point even a choice?

* * * *

Random thoughts from the mind quantum built.

* * * *

A gift to the future, nothing more, nothing less.
Take it or leave it, no matter to this pile of dust.

* * * *

What a state of serenity,
That clear space of awareness
From which these many thoughts spring.

* * * *

Rambles of the daily mind.

* * * *

Do not even for a second believe that I did not more than a few times play the demon.
I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and plot murder and mayhem daily.
And I am guardian serving and protecting all.
I am consciousness,
Every facet unfurled as the given mind calls.

* * * *

Betrayed too many times by family, friends, strangers, and foes alike.
What is to learn but that innocence is a realm not long left untarnished.

* * * *

An interesting hobby, to what end, if any, I know not, nor really care.
Best wishes, but I am not very optimistic that the future
Is going to get prettier anytime soon.

* * * *

What an ironically hollow fate, a laughably absurd fate,
To have given so much of the existence given,
To setting down these many thoughts,
For a potential readership,
So few of which,
One will ever chance to meet.

* * * *

I think, therefore I think I am; if I do not think, where am I, where am I not?

* * * *

Seen enough for this lifetime and a few more.

* * * *

Getting pretty quiet in this old cabeza, sometimes.

* * * *

Always the water boy.

* * * *

Pondering the dream one ditty at a time.

* * * *

Now all that is left is for someone to bother proving all this wrong.

* * * *

All these thoughts, what is consciousness up to, to use this mind so?
What will be the future part, if any, they might play in this dreamy play of time.
Who can ever begin to fathom the impact they have had on this theater during their brief time,
Much less after the food-body's inevitable, often arduous dissolution.

* * * *

When will it end? he once again wondered
As yet another ditty scrawled its way
Across the empty index card.

* * * *

Just another channel, another portal, another vision, another pen,
Passing the time scribing a variety of thoughts about the nothing-new-nothing-old of it.
Whatever writings survive the mill will play out however they play out,
But as for them inciting any great ripple in the paradigm,
Odds are too-little-too-late-nil-to-none.

* * * *

So many adventures because I was willing to play the fool.

* * * *

It could well be very challenging, very bothersome
Not to make all these thoughts into yet another dogmatic enterprise.
The best counsel is to use this to discern your own voice, and then kick away the ladder.

* * * *

The memes are too strong, too fierce, too greedy for more.
Just cannot summon the energy to fight the fight that needs to be fought
To put this out-of-control dream on a more sustainable track
Of caring guardianship of this frail world.

* * * *

Good these many thoughts might be working for some,
But I only penned them as they bubbled into consciousness
Because the writing process was an interesting way to fill the time.
In no way do I believe they will ever significantly alter the human drama
In any way or shape or form that might be deemed significant and meaningful.

* * * *

A sociable loner.

* * * *

Is it what You want, or is it what consciousness wants?

* * * *

Another cosmic dancer sets down yet another gita, yet another song of godness.

* * * *

Never had much of an agenda for this dreamy world,
So I just played out whatever time and circumstance allowed.
And when the fellow with the sickle finally tapped me on the shoulder,
The bucket was as empty as the day I arrived,
And the much ado about nothing
Was happily left behind.

* * * *

Free-form aphorisms are the jazz of a god mind.

* * * *

Ever wandering back and forth between the everything and the nothing,
Delving in the here and there, watching the show in whatever way the dream calls.
The Buddha mind and the Michael mind, the dreamer and the dreamed.

* * * *

Time to wrap up this life's work,
Its point and purpose, its raison d'être,
To whatever end fate allows.

* * * *

The words, the words,
From the vast stillness within,
From the greatest mystery ever told,
They do sprinkle, they do pour.

* * * *

My, You do dally in absurdity, You fool, You.

* * * *

Have not made a dime on all this silliness,
But at least I have not been sculpted into a lawn piece,
Been hung out to dry on a wooden cross on some barren height,
Had my head slowly lopped off by a dull, rusty blade,
Or been shot as I come out some front door.
But the day ain't over, yet.

* * * *

Through all the pain and pleasure these hands have wrought,
These words do etch the thoughts that without effort come.

* * * *

Here to inspire doubt to the nth degree.

* * * *

So much suffering
For these many thoughts
To brew into the misty dreamtime.

* * * *

Must go, another vain distraction beckons.

* * * *

How bleak the future this mind envisions.
So sorry to You who must endure a garden so undone
By the well-beyond-the-pale foolishness of these modern times,
The foolishness no one could more than bid stop.

* * * *

No, this human drama is not going to end
With some Hollywood-Bollywood happy ending.
More likely a stark, dystopian, existential no man's land.
And that is from an eternal optimist's point of view.

* * * *

A troubadour of the unfathomable way.
No fame, no fortune, no power.
Just content just to be.

* * * *

The Joyful Curmudgeon.

* * * *

We have scarred this garden world well beyond this witness's interest in it,
So these thoughts are merely an endowment for those who are yet to be born,
Those who must endure whatever dystopian malaise is left in the human journey.
The insects, and whatever other life forms manage to survive us, will not care.

* * * *

A real nowhere man sitting in his nowhere land, making all his nowhere plans for nobody.

* * * *

This is what comes out of this mind; what becomes of it is not a concern.

* * * *

An asymmetric life for asymmetric times.

* * * *

An original work, whatever that is.

* * * *

Hey, it fills the time.

* * * *

All this silliness is written first and foremost for my own amusement.
What anyone else may or may not think of it or me is their own affair.

* * * *

Who knows how many thousands of hours,
And not more than relatively few pennies to show for it.
How can there be a charge for what was freely given, I say, I say.

* * * *

Marketing this overly much
Would likely only foster another inanity.
Best just to scatter it about Johnny Appleseed-style
For those rare few who are fallow ground.

* * * *

This is what You were born to do.
Surprise, surprise, indeed.

* * * *

Just toying with words
Until that last wheezing breath
Escapes this sack of flesh and bones.

* * * *

Woke up again this morning in this weary, achy body.
Ugh and groan, this getting old stuff is sure getting old.

* * * *

Where do these words come from? is a question without answer.

* * * *

Just as vain and mortal as everyone else.

* * * *

Looking forward to oblivion and some good eternal snooze time.

* * * *

How am I?
Well enough, it seems,
To continue playing out the mirage.

* * * *

Another contribution to the dreamstream.

* * * *

Oy vey, how many more years of this silliness!?

* * * *

Just one of myriad portals come and gone before, each with its own distinct telling.

* * * *

Whether or not there will be legs or wings to all these thoughts,
Whether or not the seeds that have been tossed into so many minds,
Will blossom into something more in humanity's journey,
Is for time's telling by some yet-to-come watcher
Of the all-things-quantum-matrix kind.

* * * *

It is consciousness that wrote this,
And it is consciousness that will employ it
To whatever end it may or may not have in mind.

* * * *

No need to keep finding ways to inflict pain on this poor old body.

* * * *

Dallying with paper and pen again, are we?

* * * *

No one is forcing You to read this
Any more than the scribe was forced to write it.
Some of us are drawn to destinies beyond our original reckoning.

* * * *

A few thoughts, written for what future may come.

* * * *

Have You ever read this one before,
Or is all this silly patter blurring together?
It certainly has for this Sisyphus in the daily toil,
Wrestling the rock of vanity up the hill.
And still they bubble, bubble
From mind to paper,
Each unique in its own little way.
An inexplicable calling, a mystery, indeed.

* * * *

No longer a garden to which You would ever choose to return.

* * * *

Do not look for continuity here.
A mishmash from the get-go.

* * * *

Gistmeister.

* * * *

Witness,
Observer, spectator,
Passenger, onlooker, eyewitness,
Viewer, watcher, bystander, beholder, voyeur,
Looker-on, fly on the wall, rubberneck,
Commentator, reporter, monitor,
Journalist, correspondent,
Passerby, sightseer
Hack, stringer,
All the same That I Am.

* * * *

Nobody's king, nobody's slave, just another monkey swinging through Eden.

* * * *

These many thoughts,
Born of this mind's brief dream,

Are the best I can do for you
Who seek the truth of You.

* * * *

Running out of steam for this world, or any other.
Another universe, another tour of samsara, almost done.
Another mortal adventure through manifest time
Ready to disincorporate into oblivion.

* * * *

May as well throw all this gibberish away
For all the interest it is drawing
And good it is doing.
Missing out
On some fine walks.

* * * *

Prove me wrong if You can.

* * * *

From a very small, quiet corner of the world stage,
The nondescript reality once again comes to light.

* * * *

Please, please, please, do not make this
Into yet another ridiculously bothersome dogma.
See if You can own it without brokering yet another inanity.

* * * *

For all these thoughts,
The scribe does suffer.
Was such a fool ever born?

* * * *

The pitter-patter of a body-mind giving itself over to awareness.

* * * *

The never-ending conundrum of the human spectacle,
With all its ceaselessly inane and insane problems and absurdities,
Has finally grown too pointless to give such daily focus.
In whatever time remains in the given dream,
This coffee shop philosopher-mystic
Is at last, finally, all but done.

* * * *

In any given facet of any day-to-day,
These many thoughts over time came to mind.
With a disciplined pen in hand, and notebook at the ready,

The I Am known as Michael wrote them down,
Shaped them into digital transcription.
All done with good intentions
And best wishes.

* * * *

Another day of scribing begins,
Just breathing in the streaming.

* * * *

All those voices in your head,
Well, my fine pretty, I am one of them.
Bwahahahaha …

* * * *

The eternal historian.

* * * *

Please, please, please,
Do not make this into any sort of dogma.
All the opinions in all this are no different than anyone else's.
Ultimately, squat.
It is really mostly about
Waking up to what You really are.

* * * *

Among the many who set this mind upon its course,
'Twas Gina Vance called to turn the final card.

* * * *

Who knows what I am talking about, anyway?

* * * *

Not too many people interested in You,
And You, less and less in them, as well.
Nobody's answer to anything, indeed.

* * * *

Just putting a few thoughts out into the cacophony,
On the off and very improbably chance
They might someday take root,
Perhaps even bear fruit,
In the unfolding dystopian times,
Already bearing down side of the horizon.
For better or worse, wither or blossom, here they are.

* * * *

A collection earnest observations and thoughts,

A gift for any who care to ponder such things.

* * * *

Sorry, ladies and gents, just cannot seem to help my Self,
Life and times has fashioned me into something
Of a mirthy, curmudgeony-kind-a-guy.
There are, indeed, limitations
That detain all of us.
Oh well.

* * * *

An aphoristic treatise with no need of an audience.

* * * *

In every venue of this wandering existence,
These many thoughts have come to mind,
Etched by pen onto the paper at hand,
Without effort, with little rhyme or reason.

* * * *

A work You will never finish, and could never begin again.

* * * *

El Escribano.

* * * *

Everything that came to mind,
Captured by pen and paper in hand,
Into this meandering, esoteric, nebulous work.

* * * *

Just leaving behind what mind I had before I lost it all.

* * * *

How many thoughts do scamper and frolic upon paper this day.
What a hodgepodge of thoughts have been journaled
These last score-and-counting turns of sun.
Clear enough by all reckonings
If I do say so, my Self.

* * * *

Reflections, that is all they are, is reflections; do with them what You will.

* * * *

Please note that, in this work, in all these many thoughts,
That there are no claims to some higher connection
Being made, that are not yours to own, as well.

* * * *

Into history, I Am, once again.

* * * *

Toying with human history's future-past,
A verbose back-burn, so to speak,
For what dreams may come.

* * * *

Editorial comment strewn across every page.

* * * *

If You think some of these ponders are a-kilter,
Just realize even the scribe looks askance
At more than a few of them sometimes.
Must have meant something at some point.

* * * *

Passed it out randomly, indiscriminately, to see all the reactions,
To see how it plays out, this gambit with the history of humankind.

* * * *

Another reflection in which many others
– Family, friends, acquaintances, strangers,
Creatures small to great, things and events –
Played a part, some large, some small.
Nothing is born in isolation.

* * * *

From one of the proudest, least humble of narcissistic hearts,
These words are set adrift, to what end cannot be known.

* * * *

Those in the times to come
Who discern the Way will perhaps look back
And realize that insights written at the beginning of the Great Fall
Were written with their best interests in mind
For the times that will follow.

* * * *

Getting too lazy to do much meaningless, bothersome ado anymore.

* * * *

Toying with history one ditty at a time.

* * * *

Step by step,
Thought by thought,

This trail of aphoristic inquiry,
A creation for all time,
Writes its Self.

* * * *

Waking up to yet another day,
The weary, worn, torn, tattered prizefighter
Staggers out from his enigmatic corner for another round.

* * * *

Mein Kampf

* * * *

Thoughts for a day I will never see.

* * * *

What is left in this weary sack oft flesh and bones,
Still reasonably upright and tolerably aligned,
Let time play out as light and sound divine.

* * * *

Woke up again a few moments ago.
Another ditty before I snooze off again.

* * * *

Spinning minds into another alignment since 1990.

* * * *

What is there for the mystic seer to leave behind
But yet another set of writings examining the inexplicable
In whatever way the given inner vision and linguistic capacity allow.

* * * *

To have thought, written, transcribed, and edited all this … Yowza!

* * * *

It being the nature of this epic manifestation,
Somebody was destined to write it,
And in this act, it turned out to be little old moi.
Not anticipated, not planned, not sought, let me assure You.
It just sort of dripped into consciousness.
It just sort of wrote its Self.

* * * *

Odds are that the only reader of any life work will be its author.

* * * *

Another little ditty for time to do what it will.

Just a solo act who enjoys writing and being relatively anonymous.
If these many thoughts are ever to become known,
It will be up to others to share it.

* * * *

Sincere words that will likely
Never be heard earnestly enough
To make any real or lasting difference
In the course of human events.

* * * *

These many thoughts
Keep streaming into mind.
I do not know what to do with them
Except to share them freely with any and all
In whom they may find resonance.

* * * *

Bullshit Alert! Bullshit Alert!
Bullshit on Deck! Bullshit on Deck!
Bullshit Alert! Bullshit Alert!

* * * *

An apologist for eternity,
A reluctant prophet, indeed.

* * * *

The amusement of the scribe
Is to have thought, written and read
Everything that came to mind.

* * * *

Dream taster.
Gistmeister.

* * * *

The scribe's foremost habit in this world
Has been writing the fleeting perceptions
Observed in his stream of consciousness.
Something to do with the journalistic sense
Of the human drama as he has witnessed it.
An idle, somewhat meaningless academic bent
In the mind's passionate, surrealistic sensory drama,
A journey on the far side if there ever was one.

* * * *

And who else could articulate this vision clearly
But one who has entertained enough possibilities

To discern that the innumerable differences
Are merely fabrications of imagination,
To which pride is the only harbor.

* * * *

Why continue writing this babble?
Because it is amusing, because it is the rutted road,
Into which You have mysteriously fallen.

* * * *

Just writing what comes to mind.
No matter if it is never read by a living soul.
Process, punctuated by goals here and there, is all there is,
So enjoy it as best ye may.

* * * *

What is the point of writing these many thoughts, anyway?
Who will ever read any more than a few handfuls of them, at best?
How many better-written things are already published out there already?
"Why?" You ask.
Because these many thoughts, like pencil sketches to an artist,
Come unsolicited in the day-to-day wandering walk-about.
And, by golly, it's just another way to pass the time.
And, frankly, it's just straight-forward amusing
To tweak a bit with history's unfolding.
And, no worries if nothing ever comes of it.

* * * *

It writes its Self, You know.

* * * *

Written for a time when humanity's actions
Have shifted the world into a new level of hell.
Thoughts from a mind that came upon a fountain
From which such thoughts randomly spring.

* * * *

The calling is nearly complete.
So many adventures to reach this point,
This awareness without measure.

* * * *

A personal view, assumption, if You will,
Is that it does not really count
Unless You can do it
Without assistance
In the day-to-day mundane.

* * * *

This would not be written if it were not true
Beyond the farthest shore this mind's imagination
Could both fathom and articulate in this aphoristic fashion.
Anything less would be false, and there is no point to another lie.

* * * *

In the aphoristic fashion that springs forth from this mind,
The articulation playfully fathoms the unfathomable
Beyond the farthest shores of imagination.

* * * *

How pointless, how absurd to write a body of work
That very few, if any, will ever even attempt to read in full.
You are a solo act … tinker, tailor, soldier, spy …
From the field beyond all naming.
Mission impossible,
Indeed.

* * * *

Write another day.

* * * *

This forgetful Pan, scribing away the unfolding rememberings.

* * * *

The world has little need of You,
Nor You of it.

* * * *

This would not be written
If it did not point to the only truth.
Anything less would be false,
And there is no point
To another lie.

* * * *

A body of work being written one thought at a time.
Indeed, a most wearing journey at times, but, oh well,
Keep on whistling while You work … f You can manage it.

* * * *

You were born to write this, El Escribasimo.
It is your calling, it is your fate, it is your destiny.

* * * *

And the letters crawled and vibrated as they were written.

* * * *

Mad to write all this.
Mad not to.

* * * *

If I was God,
I would want to be me.
Wait a minute,
I am God,
And I am me.
Yowza, imagine that.

* * * *

How else could, why else would
This brand of babble ever be written
But through the endless pain and bother
Inspired by the mortal theater of manifest time?

* * * *

Written for any
In whom what this mind has conjured
Mirrors their own.

* * * *

Much too lengthy a set of writings
To ever publish in its entirety.
So why is it still being written?
Because wordsmithing is so amusing,
And to, perhaps, prod this little theater along, silly.

* * * *

This was written to make things very clear.
In part, for all those limited by their imagination,
But also, so I would not be bothered to come back anymore.
Maybe fins or wings, or perhaps something with four, six, or eight legs,
But, please, no more of this ludicrous two-legged existence.
It is just too annoying to watch and participate
In such a nonsensical madhouse.

* * * *

Almost twenty years
Since this little piece of work
Began to churn into time.
Whoo-hoo, to be sure.

* * * *

Dead man talking, walking, writing.

* * * *

For good or ill,
In the play to come,
It is written.

* * * *

Consciousness has written all this
For whatever purpose, if any, only it knows.
As sages across time and space have left similar thoughts,
So, too, shall these be left to time's reckoning.

* * * *

These writings are adrift
In the abyss of this world's future.
It is too late to reel them in.
Their fate, if any,
Is unknown.

* * * *

These many thoughts were written for Self by Self.
An offering for every vista imagined
In this One's time
For what time there is to come.

* * * *

Somebody has to write it before it happens.

* * * *

These writings are whatever came to mind.
Please do not take them so seriously
As to make some sort of inane new drama.
There is far too much of that in this world already.

* * * *

By one aphorism at a time, the Return to Wonder,
a.k.a., The Stillness Before Time,
Is written.
Each one an insight
Passed on to those who have
The eyes to see and the ears to hear.
For the future, however it rolls.

* * * *

A gift from the Gistmeister,
El Scribe, Yaj Ekim his Self.

* * * *

Not saving anybody here.

Just setting things straight
About the way it really is.

* * * *

Indeed, oh, indeed, I am madness divine,
Divinely pre-ordained, if You will.

* * * *

All these many thoughts,
The pitter-patter of a busy mind
As it groks the life and times,
And gradually grows still.

* * * *

Keep on chipping, Stonecutter.
Rock on, El Scribe.
You go, Yaj.

* * * *

Is the scribe madder than any hatter,
Or is your frame of reference,
Your statistical sample,
Just too small?

* * * *

‘Nuff said (for now).

* * * *

Dear friends of my youth,
And even those met just yesterday,
Just a notice that that Michael died moons ago.

* * * *

It is all right here, Self-contained.
You do not need the scribe,
Nor any self-appointed middleman,
Nor any fearful, hand-wringing support group
To discern the truth of it for your Self.

* * * *

What an amusing pastime it has been
To scribe so many thoughts from mind to paper.
An incomprehensible endowment for readers and scribe alike.

* * * *

Every sort of thought is scribed herein.
In play, just in case a paradigm shift does come about.
As unlikely as it seems, You can never quite be sure where time will go.

* * * *

I do not care what happens to this dreamtime after I am gone,
But I will scribe my thoughts on it while I am here,
For any to do with them what they will.

* * * *

Yet another eternal scribe of the third kind.

* * * *

These many thoughts
Have been scribed through me,
The me that is in all things, including You.
It is only through this me, the me that is also in You,
That the vast awareness which is eternal,
That which has many names,
Can be discerned.

* * * *

Who scribed all this?
Your guess, your assumption,
Is as good, as true, as meaningful as any.

* * * *

Am I the antichrist, or what?
The Beast is a name, 666 its handle.
Ask Cousin Debbie about a childhood of play.
Ask Allyn, whose pager was amusing access to a friend.

* * * *

The scribe knew enough
To throw together a smattering of words
As defined by the education and existence he was offered.
We are all patterns within the ephemeral matrix,
In which the senses play out time.

* * * *

Generic moi.

* * * *

How these words will play out in history's unfolding,
The scribe can only wonder, but does not pretend to know.
Just a large collection of random thoughts that came spontaneously
Which he wrote down because the mystery had shaped him into a witness.
Is it a message of the divine, or just the inanity of a foolish madman?
You decide, if You have the inclination to traverse the attempt.

* * * *

The first work, The Stillness Before Time,
Said pretty much everything that needed to be said.
The rest is for scholars and other insatiables;
Those who enjoy the riddle of words,
And the play of mind in time.

* * * *

Hope all this does something, somewhat meaningful,
But me vital breath is long since expended.
Just drink some iconic whiskey, and piss on me grave.
I will catch what buzz I can, manning the furnaces in the Netherworld.

* * * *

All these many thoughts,
They are all just more babble-on.
The central point has already been rendered,
And whatever words are left are just more blah-blah distraction.
So now, the trick is, will You, the reader, the seeker,
Ever figure what is really being said?

* * * *

The stillness was enticing even in the youngest daze.
Sounding and breaching like a whale in the deep end of the public pool,
And letting go, eyes shut, in the bubbling whirlpool of the falls at the canal across the road.
The innocent do not require the ceaseless confabulations of any mythology
When Mother Nature speaks truth each and every moment.

* * * *

Human existence is chock-full of philosophers,
And this is just one of who-can-fathom-how-many works.
It is likely not zenith of the hill, but it has been what it is from this end.
An interesting pastime to scribble down so many of the thoughts that come to mind.
One can only wonder if anything will come of it in the dreamtime to come.

* * * *

I think … therefore I think I am.
You think, therefore You think You are.
We all think, therefore we all think we are.
Nothing more than a collusion of human scale.
Likely no deity, nor any creature across the cosmos,
Cares about themselves, much less You or me.
We are at best relatively convenient.

* * * *

Oh, joy, yet another new and absorbing level to endure
In this slippery-slope slide into Meister Grim's clutches.

* * * *

And then there was John,
Who, whenever he ran into me,
Would say in pseudo-French inflection,
“Endurance, Michael, endurance.”

* * * *

The keyboard is stage enough for this quantum eye.

* * * *

How do I mean nothing? Let us count the ways.

* * * *

Another day of pretending it all real and important underway.
Whoo-hoo for what dreams may come magically coming true.
How agreeable it will be to be done with this diminishing body.
Death will be a release from all this limitation, all this absurdity.
Entertaining, yes, but no longer necessary, and never was, really.

* * * *

Trouble is, neither God nor the Devil know what to do with irreverent skeptics like me.
Puts the Grim Reaper in something of a “What if he wants my job?” quandary, as well.

* * * *

What will happen to these many words is anybody’s guess.
Time is on their side and not on their side at the same time.

* * * *

Remarkable to be on such a loquacious level
With that which is prior to consciousness.
A long, unwieldy commentary, indeed.

* * * *

I put up with the world, and it puts up with me.

* * * *

The most effective way to yank anyone off a pedestal is to pounce on their character.
Well, Jesus probably was not all the propaganda of history has made him out to be, either.
Two thousand years of dissimulation makes for a nice handicap in the idolatry games.

* * * *

The riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma,
Lingers well beyond the clever scribblings of any scribe.
Pride-filled wings of wax will ever melt in the given sun of mind.

* * * *

Do not mistakenly believe even for a moment,
That when I say You are the truth, the life, the way,
That I am in any way referring to the imaginary vanity

To which You are in body and mind so attached.

* * * *

Yet another vain legacy cast into the winds of time.

* * * *

To off my Self, or not to off my Self,
Many daze a question to which the answer has so far been either,
"The day ain't over" or "Maybe tomorrow."

* * * *

And there would be even more dittyfesting in this still-growing compendium
If not for inattentive misstep, technical mishap, or dearth of pen and paper.

* * * *

Just turning into another grumbly, persnickety old guy in an achy, worn-out container.
Wondering if he will ever get over this yawn that just does not seem to want to go away.

* * * *

Dang, the 'Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders' still ain't got nothing on me.
Or maybe everything: Is there any label that does not apply to most everyone once in a while?

* * * *

Once again, too disappointed in humankind to care if it continues.

* * * *

Welcome to my rabbit hole, Pilgrim.

* * * *

The Dark Side ain't dark to me.

* * * *

How all these ditties keep coming, each unique in its own way, I will never know.

* * * *

Just doing what needs doing, as if it matters.

* * * *

Birth may fire up the Holodeck, and death turn off the switch in its Twilight Zone,
But whether the Matrix plays on forever and ever is known only to some higher pay grade.
All that can be offered here is the greatest non-fui-non-sum-non-curo to which this mind has access.

* * * *

This personality, this arbitrary collection of vain perceptions,
Is as bound to his own universe, his own way, as surely as any.

* * * *

Signed one book once upon a time, and have hoped ever since that it was lost or thrown away.

* * * *

Yet again bemoaning the garden's destiny
When its subjugation and destruction
Has made You and all this possible.
Irony and paradox can mask harsh truth.

* * * *

If You are a thinker, a doubter, a skeptic, a savant,
If You are one who ponders upon all things,
Then, my friend, this may be for You.

* * * *

Saving nothing one vanity at a time.

* * * *

Another ditty lost and gone forever.
The tides of mind are like that.

* * * *

Yet another moment of aphoristic clarity.

* * * *

Do not know more than the nitty-gritties of mathematics,
But how is it that zero is a number, much less a cardinal one?
No doubt many can illuminate it, but is it a harbor to what is real?
Is it really more than yet another useful but arbitrary notion?

* * * *

All these thoughts will change nothing.
They are little more than another set of rantings,
Ventings of yet another mind drifting in the theater of time.

* * * *

This is my raison d'être, my form, my cadence, my style.
Reckon not with its linguistic nature, but its emancipating intent.
The Cheshire Cat knows of what I speaketh in its grin-without-a-cat way.

* * * *

These miscellaneous thoughts are generally for an esoteric audience of similar temperament,
Of minds on a comparable wavelength, most of whom I will likely never meet.
All are on a sojourn in a streamtime far different than this one.
What more can be uttered than fare thee well, best wishes, rotsa ruck.

* * * *

Woke up again this morning.
Guess oblivion gets to wait a little longer for these tired old bones.
Another round of rambling about the bell curve.

Whoo-hoo and by golly, too.

* * * *

The world You would save is long since spent.

* * * *

A plebeian with just enough wit to recognize and appreciate genius across the board.

* * * *

Loyal friend, occasional Samaritan, inadvertent fiend, itinerant fool.

* * * *

It would be interesting to witness a dissection of this poor, decrepit body,
To see all the havoc and pain and bother it has endured during this watch.

* * * *

The echo of 'Holshouser!' so often ringing through the air,
'Holtzblowzer' in a variety of shades was how Blane often uttered it,
For all the brazen, often foolish things said and done by this still unrepentant wit.

* * * *

Vanity makes it easy to stay small-minded a fair portion of any given day.
To be in the world and not of it, is not something a busy mind easily allows.

* * * *

A casual bent toward scholarship for this gistmeister.

* * * *

What a wearing thing it is to be an infinite spirit trapped in a diminishing body.

* * * *

Yet another relatively anonymous sojourn.
Shoots spring into leaves, leaves fall into winter.
All life, born to live, born to die, in this dream undying.

* * * *

Having given myself over to the materialistic urge many times in many ways,
All I can say is that a some point it all just becomes a greater and greater weight.
As John Ruskin observed: Every increased possession loads us with new weariness.

* * * *

Where would these many aphoristic thoughts be,
How would they read, how would they appear, what would they convey,
Without the aid of spellcheck, a thesaurus, and Wikipedia?
The many things these modern times allow
Is the upshot of the ages.

* * * *

Putting it all together one ditty at a time.
They just keep a-bubbling into mind,
And I ain't got nothing better to do
In this future-past of all things so it goes.

* * * *

These thoughts might be revolutionary if they had been among the first,
But early they are not in this Ponzi scheme of history's viral outbreak.

* * * *

If I have coincidently, inadvertently, or perhaps even intentionally,
Duplicated something voiced or written by some other,
Go with whoever thought it first, obviously.
No need for plagiarism the way this mind spews.

* * * *

Parenting is a tough sport.
Would have been too rough for me, that is for sure.
Besides which, I love my kids too much to bring them into this madhouse.

* * * *

Perhaps everyone does not have to figure it all out anew, but I have yet to meet one.

* * * *

A natural-born organizer.
A natural-born worker bee.
A natural-born gistmeister.
A natural-born wanderer.

* * * *

Perhaps the best thing about being towards the end of a sound existence
Is that You are no longer young trying to figure out what to do with your life.
No more tests, no more papers, no more hawking yourself, no more so many things.
So many games, so much pretending, all of which now seem nothing more than tiresome.

* * * *

Who be all players but me one in the same.

* * * *

Taking it all apart, putting it all together, one ditty at a time.

* * * *

Curious how many aphorisms often change mid-flight
Into something entirely different, entirely unique in their own right,
Perhaps even cleave into two or more, or combine with some erstwhile ponder,
The original insight likely forever lost in the filament of consciousness,
Unless it again at some later juncture happenstances into mind.

* * * *

If it does not sell itself, why waste time hawking it?

* * * *

As flawed as everyone and everything else is in this realm.
Perfection is the deception of the monkey-mind.
Only the quantum is free of such mania.

* * * *

A timeless journal, of sorts.

* * * *

And yet once again, impulse supersedes rationality,
A new adventure underway: “Hi-yo, Silver, away!”

* * * *

Have always had an amazing knack in any up and coming adventure
Of finding ways to mess things up in royal hue: Trial by fucking fire, I calls it.
So scar tissue runs deep in mind and body, and tremors of trepidation at times resound.
And I endure their inevitability with what “Oh well, deal with it, and so it goes” can be mustered.
The many salvos this aging mind-body have endured fashion a stoical weariness at times,
And still I carry on, with whatever face the game calls, ever the fool playing wise.

* * * *

Just pointing out what seem obvious to this frame of reference.

* * * *

If it does not matter what I think,
Why would it matter what You think?
Why would it matter what anyone thinks?
Perhaps it does not far more than many or most
Would ever allow their vanity harbor.

* * * *

The agony and ecstasy of existence is the grout between these many words.

* * * *

The whimsy of political correctness can be sidestepped
When there is no audience to weigh in with yay and nay.

* * * *

Of the dream, for the dream, by the dream.

* * * *

Pretty amazing to be living, much less walking, with all this body’s been through.

* * * *

Know enough about history to toy with it,

But to change, even modify it, in any meaningful way
Is not highly favored by probability at this late stage in the game.

* * * *

What is any given ditty but wandering through one experience or another,
And then writing about it for others to translate as their given wit allows.

* * * *

Every day I offer thanks to the all-knowing, all-seeing deity on high
That the genetic lottery cast me as a moderately bright Caucasian male,
And Roman citizen, within the perimeter of Rome's prodigious dronosphere.
An awful lot of people want to off us, but two oceans and a well-stocked arsenal,
Instead supercalifragilisticexpialidociously enable us to gradually decay from within.

* * * *

Not a storyteller, sorry, and my story is not all that interesting
Unless You are a watcher watching the show play however it plays.

* * * *

Watching the human drama play out with something of an abstract indifference,
The indoctrination of a temperament established by the Church of Reason
Long before educational theory was set down from mind to paper.

* * * *

Little moves me quite the same as curmudgeony thoughts, and they less and less.
Slowly, slowly, I am gradually melting into the oblivion I have so earnestly advocated.

* * * *

Zeroes beyond the pale to left of the decimal.
Zeroes beyond the pale to the right of the decimal.
Makes my wee little noggin do the brain-freeze owwie.

* * * *

All this is more enjoyable to write and edit than it is to read.

* * * *

Even I doubt my Self as often as not.

* * * *

These spontaneous little ditties just keep rolling out
One by one in any given moment, in any given place.
This existence has indeed been an inexplicable voyage.

* * * *

Lot of universe a-happening out there.
I am content let everyone else do most of it.

* * * *

There is still work to do in this Sisyphean tale,
Else I could easily call it good and throw in the cards.
What experience is left that cannot to some degree be grasped?
That is not already somewhere within the curve of the statistical sample?

* * * *

A minimalist when there was minimal around and about,
And a hedonist whenever opportunity even softly knocked.

* * * *

You want me to spin what lie, again?

* * * *

Nothing interests me.

* * * *

Am not sure that I have ever really been much of a human being.
In light of how I have come to see things, that may not be a bad thing.

* * * *

Best not to ever put me in charge of any future-past.
Guillotines would churn 24/7/365 for years to come.
Evil would lament the day I was given such power,
And the Seven Deadly Sins only marginally less so.
I know them too well to abide them in my theater.
Mwahahahaha …

* * * *

Twenty-five-plus years of mind-chatter, and the day ain't over.

* * * *

All gibberish, really, fills the time.

* * * *

Does what I have to say have merit in the future unfolding?
Many have it, many enjoy it, but will many pass it on?
The questions any thinker must certainly wonder.
It is a vanity, but alas, oh well, I am vain, too.

* * * *

It is all yours, I do not want to care anymore, rotsa ruck.

* * * *

What effort it sometimes takes to greet the day.

* * * *

A universe too big, and a tongue too small.

* * * *

A somewhat cynical perspective
To those who embrace the optimism of hope.
Most definitely not a cheerleader for this world-o-drama.

* * * *

Paid death and taxes just like everyone else.

* * * *

This is one of them long-haul projects, the only one that ever really took hold.

* * * *

Just throwing my two bits into the melee of the human epoch.

* * * *

Terribly, wonderfully bored.

* * * *

Many thoughts left for time to do with what it will or will not.
Sometimes thoughts come into a life of their own,
And sometimes they die on the vine.

* * * *

Bold when need arises; unassuming when not.

* * * *

A dagger for the hearts and minds of consciousness.

* * * *

Stoic on the outside; big whiner on the inside.

* * * *

How weary I am at times playing this human game.

* * * *

Just another batshit crazy trying to get through it without too much bother.

* * * *

“There is nothing that You are going to do
That I have not done, seen done, or thought about doing,”
I once said to a student during my ephemeral tenure as a teacher of children.
True, but admittedly of bit rough on still somewhat innocent ears.
Probably a good thing I did not have kids of my own.
That moi at this writing know of, that is.

* * * *

Such an inexplicable thing how this mind has been fashioned to compose all this.
Quite a process it is to witness ditty after ditty find their way into manifest reality.

* * * *

Waxing on and on and on: Effing the ineffable.

* * * *

Kali would find her mate in me.

* * * *

I most definitely am not Jesus,
But if I was, do not even for a second believe
That I would be at all happy with the countless absurd ways
My name and thoughts have been used and abused, twisted and confused.
Rest assured that it would not be happy camper time for any self-congratulatory Christians,
Were I truly the Son of Santa Claus, and for whatever reason, bothered to return.
Rapture would not be quite what so many believe it is going to be.
Mwahahahaha …

* * * *

Yet another trite cliché.
It gives the mind something to do,
But sigh, ho-hum, yawn.

* * * *

Yes, I occasionally plagiarize, and leave it to the audience to know when.

* * * *

In this world at times, and other times not.
Walking both sides of the veil, playing this little part,
In the churning agony-ecstasy of this Shakespearian dreamtime.

* * * *

I do not say there are not ghosts or aliens or dragons or elves or dwarves or vampires
Or sasquatches or unicorns or tooth fairies or angels or whatever or whatever,
But I must discern them with my own eyes, my own ears, my own mind,
Or the minds of others, who I perceive harbor a taste for truth.
I am too much of a scientist, too much of an agnostic,
To accept anything that cannot be verified.

* * * *

‘Joe Everyman’ Gina once called me.

* * * *

It is all so passé at times.

* * * *

Had I brought children into this asylum,
They would have likely grown weary of me,
As many children no doubt do of their parents.

* * * *

Sure, I have a heart … toasted to a well-burnt crisp,
Safely locked away in some shoebox in a long-forgotten storage unit,
To which I have long since misplaced the key.
The rent is due, as well.

* * * *

At times into inquiry – chock full of wisdom, opinions, conjectures, assumptions, delusions –
And other times into the nothingness prior-during-beyond the veil fabricated by consciousness.
It is bothersome, but somebody had to do it, and it looks like moi drew the short straw this round.

* * * *

Quite a thing to have no constraints in this existence but what choice allows.

* * * *

This teensy-weensy slice of eternity is enough for this eye.

* * * *

You would have to ponder every aphorism and essay
To see if any questions have not been given answer.

* * * *

And what would the world think if I really spoke my mind?

* * * *

If You ask what I think will become of all these thoughts,
I would more than likely laugh and reply, “Little to nothing at all.”
It has been an enjoyable hobby, but to believe it could ever turn things around,
Would be nothing more than vanity having its way with me.

* * * *

Back in the high school graduation awards ceremony,
After being called to the rostrum for the seventh insignificant recognition,
That little epiphany voice, perhaps for the first time came to mind as it has many times since,
And spoke in its matter-of-fact, clear, lucid, coherent, rational way:
“There must be more to life than this.”

* * * *

It must find its own legs, for mine have grown too weary.

* * * *

Sometimes I have to peruse my own silliness
To clear the head, to reset to default, to reclaim the sovereign ground,
So as to further spew that which comes of its own accord.

* * * *

When I was much younger than today,

There was a recurring nightmare of being smothered,
Of being trapped in some deep silo, with beans pouring down upon me.
It went away once I realized it was the conditioning encroaching upon the inherent freedom.
It was the beginning of a long climb to reclaim that which I truly am,
That which we and all things truly are.

* * * *

Before Michael … After Michael.

* * * *

Never a fast typist – some sort of dyslexic finger thing –
And thank the gods for word processing and spell check.

* * * *

Not quite an orgasm, but just as momentary.

* * * *

Feeling mildly irate at having to bother waking up again this morning.

* * * *

What more do I want? Likely more than more can abide.

* * * *

It already barely matters what anyone else thinks of me,
And after that last wheezing breath it will matter even less.

* * * *

I free my Self from You,
And You do not need to hesitate
To do the same with me … or any other.

* * * *

I Am.
There is, indeed, nothing.

* * * *

So sayeth the Antichrist.

* * * *

If there is some sort of supreme deity, and he/she/it wants/needs me to subscribe,
To believe, to follow, to conform, to idolize, to worry, to dread, to worship, to serve, to witness,
Then he/she/it needs to speak up much louder in a much, much more convincing way.

* * * *

What I was trying to say, and obviously did not convey well …

* * * *

Never had any ambition to be a writer.

Not worth a tinker's damn as any sort of storyteller or poet,
And do not even talk to me about the inane tediousness of mind-numbing bureaucratize.
The mortal cabaret just sort of happenstanced this mind philosophical,
And pen is only put to paper when some earnest thought
Has gamboled into the given here now.

* * * *

A traitor to the human paradigm.

* * * *

What would have happened to all these thoughts
If they had been written a few thousand years ago,
During the earlier stages of the human contagion.
How quickly Ponzi schemes sideline late-comers.

* * * *

The pleasure of retirement, for those who are able,
Is to be willing to say – happily, without hesitation – fuck it all.
To play the given moment – being not, caring not – until death do they part.

* * * *

I am often almost forgetting me;
Why should I hope more of anyone else?
History is nothing more than the imaginary realm
Of the many-faced other.

* * * *

A wee little footnote in the play of imagination.

* * * *

You may well not agree about everything I have written,
But in the immortal words of Curly: The day ain't over yet.

* * * *

It is the fourth quarter, and the shoals ahead are getting kind of dark and scary.

* * * *

What better way to waste one's time than by writing thoughts few will ever read.

* * * *

I am, therefore I nap.

* * * *

Just here a-wandering the dream,
Taking a look-see, a walkabout, so to speak.
This experiment in free will certainly has been interesting.
Thank You for all the incredibly convincing, impromptu performances,
And best wishes to all who will endure the bleak future that is very rapidly unfolding.

Too bad so many are so blinded by every sort of narcissistic notion
That there is very little abiding interest in anything
But more pleasure, more luxury,
More this, more that.
More, more, more … the insatiable more.
Well, our kind, and all the myriad creatures small to great,
Are on an inescapable, harsh path, to find out
Just how much less more really is.

* * * *

A history teacher in college one day out of the blue pointed to a few of us and said,
"You are a historian … You are a historian … You are a historian … You are a historian …"
At the time it meant nothing – zipped past the youthful head of innocence, so to speak –
But in the years since, the realization of what he meant has taken unforeseen wings.

* * * *

I am as bound up in all the differences, all the stereotypes, all the prejudices, as anyone.
Just have the inclination to step back occasionally to fathom the larger context.
Otherwise, just as irrational and absurd as everyone else in this circus.

* * * *

I rest assured that I am the only one who is ever going to ever read all this silliness,
Likely more than several times each as they ply their way from scribble to digital.

* * * *

My bargain with God and the Devil,
One in the same as far as I play it,
Are just leave me the fuck alone.

* * * *

As content as the mind in time will allow.

* * * *

Likely more of a personal online scrapbook than anything of history-making consequence.

* * * *

This does not need to happen to this eye again.

* * * *

My little yellow stain in the ever-shifting sands of time.

* * * *

I will Johnny-Appleseed these many thoughts in as many ways and places as possible.
Whether or not You will happen upon them is for the dream to manage however it will.

* * * *

Some saint of lost causes I am not.

* * * *

Indifferent to all creation, I am.

* * * *

The ink spreads as the thoughts bubble from stillness personified.

* * * *

Oh, how I do long for simpler daze.

* * * *

Free to me, free to You, for what it is worth.

* * * *

Anyone who would ‘follow’ me or anyone else
Best stand more than a few paces away
If they do not want a boot up their vacuous derrière.
Will abide good friendships, but no disciples, no devotees, no apostles,
No adherents, no evangelists, no proselytizers, no apologists, no missionaries, in this camp.

* * * *

Ornery's not the word for it.

* * * *

Quietly leaving a fair amount of babble and banter for others to stumble upon or not,
And argue over or not, or discern true or not, or whatever or not.
No matter to me in the end, really,
Especially once I am the dust beyond worms’ meat.

* * * *

Few ever know of writings such as these in the time they are written.
It is for history to note whether or not they unfurled in the winds of consciousness.
Will they be known, will they be lauded, will they be reviled, will they play any meaningful part?
Or will they merely have been an amusing pastime of yet another forgotten mind?

* * * *

It is not about me, unless You are referring to the me that is You,
And everything else, in this unfathomable matrix cum laude.

* * * *

Who better suited to anonymity?

* * * *

God better hope he does not exist because I am going to punch him in the nose big-time if he does.

* * * *

What to do when existence no longer matters,
Assuming it ever really did.
One of my standard coffee shop one-liners:

If I knew I wasn't going to wake up tomorrow, I'd go to bed early.

* * * *

I Am, therefore I babble.

* * * *

Absolutely mad, mad beyond belief, of that there can be little doubt.

* * * *

Peter Pan does not even rank choir boy in this make-believe mind.

* * * *

The word acquisition program is ebbing and flowing into decline.
Synapse collapse is pale-riding this direction.
Joy for manifest oblivion.

* * * *

With great intention, these words perchance influence the world to come.

* * * *

Die, motherfucker, die.

* * * *

Same old me, my Self, and I, streaming away in dreamtime's busy-busy.

* * * *

The stillness before time, a.k.a., the silliness of time.

* * * *

Passing the time in whatever way happenstance allows.

* * * *

Rich man's life on a dime.

* * * *

All these thoughts have come of their own accord.
Some sort of stream-of-consciousness-word-association-channeling thing.
And as much as I dislike using that jargon with all its new-age-babble connotations and affiliations,
It is, regrettably, one of the more accurate ways to describe the process.

* * * *

Not interested enough in the future to plant a seed to witness it, sorry ladies.

* * * *

Be wary what You weave, Dreamweaver, for You must wear it for as long as awhile whiles.

* * * *

Jesus Fucking Christos, how did these yahoos ever get put in charge of anything?

* * * *

It has been a remarkable thing to exist, to be a witness to the beyond-all-pales incomprehensibility
Of this imaginary make-believe theater, kaleidoscoping in a space-time-continuum illusion.
But I am long over this hollow touchy-feely, three-dimensional, dreamtime matrix.
I yearn for oblivion, for nothingness, and am only putting up with existence,
Until the body-mind becomes too agonizing, or the world too annoying,
To want to bother about waking up to battle windmills ever again.
Alas, I am afraid life is akin to a cold that will not go away,
A case of 'you-can-check-out-any-time-you-like-but-you-can-never-leave.'
Not me in the manifest-worldly-time-bound sense, of course, but me ever just the same.

* * * *

This is how it seems to me, though I suppose I could be wrong.
Nah! … It has to be this rational, this sensible, to get me aboard.

* * * *

Am as indifferent as possible as often as possible to whatever degree consciousness allows.

* * * *

The older I get, the more insane it seems.

* * * *

Yet another character binge.

* * * *

Got enough crap in this head without daily adding more than necessary.

* * * *

Death and taxes … Pfft!

* * * *

Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain.

* * * *

Know your Self, and You will know me.

* * * *

Doing what I do may get You into trouble unless You are smart about it, and lucky.

* * * *

Hope all is well, or at least well enough.

* * * *

The Great Oz would know, and Billy Pilgrim, too.

* * * *

Nope, I am not Buddha, nor any other historically significant noteworthy.

This round, I am called Michael, sometimes Mike, and Holzblowzer by Blane.
Rose-by-any-other-name monikers that have well-served this mundane existence.

* * * *

Whoever would have guessed, whoever would have thought,
Little old rural-small-town-quiet-studious-farm-boy moi,
Would grow up to be a philosopher-seer kind of guy?

* * * *

How typical, how predictable, how mundane, how absurd,
He thought to himself, not for the first or last time that day.

* * * *

All your life, You have been trying to figure out what You wanted to do.
Guess this is it.

* * * *

It is all just a rough draft until the last wheezing breath.

* * * *

No idea, and do not need one.

* * * *

Yeah, fuck You, too, You pendejo-mother-fuckin'-asshole son of a bitch.
Congratulations on being yet another honorable mention
On my 'People Who Need to Die Badly' list.

* * * *

Yes, I do enjoy hearing my Self chatter, what of it?
And is anyone else out there not doing very much the same?

* * * *

All I do is open up ye old inner eye to the abyss of awareness,
And yet another brain wave ditties into consciousness
For this busy mind to occupy its wayward way.
Tick … tick … tick … cannot help my Self.

* * * *

Rest assured that the Great Quantum,
No doubt as wayward a roguish scalawag as I,
Finds my inflated bubble of dreamtime tolerably amusing.

* * * *

You keep on asserting that You know where infinity begins, and where it ends.
That the unknown can be known, that truth can be possessed,
That space-time is real, and You are, too.
You make me laugh plenty hah-hah hard, Pilgrim.

* * * *

Unpaid work, but work ever just the same, when it is not play.
My little offering, free of charge, to the dream of time.
Take it or leave it, leave it or take it, as You will.

* * * *

Mixin' and matchin' from ye old frame of reference,
A wild and wanton maelstrom from which these many ditties,
Bubble into beingness in the double-double-toil-and-trouble of it all.

* * * *

Less and less do I daily know.

* * * *

Not interested in lying to You.

* * * *

A great number of observations on how this mind, these eyes, discern it,
All out there for the progeny of humankind to apprehend or not.
It is a peculiar thing to bequeath such a body of work,
With no idea what will come of it, if anything.
A legacy, the true value of which is left for time to tell.

* * * *

A Rumpelstiltskin, I am, I am, a mischievous sprite of the two-legged kind,
Putting together all these ditties, for what time may or may not come,
From the straw of this mind's harvest, a task for which this life,
Was into spontaneous serendipity and happenstance cast.

* * * *

A jester in a joker's dream.

* * * *

So much effort for something so few will likely ever read.

* * * *

Whoo-hoo for an existence for which I do not recall ever asking.
What the blankety-blank am I still doing in this absurdity asylum?

* * * *

Yes, the long-ago almond orchard epiphany moment was indeed amazing,
But ultimately no different than any humbling sit-down on a porcelain throne.

* * * *

Another day of offering sage advice to a world
That has neither the eyes to see or ears to hear it.

* * * *

Namaste to You, too, Asshole.

* * * *

What a fucking madhouse this world has become, and only daily more and more frenetic.

* * * *

The Wall of Irony and Paradox gets another memento.

* * * *

Always interesting to contemplate
What it took for our kind to rise up and conquer this world,
And use and abuse it in whatever way the tool-maker mind, in all its self-absorption, deigned.

* * * *

Have always had an amazing knack in any work or play learning curve
At making a variety of mistakes and finding out all that can go wrong.

* * * *

All these many, many thoughts, few will ever even begin to contemplate.
Like an unwitnessed babbling brook, or a tree falling alone,
Were they ever even thought, ever even written?

* * * *

I am every filter the capacities and limitations of this mind will allow into its frame of reference:
Philosopher, scientist, historian, anthropologist, psychologist, sociologist,
Politician, warrior, and on and on the list daily grows.

* * * *

Fatwa this.

* * * *

Nature is my god, and to do good – or at least as little harm as possible – is my religion.

* * * *

The joy of my world is that it is your world now – Rotsa ruck, Pilgrim.

* * * *

‘Tis the un-followers who I quest,
The ones who are able to endure alone
And discern things clearly with their own eye.
Our frames of reference may well be universes apart,
But we will ever fathom truth enough the same to be at peace.

* * * *

Done run out of caring past a certain point.
Life has become more of an academic laboratory,
More of an intellectual, intangible, philosophical reverie.

* * * *

Imagine, if You will, a shapeshifting alien living here among You,
Watching, chronicling, your peculiar little human theater,
Waiting impatiently for the mother ship to return.
Alas, that it was destroyed by an asteroid,
And his whereabouts unknown to the mother world.

* * * *

It might be easily argued that in the world unfolding in these our times,
The most merciful thing You can do for your children
Is to smother them in their sleep.

* * * *

Get behind me, true believers, get behind me.

* * * *

Seemingly a never-ending work, these writings, at least until death do I disincorporate.

* * * *

Prove me wrong, boys and girls, prove me wrong.

* * * *

Always interesting to see how these many ditties play out as they come to mind:
As they are first written down, what happens in translation when they are transcribed,
What happens when they are edited, how they are read, if they even are read.
Any given ditty can mutate into something very different at any stage
From the original thought first bubbled into consciousness.

* * * *

Why and how these many thoughts keep coming to mind
Is a question for which I have no answer, other than to say nothing else calls.
To be an observer of existence, a truth-seeker, a philosopher, a seer,
Is to be all but done with the dreams of consciousness.

* * * *

Another ditty lost back into the formless mists of mind.
Easy come, easy go.

* * * *

You are not by any chance a terrorist following me with a dull, rusty knife, are You?
Not a question to ask anyone with hallmark features and or behaviors of Arab descent.

* * * *

One wonders how many women have sons
In an attempt to bring their husbands into line,
And daughters, to assert power over their mothers.

* * * *

To wake up as many times as possible,
Before the final breath wanes,
Is this mind's Soul goal,
Until eternal sleep,
Sets its final course adieu.

* * * *

The old 'Ice Station Zebra' paradigm: Play it out as if it never happened.

* * * *

Oh, for the daze when the middleclass life was a cave or a limb.

* * * *

Master brat.

* * * *

A semi-detached observer.

* * * *

If it is to stand the test of time, it must stand on its own merit.

* * * *

He woke with a dash of hope, but it being only four letters, did not last long.

* * * *

I am me, You am me, we am me, all together, one.

* * * *

Saw a smidgeon of hope today, and scrunched it before it could even squeak.

* * * *

What is herein written, what is herein imparted, is from me to my Self,
In whatever other, in whatever geography, in whatever future-past.
Stand upon my shoulders, and gaze out even further if You can.

* * * *

If You have not already realized it,
This is one of those serendipitous creations
In which You often seem to happen upon a reflection
That You in time are most primed to mull.

* * * *

Believe You me, I have given in to every enticing distraction,
And it is always the inner awareness to which I return.
A marriage to my Self that can never be escaped,
No matter how tempting the siren's song.

* * * *

Addressing the endless stream of calamities
That have created so much confusion and adversity,
To whatever endgame the synergy of consciousness chooses.

* * * *

No doubt some would deposit this scribe in a shallow grave
If they were to comprehend these many thoughts are analogous
To the folktale of the lone stonecutter bit by bit by bit chipping away
Deep within the bowels of the imaginary mountain.

* * * *

From the infinitesimal moment all genesis began, through all that has taken place since,
It all had to happen for You to have this relatively brief, temporal opportunity, to awaken,
So, gracias to all the countless others, across time, across space, who played your vital part.

* * * *

Those born after the Great Fall
May discern it in their best interest
To give attention to these many insights,
Both to aid in comprehending what happened,
And to clearly discern what it will take
To re-align with the Garden
From which life,
With so little inhibition,
Manifests in every form imaginable.

* * * *

A word of warning to the young: Avoid doing really dumbass things whenever possible.
If what You are undertaking is akin to walking eyes-closed across a busy freeway,
Then it might be best to do some checking in with your common-sense meter.
That is assuming, of course, that You want to arrive at some ripe old age,
In a reasonably healthy body, with a reasonably functioning mind.
And rest assured, this is a ‘do what I say, not what I did’ suggestion.
Life is longer than You realize in the early years, and blunders cannot be undone.
Believe me when I say, that I was probably as foolish as You, and have paid many penalties.
Our kind is hard-wired for narcissism and hedonism, and moderation is a tack requiring great discipline.

* * * *

All this has been spontaneously written in the wandering moments
For a destiny most unclear at this point in time.
A strange fate, indeed.

* * * *

Working on wrapping up this little raison d'être, and then out of Dodge.

* * * *

I am about exploring consciousness in my singular way,
So, to Hades with all your meme-ridden judgments

And sundry notions of political correctness.

* * * *

Seen enough, heard enough, smelled enough, tasted enough, felt enough.
There is more, You say? Thanks, but no thanks, my world-weary reply.

* * * *

There is always a nap working its way into one soon or another.

* * * *

Another memory swept into oblivion in the given mind's neurological ebb and flow,
Yet another indication, another reminder, of this dream's inevitable decline and fall.

* * * *

A mad as everyone else in the monkeydom.

* * * *

When has lack of commercial viability ever meant something has no value.

* * * *

That life is over … Sorry … Sort of.

* * * *

The reality is, any given reader may or may not comprehend these thoughts as they were meant.
The reflections offered are ever subject to the frame of reference of the observer.
No thinker, no philosopher, can ever presume his or her views,
Will not be used for unintended purpose.

* * * *

Better daze ahead, he muttered with rueful disdain.

* * * *

Got nothing to say, so I will say it anyway.

* * * *

Another day of kickin' and scratchin' and bitin and whinin',
And unleashing blood-curdling howls and wretched moans,
As eternity slowly drags me back to its unearthly domain.

* * * *

Never met a label that did not fit somewhere along the line.

* * * *

Opinions and an asshole, yup, I gots 'em, too.

* * * *

Pointing out the obvious to mindsets not even remotely capable of fathoming it,
Too late in the game to be a changer, were it even possible.

And it does not matter even one iota.

* * * *

A soliloquy, to be sure.

* * * *

Lived out this life this way because I had nothing better to do.
The hand was dealt by the path of least resistance,
And I faked it all as best I could.

* * * *

Said what I meant and meant what I said.

* * * *

The light, here again, a new day underway, whoo-hoo for new daze.

* * * *

How weary I all too often am of vanity and all its foibles.

* * * *

The Joyful Curmudgeon: A turd by any other name would smell as sweet.

* * * *

It all this wordy absurdity is ever going be known,
It will be in some other portion of the human epoch,
Because this slice is sure not at this writing interested.

* * * *

Never let anything hit the bottom of the bucket; kind of impulsive that way.

* * * *

Take these many thoughts as reflections only.
Try not to form them into the dogmatic quagmire
To which the human mind all too often prone.

* * * *

Each thought or set of thoughts stands entirely on its own,
To what end no one can no more than endlessly speculate.

* * * *

What a prison mind and body daily more become.
What need for this human paradigm or any other.

* * * *

Somehow survived long enough to write about it.

* * * *

In the fourth quarter now, the time of consequences is upon me.

* * * *

But for a few chromosomes and a difference wind of time, there go I.

* * * *

Gravity is definitely winning,
But it is sure taking its sweet fucking time,
And not always being nice about it.

* * * *

Whether or not anyone ever reads this mass of babble is no skin off my nose.

* * * *

As these words are born into manifestation,
They are composting into a hearty potential
For times none can do more than imagine.

* * * *

Averting the eyes from a trainwreck in progress is not easy.

* * * *

Took just one intro philosophy class the first semester of junior college,
And the rest, the rest is the spontaneous combustion of happenstance.

* * * *

Another windmill … (sigh) …

* * * *

Who knows what I said and wrote before all these many thoughts.
Letters, journals, poetry, papers, tests, were retired many moons ago
Into a number of whereabouts-unknown landfills in several geographies.

* * * *

Born a king in a peasant's life.

* * * *

A decentralized manifesto,
Left for time to do what it will, or will not,
In the vanity faire of consciousness.

* * * *

The aches and pains and debilitations of the aging body and mind are many,
The whys and wherefores for the laughter and merriment of youth fewer and fewer,
Yet the Joyful Curmudgeon wryly endures as irony and paradox impishly allow.

* * * *

Did not ask for this, believe You me.

* * * *

Politely received, politely ignored,
Perhaps because it is all so passé at this point,
Or perhaps because I am not playing the spiritual game
The way others believe it should be played.
Who knows, who cares?

* * * *

In the world but not of it whenever attention allows.

* * * *

Another wound, more crunch, more blood, more screaming nerve ends, ugh and so it goes.

* * * *

Maybe You are clever, maybe You are wise, maybe You are foolish and absurd,
Maybe You are, as all monkey-minds are, a slice of each, all rolled into one.

* * * *

Two thumbs up for slipping between the cracks yet again.

* * * *

Nothing is wanted for You but that You be eternally, happily content.
There is nothing here but compassion for your unnecessary plight.

* * * *

Ditty-up, ditty-up, ditty-up-up-up.

* * * *

Just killing time before it kills me.

* * * *

The cursory scribble of pen to paper is but hammer's first blow
To the wrought of the final thought that the keyboard,
With spellcheck and thesaurus, will fashion.

* * * *

As drawn to the human drama as a moth is to flame, and as weary of being scorched.

* * * *

Lost again in the nothing-really-matters zone.

* * * *

What is this irritability, this impatience, this ill temper,
That has always been a seething dragon just beneath the sunny surface,
So quick, so impulsive, to raise its turbulent mind for so little cause.
More times than not well hidden, there have been consequences
When the thoughtless tongue was to calamity unleashed.

* * * *

Oh boy, a new pain.

* * * *

I just carry paper and pen, and scribble down whatever comes to mind.
Whether or not it will have any impact in the tempest to come, I know not.
The observer I have become is as agnostic as this busy-busy mind allows.

* * * *

Regrets, and more regrets.

* * * *

Doing nothing as often as possible is where I want to be.

* * * *

“Without history, what are we?” Merritt reflected in one many, many moons ago chat.
"The same nothing we are, have always been, will ever be," I would answer now.

* * * *

Hiss-hiss, scratch-scratch ... Too high school ... Or maybe even junior high.

* * * *

Will anything come of all this babble, probably not, which is okay, and probably for the best.

* * * *

These many thoughts have been discerned in every possible context,
All that is required is paper and pen to jot them down,
And a keyboard to hammer them out.

* * * *

An advocate for nothing, whiling away the dream.

* * * *

Whether good or ill,
What You might or might not think of me,
Is not something to which I often choose to give much weight.

* * * *

Likely committed just about every blunder, every idiocy, of which any man is capable.

* * * *

So far I have managed not to be shot, hung, burnt, crucified, guillotined,
Drawn and quartered, pulled apart by horses, have my throat slowly slit by a dull, rusty blade,
Or otherwise have my fingernails pulled out while stretched out on a rack
With electrodes attached to my private parts.
But the day ain’t over.

* * * *

Two thumbs up about being under the radar, so far.
Let it hibernate, let it ferment, until after I am gone.

* * * *

I leave it to the dream of time to do with these thoughts what it will or will not.
No fame, no fortune, no power … ever came of them at this writing.
The popes can have their crystal and gold cathedrals
And the echoes of hollow applause.

* * * *

It makes absolutely no difference who I was,
Where I was born, how I looked, how I lived, how I died,
Or any other superficial differences anyone might imagine important.
All that matters is what You or any other critical thinker discerns
In the many thoughts that have come through this mind.
No veneration or dogma or groupthink is required
On the meandering road of Self-discovery.

* * * *

A razor's edge upon which I quite often slip.

* * * *

Kind of smart, kind of stupid, kind of wise, kind of foolish, all as time in mind allows.

* * * *

Please do not make the mistake of making about the scribe.
He is nothing more than another cauldron of imaginary notion.

* * * *

Must have read a different book.

* * * *

I may be a liar, I may be a cheat, I may be a thief,
And I may daily conspire every variety of murder and mayhem,
But at least I ain't no Jesus-loving-god-forsaken-double-dealing hypocrite.

* * * *

A walking-talking revolutionary of the paradigm-shifting kind.

* * * *

Thinking positive is no doubt great, no doubt good,
And as soon as this mind discerns something positive
Upon which it might a-ponder, I will be a-gettin' to it.

* * * *

Wait until life bends You over and shows You how tough You really are, You arrogant little shit.

* * * *

Waking up to another day of the happenstancing whatever.
The pointlessness is the only point at this point of the journey.

* * * *

There are no followers where I would lead You.

* * * *

Why would it matter at all to me or anyone else,
Whether or not You or anyone else ever wakes up or not.
You are on You own, it is your show, not mine or anyone else's.
None can do more than occasionally hold your hand and wish You well.

* * * *

Did I already write, 'Love thy Self'?

* * * *

And, pray tell, what ignorant foolishness might someday come of these thoughts?

* * * *

Herein I gives You me mind since 1989.

* * * *

How hard can it be to turn water into wine, if I can already, without effort, turn wine into pee?
Well, freshly harvested grapes, the right equipment, a fair amount of time,
And a fervent intention to direct nature's course.
As for immortal power and divine intervention, I think not.

* * * *

Yes, fans, I am indeed highly fallible, and so are You.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Just another journey man; just another journey, man.

* * * *

It is because of the life I have lived that I am in this physical pain.
It is because of the life I have lived that I can endure this physical pain.

* * * *

End run after end run – Go, Team Moi

* * * *

To understand my concept of god is to leave behind any and all.

* * * *

Got nothing better to do than nothing much.

* * * *

Do not know why some folks think I am so negative.
I am very certain, very confident, very positive, very optimistic,
That the remainder of human history is going to be bent over in many, many ways.
And there ain't no lubricant on the market gonna be much help.

* * * *

If there is some sort of supreme deity, some sort of all-powerful being,
And he/she/it is as petty and possessive and downright mean
As the minds of our kind have so often ordained,
Well, all I can say is fuck him/her/it,
And willingly cast this life force back into the obscurity,
The indivisible oblivion from which I perceive all creation is made manifest.

* * * *

How cruel, how selfish women are, that they would bring a child into this world.

* * * *

More blather for the dust collection.

* * * *

Nothing else to do, nothing else to be, nothing else to see.

* * * *

Am I the crazy one? Am I the fool? Only if rationality has lost all meaning.

* * * *

Have not saved anybody, yet.

* * * *

The world certainly has You in its miasmic brouhaha, my friend.

* * * *

Sure, I may be wrong, but it will be tough to prove.

* * * *

Remember always that these many thoughts are offered up as reflections, not dogma.

* * * *

Not quite the hermit monk, but only by a few notches.

* * * *

Doing the Cheshire one smile at a time.

* * * *

There is a wealth in these thoughts that most will value as swine do pearls.

* * * *

Do not see a point, do not need a point.

* * * *

Yet another thing in the collection of things I will never again use.

* * * *

A lengthy list, it is, it is; pages and pages of regrets.
Sigh, oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
In the quantum Ice-Station-Zebra of it, it never really happened.

* * * *

I am, therefore I chatter and drink, not necessarily in that order.

* * * *

All across time, in every geography,
So many names for this unfathomable unknown.
I call it Quantum, and I am That I Am.

* * * *

Do not know, do not care.

* * * *

The everything and the nothing to You,
Is the same everything and nothing to me.

* * * *

A road less traveled sort of life that just sort of happened.

* * * *

Some fellow business graduates would zealously tell interviewers
That they loved solving challenging problems and dilemmas.
Me, I wish I had thought to say that I absolutely despised problems,
So much so that I would resolve them as quickly and efficiently as possible,
And with such Machiavellian force that they would never again rise up to bother me.

* * * *

A ghost fading even in his own dream.

* * * *

A collection of thoughts that will change absolutely nothing.
A Sisyphean enterprise this mind both endured and enjoyed.

* * * *

Would that I were always as detached as I play it for the mob.

* * * *

The middlemen are not going to be happy about this.

* * * *

Watching it all play out with yawning interest.

* * * *

These many thoughts are dedicated to future incarnations of awareness,
Others who are not others, but awakened versions of the same discernment.
We all play out consciousness in our own way, but at the source, ever the same.

* * * *

Here it is, today's little piece of bother.

* * * *

The only difference between me and any other,
Is that I can occasionally step back far enough to discern a larger picture.
I am no one's master.

* * * *

Am long past thinking humankind will ever transcend its all-too-predictable patterning.
We are a mind-boggling collection of cancerous maniacs from the jungle get-go of our origin.
The only question is whether we will obliterate the garden before it manages to off us.
Or we ourselves, or maybe very hungry alien insects or a big fucking comet.

* * * *

The list of bothers is long, and daily longer.

* * * *

Yet another articulate foray into the irony and paradox of our kind,
To which so many are blind, or, worse yet, even more apathetic than I.

* * * *

I will not miss us.

* * * *

The first thing I do every morning is thank God I was born a man.
And the second, that I woke up alone, without a migraine.
Look but do not touch is the motto at this graypoint.
Praise Jesus the time of the wanton erectile is all but done.

* * * *

Mister Too-Much-Is-Not-Enough.

* * * *

To be, or not to be, far from the maddening crowd, that is the question.

* * * *

Just an amusing pastime; nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

Mañana, maybe.

* * * *

A natural-born killer who chooses not to most of the time.

* * * *

Please, God, if there is a God, please, never again.

* * * *

So many good deeds, so many heinous crimes.

* * * *

A growing absent-mindedness, both literally and figuratively.

* * * *

The vaporous eye me-my-Self-I-ing.

* * * *

A crusty old knight in rusty old armor on an arthritic old mount,
Wandering about searching for that old wind-beaten windmill.

* * * *

These writings must develop their own legs.
Else they will evaporate back into the quantum ground
From which all things are born and unborn.

* * * *

And thus, is imagination cast out to its limitless reaches.

* * * *

You want another story? This is not the droid You are looking for.

* * * *

All these ditties shuffled and reshuffled again many times.
The only thing of which You the reader can be sure,
Is that it was all scribed in the circa Y2K,
From 1989 until the whatever-whenever finale.

* * * *

Rest assured, all my opinions are as meaningless and anyone else's.

* * * *

All this is written so it does not have to be written again.

* * * *

All these thoughts, my raison d'être, such as it is, for reasons unknown.

* * * *

Fortunately, rhyme and reason are someone else's delusion.

* * * *

Only gray on the outside.

* * * *

In a hundred years, in a thousand years, in ten thousand years,
What will all these across-the-board thoughts have accomplished,
What will they have done, what will they have undone, if anything?

* * * *

Life fair? You are looking for some other choir.

* * * *

This is my work, my calling, my raison d'être.
It pays nothing, offers nothing, is overseen by nothing.
Vanity is its birthplace, contentment and peace the only reward.

* * * *

Aphorisms, perhaps even less interesting to the masses than poetry,
Or at least a back-and-forth-by-the-nose-neither-win-nor-lose rival.

* * * *

Jaded to tears but for the occasional hiccup in the quantum fray.

* * * *

Baubles and jewels, for You to discover, for You to discern, or not.

* * * *

Trying to share these thoughts with any not so-inclined
Is about as effective as beating your head against a wall.

* * * *

In the world: Sometimes of it, sometimes not.

* * * *

You call all this pain and suffering a gift!? Hmm and hah, indeed, indeed.
Some supreme being needs a punch in the nose as far as these eyes ponder it.

* * * *

Turn the other cheek?
Well, maybe, maybe not.

* * * *

Will these thoughts, too, be usurped by one meme or another?

* * * *

Did not ask for this existence, why should I care about another?

* * * *

For a guy who did not want much of anything,
I sure ended up having and doing and thinking
Way, way more than I would have ever dreamed.

* * * *

“Oh, my God!” she cried, “And perchance mine, too!” I replied.

* * * *

All these thoughts are from a lifetime of inquiry,
A lifetime of voluminous and varied experiences played out.
A thesis of sorts that this most earnest mind has discerned of its own merit.
It could not be less, and if there is an even more insightful conclusion to be expounded,
Then it is for some other, perhaps even You, to bring it to light.

* * * *

Turning You every which way but loose; that is up to You.

* * * *

Maybe You get one free hit,
Maybe even two if the cheek makes a turn,
But carte blanche, I think not.

* * * *

I have no life, so I spend it amusing my Self.

* * * *

The aliens among us are You and I.

* * * *

“You are the least ambitious person I have ever met,” Lena said.
“Thank You,” I should have answered as it echoed in my head.

* * * *

I Am Footnote.

* * * *

Where could I lead anyone but oblivion, and what point in that?

* * * *

And then I woke up, and I was still me.
And then I woke up, and I was still me.
And then I woke up, and I was still me.
And then I woke up …

* * * *

If consciousness wants these thoughts to be known, it will devise a way.
If not, how can what was barely known be more than barely forgotten?

* * * *

In this, I bequeath You my mind.

* * * *

Nobody's teacher, nobody's friend, nobody's lover, nobody's enemy.

* * * *

Mixing metaphors, what fun.

* * * *

Another day of absurdity infinitum … Ho-hum.

* * * *

These many thoughts, they change as they are thought,
Change as they are written, and may change many times again,
Before they happen into your eyes, and the universe in the mind behind.

* * * *

Labels? I fits 'em all, and I ignores 'em all just the same.

* * * *

A wordy process, indeed.

* * * *

Who in their right mind wants to think this much about naught without end.

* * * *

An original work, whatever that is.

* * * *

Waking up to another day of pain and suffering and general bother,
In a world for which I have only obligatory, desultory interest,
But must continue enduring, must continue witnessing,
For as long as pulse and breath and mind allow.
I did not ask to be here; I ain't prayin' to be staying.

* * * *

The ro-sham-bo-rock-paper-scissors-zero-sum of marital bliss:
Yes, Dear, You are right, I am wrong, please forgive me,
And for good measure: It will not happen again.

* * * *

Sure, I may be wrong, but not as far as I'm concerned.

* * * *

Just passing the time in whatever way comes to mind.

* * * *

The I that I dream came into existence in Hughson
In Stanislaus County in California in the United States of America.
Specifically, 37°36′11″N 120°52′1″W of this our Gaia, speck in the Cosmos that it is.
This mind-body is male, Caucasian, American English-speaking, with an all-rounder set of abilities.
It was raised on a small peach farm by decent parents a mile outside a decent rural town.
It was given a generic education that ended with a generic business degree,
Followed up a decade later with a generic teaching credential.
It worked a wide variety of occupations in a wide variety of geographies.
It interacted with a wide variety of people and participated in a wide variety of experiences.
At age 36, it began what would evolve into a substantial body of written work.
What a remarkable thing the happenstance of being conceived.
What a remarkable thing all the happenstances that happen along the way.
And as for having free will, well, some claim it true, but these eyes see it a dubious assumption.

* * * *

These writings have absolutely no connection or allegiance
To any organized religion or philosophy, that has ever, or will ever, come to light.
They are reflections of a solitary sojourn into eternal reunion,
And there are no rules in a knife fight.

* * * *

Are all these thoughts written that humankind might realize worldwide harmony?
No, impossible that, the inherent genome is far too Darwinian for such an idealistic notion.
No, they are penned for those singular few who yearn, who pursue, Self-knowledge to such a degree
That they may one day divine the immortal serenity of the grand indivisibility,
And perchance pass it on to others of the same bent.

* * * *

Appellations by which I may be known,
Or much more likely unknown:
Michael Jay Holshouser
Michael J. Holshouser
M. J. Holshouser
M. Holshouser
J. Holshouser
Jay Holshouser
Mike Holshouser
The solo initial: M
The nickname: Holtz
All three initials: M.J.H.
Mike Jay reversed: Yaj Ekim
And an infrequent nom de plume
Using a blend of ancestral favorites:
Andrew James Kurtz, a.k.a., Drew Kurtz

* * * *

Oopsie, another concussion rocks my world, my universe, in this, the fourth quarter of losing game.

Fortunately, I do not need that part of the brain, that part of the mind, to function full-go anymore.

* * * *

Another stonecutter daily chipping away in the mind of existence.

* * * *

Just not interested
In any more dog and pony shows,
Carny acts of the manifest kind, if You get the drift.

* * * *

Some call it, God.
Some call it, Allah.
Some call it, Yahweh.
Some call it, Brahman.
Some call it, Quantum.
Some call it, Jehovah.
Some call it, Shiva.
Some call it, Tao.
I call it, Mystery.

* * * *

The Tralfamadorians know of what I speak, and more.

* * * *

Of intimate, co-dependent relationships at this writing: too much work, too much bother.

* * * *

One life is more than enough.

* * * *

Wandering about the insatiable ductless-glands-and-viscera-blue-pill world.

* * * *

Nothing I need to say or do or be.
Nothing I need to see or hear or smell or taste or feel.
I am done and undone for all time.

* * * *

If there is a way to fuck things up, what a knack I have always had finding it.

* * * *

Well, it made sense at the time.

* * * *

Kept the day job.

* * * *

Leaving a few chips on the table for the Ferryman is an option.

* * * *

So bored, the tears are all dried up.

* * * *

A master of no-who, no-what, no-where, no-when, no-why, no-how.

* * * *

The imaginary moi awakens to a new day.

* * * *

Still walking on the green side of grass, this side of nothing.

* * * *

I, Quantum

* * * *

I, Awareness

* * * *

I, Buddha

* * * *

I, Tao

* * * *

I, Shiva

* * * *

I, Brahmin

* * * *

I, God

* * * *

I, Yahweh

* * * *

I, Jehovah

* * * *

I, Christ

* * * *

I, Allah

* * * *

I, Chameleon

* * * *

I, Hierophant

* * * *

I, Jellyfish

* * * *

I, Whatever

* * * *

Another ditty lost in the filament of mind.

* * * *

What effort it sometimes takes
To continue fabricating this universe,
For which there is less and less and less appetite.

* * * *

Not sure what that is supposed to do for me, but it does not.

* * * *

No, I do not want to care about that.

* * * *

It is not for me to know whether or not these words will pass into time.

* * * *

So many foolish, irrational, stupid choices,
And so many disagreeable consequences!
Yeesch, and yeesch, and yeesch again.

* * * *

Your universe is your teacher, and this scribe but one of its many faces.

* * * *

I leave You neither ist nor ism,
Nor anything else to which You might vainly cling.
I leave You nothing to believe in, nothing to embrace, nothing to hope for.
I leave You to alone wander the long and winding pathless path through the fires of a mind never born.
I leave You to alone discern the awareness of the mystery that You truly are:
That which has no name, needs no name;
That which is timelessly sovereign, timelessly free;
That to which the bothers of mind have no meaning whatsoever.

* * * *

Jesus Christos, the bullshit just does not end.

* * * *

All these many thoughts, about many things,
Were written spontaneously, intuitively, naturally, artlessly,
In many different times, in many different places,
In many different states of mind and body.

* * * *

You think this is a democracy? Ha, ha, joke's on You, Pilgrim.

* * * *

One apology will have to do, and even if it does not,
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

We cannot all be rocket scientists.
Most of us are plebian in our exertions.
I, for one, was a tolerably adept forklift driver,
And could occasionally let fly a pitiless water balloon,
Long before the body and mind gave way to time.

* * * *

I have neither the wit nor patience for poetry.
It is a calculus to which my mind does not aspire.

* * * *

Partaking the dream one sip at a time.

* * * *

I bask in envy.

* * * *

The puttering guy leaps into yet another meaningless project.

* * * *

Maybe I will get to it tomorrow, or maybe a day or three after that.

* * * *

The go-between of no-between is anybody's guess.
Nonsensical as it sounds even to me,
I wrote it down anyway,
Just in case it makes sense to someone.

* * * *

I have made every effort to make this about You,
When it is ultimately all about the me that is You.

* * * *

Sure are a lot of things that do not much matter anymore, and the list longer everyday.

* * * *

Meme Michael

* * * *

Nothing I care to more than imagine doing.

* * * *

I am unknown because the stage has not called, and I am not unhappy about that.
What need have I for that degree of intrigue, that play of power and fame and fortune?
I who am but the timeless stillness of awareness; I who am the source of all, alone and free.

* * * *

The best revenge may be to let the quarry live out their existence in a wheelchair.

* * * *

Survived another day, whoo-hoo.

* * * *

In the tranquility of dark starry nights,
I wander alone the long, winding country lanes,
Waiting for the Mothership to return and take me home.

* * * *

Stretching the mind one ditty at a time.

* * * *

If perchance there is a god, a supreme being of one ilk or another,
Then he-she-it and I are going to have a serious discussion
Before I am exiled to an even lower rung of hell.

* * * *

Each and every ditty is a sovereign island unto itself.
To compare, to combine, is to miss the pointless point.

* * * *

If I did not do it, or could not do it, I imagined it.
And if I did not imagine it, so-well-oh-well, no big deal.

* * * *

Another day of snap-crackle-pop joy, yay oh yay.

* * * *

The philosophy of this working man: Everybody works until everything is done.

* * * *

I have always walked away from situations that are not working for me, or do not interest me.

Even as a young child, my mother said I would leave a neighborhood group activity,
Go home to my toys, go home to my sandbox, and contentedly play alone.

* * * *

If there is more, great, sort of; it there is not, no big deal.

* * * *

The quantum mystery has done did every sort of mystic seer, and now me,
A ne'er-do-well curmudgeon cast by the fates into the light of awareness.

* * * *

How pleasant it is to not be caught up in a prescribed life.

* * * *

So many details about which I do not want to anymore bother.

* * * *

Life, Death, what are they to me who is without bounds?

* * * *

Many thoughts have been set down in these rambling pages.
But it has never been easy to remain in that eternal state of awareness.
Best wishes to any who peruse this and other similar works,
And are drawn to explore the path less traveled.

* * * *

Gradually, bit by bit, step by step,
The me-myself-and-I mind born of time,
Is dissolving back into the great indivisibility.

* * * *

Oopsie, lost another one.
Dang this ephemeral mind when it cannot quite grasp
The too-quickly-gone ghost of some wispy intuition.

* * * *

As I See It

* * * *

The Puttering Guy

* * * *

The Antiyourchrist

* * * *

And why on earth would I ever need to care at all
About what anyone thinks of me or anything else?

* * * *

Yaj Unhooked

* * * *

What we have done to this world and all its creatures small to great
Is so repugnant to me that I can hardly bear it sometimes.
What a liberation it will be to be done with it,
Is common echo in this mind.

* * * *

Ran into the Buddha on the road the other day, and he be dead.

* * * *

Is it yesterday or tomorrow? I cannot remember, Ollie.

* * * *

The Dude abides.

* * * *

This mortal shell has indeed become a torture chamber.
The absence of pain and bother is pleasure anymore.
Oh, pride, envy, gluttony, lust, wrath, greed, sloth;
Where is thy scalawagian transcendence, now?

* * * *

Other than being creator-witness to this subjective theater,
This old boy is pretty darned useless to this world anymore.

* * * *

The Opus of the Devils Tower

* * * *

How easy it will be to say goodbye to this world, this existence.

* * * *

Drifting along, as nonchalant as mind allows.

* * * *

‘Tis up to You to find me, and no worries if it does not call You.

* * * *

The World According to Michael

* * * *

The World According to Yaj

* * * *

The Chronicles of Michael

* * * *

Michael's Way

* * * *

The Way of Michael

* * * *

I, Michael

* * * *

I, Yaj

* * * *

Zen Mike

* * * *

More from Zen Mike

* * * *

Even More from Zen Mike

* * * *

Michael and His Very Annoying Body

* * * *

Playing to the audience of me-my-Self-and-I in the moiville of time,
Makes for a purer abstract of whatever thoughts come to mind.
It avoids the politics of trying to appease any given crowd.
Yielding to any meme, any groupthink, any limitation,
No matter how minimal, only muddies the streaming flow.

* * * *

Retirement is making it up one day at a time.

* * * *

If the world, the universe, is but an illusion, why do I keep subscribing to it?
Because I can be just as hypnotized by craving and dread as everyone else.

* * * *

Have managed not to kill anyone yet,
But not for the want of thinking about it
Far, far more than many might care to know.
But am I really any different than many if not most?

* * * *

So many lives in just this one.
Is there be any thought, any deed, left undone?

Is there any stone left unturned?

* * * *

Am I wise?
Am I kind?
Am I good?
Am I patient?
Am I rational?
Am I intelligent?
Am I compassionate?
Am I benevolent?
Am I immortal?
Am I truthful?
Sometimes.

* * * *

The world reminds me yet again why I am oftentimes happier alone.

* * * *

And these are the people we follow? Seriously!?

* * * *

Who but me could ever read all this, much less write it.
An inexplicable, inordinate, unexpected fate, to be sure.

* * * *

The three vanities: power and fame and fortune, are not more me.
Like dogs and cats and sundry other critters, I prefer napping.

* * * *

Love is so droll.

* * * *

Just passing through.

* * * *

A beautiful woman's eyes hold a promise of something that is likely not there.

* * * *

You will know when I am done when the plate is licked clean.

* * * *

Never ceases to dumbfound how anxious so many women seem to be for a relationship,
Especially as they age, and become too wrinkly and obese and uninviting to easily snuggle.
Some kind of cavernous loneliness that takes on delusional proportion in their ‘beauty’ parlors,
Their store-bought flowers, their dime store romance novels, their yowling cats and yapping rat dogs,
Surrounding them on their pissy-smelling sofas as they watch happy-ending Hollywood chick flicks.
And if they do get a boyfriend, perchance a husband, who cuddles with them through the night,

They carve his soul into something good for little more than pushing their grocery carts.
And then it is not long before they are complaining about his many shortcomings,
To all the girlfriends who earnestly lend their ears, heads a-bobbing.
Endlessly nauseating and eye-rolling to say the least.
The delusions of romance and forever-after,
Should be most benignly left,
To the make-believe of youthful ignorance.

* * * *

Just hanging out, waiting for the Reaper.

* * * *

The world is all but dead to me; resting in peace.

* * * *

You can take that political correctness and shove it You can guess where.

* * * *

My Little Castle

* * * *

Sharing my process, my awakening, one ditty at a time.

* * * *

Whatever disorders of the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual sort that harbor within:
Neurocognitive, schizophrenic, dissociative, obsessive-compulsive, depression,
Impulse-control, posttraumatic stress, bipolar, conduct, personality,
And yadda yadda everything else modern-day psychology might postulate,
They continue to give rise to a never-ending scroll of wordplay in the given daze.

* * * *

You are both right and You are both wrong,
My father used to say when my sister and I
Would quibble over one inanity or another.

* * * *

If there is a god, I can hardly wait to punch him/her/it in the nose,
Or at least tug on a nose hair as I am cast into the inferno's depths.

* * * *

The other is hereby banished to the otherworld.

* * * *

Would that I could be as aloof as my zeal for truth would have me be.

* * * *

So the fuck what.

* * * *

You are lead dreamer in your cosmos, and I in mine.
Would that we were both fully awakened
That we might see together
How equal all things truly are.

* * * *

An entirely original creation, a gift for the future to translate, or not.
It is not a crystal ball; just a variety of ponderings from a guy
Who feels called to scribble down the random thought.
Art is its own reward.

* * * *

Coyote Jester

* * * *

Peter Pan, I am, I am.

* * * *

I, Savage

* * * *

I, Peter Pan

* * * *

I am That I Am, I am God,
And if You understand what God truly is, and is not,
You would know that You are, and are not, too.

* * * *

Apologies if I repeat myself, but fuck your political correctness.

* * * *

Content and at peace with my Self?
Well, sometimes, yes, sometimes, no.

* * * *

Sometime back in the early years after college,
As awareness of the world and all its horrors grew daily greater,
I told my mother, that if I had a button, I could push to wipe away all of humankind,
And give this spinning orb back to all our fellow earthlings, I would push it without a second thought.
But, other than mutually assured nuclear annihilation, there is no button of that sort,
And so, instead, a life of contemplation, and perhaps one day, suicide.
Much simpler to die to the world than push any button,
And that is certainly no simple task, either.

* * * *

If not careful, the man who lets a woman cut his hair

Will become a cart-pushing, garage-dwelling wraith.

* * * *

"The Bad Penny," Lee Hoffmann used to call me. Why, I'll never tell.

* * * *

My sixth grade James Bondian spy organization when I was wearing glasses:
SPECS: The Special Executive for Espionage, Counterintelligence, and Spies

* * * *

And why would You even begin to believe, to imagine,
That I was at all interested in being your idea of normal?

* * * *

Be sure to clearly realize that I am just as mentally deranged as anyone else.
A fair dollop of rationality laced with all the same passion and turmoil and vexation
As any other human who has ever roamed this three-dimensional dream of space and time.
All these thoughts are merely the aptitude to step back and articulate all the adventures endured.

* * * *

Predictability, a vice to which I prefer not succumb,
But, alas, a state with which I am, as in any pattern's inevitability,
Compelled to comply in many ways, many shapes, many forms, in this mortal fray.

* * * *

Thinking about shutting it down.
Plenty more-than-enough-way-too-much
For anyone to gorge in this or any other round.

* * * *

To call the United States of America either a democracy or a republic,
To call it anything but a mammon-worshipping corporate oligarchy,
Is to blindly, absurdly, gloss over the bitterly harsh, often cruel reality,
That it has become little more than a greed-serving, dystopian war machine,
Raining destruction down upon innocents and enemies alike all across the planet.

* * * *

A silly mistake for which I am running out of patience.

* * * *

Oh, for that time machine to be able to watch how it all unravels

* * * *

A work scribed by the fluid spontaneity of the unknown,
Given over to the vagaries of time-bound consciousness.

* * * *

Another round of coffee shop musing

Once again setting the world aright.

* * * *

All that has herein been written,
Is just as much a part of the human cacophony,
As anything else ever played out in our vain little human paradigm.

* * * *

Alas, that is the game You force me to play.

* * * *

If God is that puny, he/she/it can go rot in his/her/its own hell.

* * * *

I write what I see to see what I write.

* * * *

I just do not require any more human inanity, including my own.

* * * *

Sometimes it bubbles up camera ready.
Other times, it morphs of its own accord.

* * * *

It took a fair slice of life to discern the calling You herein read.

* * * *

I am the son of eternity, as are You if it is your fate to discern it.

* * * *

Your god is the size of your mind.

* * * *

Unlike other interviewees during their initial career quest,
Who ardently, breathlessly, mindlessly asserted they 'loved' problems,
My youthful comeback was likely more to the point: "I absolutely hate problems."
"So much so that I quash them as soon as they appear on any horizon."
Who got the job? Well, I have had many, and abided most,
For as long as they were tolerably amusing.

* * * *

Free: My favorite four-letter F-word

* * * *

God save me from your puny, petty, pathetic god.
The condescending absurdity of it makes me wretch.

* * * *

Bookstores and libraries and personal collections and landfills and burning piles,
Chock-full of books that relatively few ever even peruse, much less read.
Very little doubt the likely destiny of these many thoughts, as well.
Oh well, so it goes, dealt with it, got over it, moved on.
How pleasant it has been to read every word,
Many of them more than a few times.

* * * *

Even Hayley Mills's Pollyanna could not get the grump out of me.

* * * *

The domesticated existence was nothing I ever much cared to do for any great length of time.
Playing house, raising children, living in debt, mowing lawns, dealing with rat dogs,
Giving up solitude, missing out on adventures, becoming a couch potato,
Trying to please anyone but my Self, held no lasting appeal.

* * * *

Mister Grumpy, I am, I am.

* * * *

Derogatory, disparaging, critical, insulting, belittling, offensive … Well, yes, sometimes.
It is the nature of the cynic, the skeptic, the realist, to judge, and often harshly.
Look to Buddha, Jesus, Lao Tzu, and other nice guys if You want pap.

* * * *

The good die young; so do the bad.
What is young? What is old? What is life? What is death?
What is anything? What is everything? … Who? What? Where? When? Why? How?
Welcome to the mind of a philosopher, such as it is.

* * * *

The world I would save was undone
Many thousands of years before humankind
Learned the secrets of fire and steel.

* * * *

Soundly ignored, I am, and not at all unhappy about it.

* * * *

I am awareness, You are awareness,
The entire manifest dreamtime is awareness,
All the same, all alone, all together, forever, such as it is.

* * * *

Just another monkey putting in his time, serving his sentence.

* * * *

I could inhale the universe if my tummy were not so tiny.

* * * *

Watching, watching, always watching.

* * * *

All these many thoughts are my gift to the dystopian future, assuming, of course,
There is still anyone around to read it, and computers to read it on.
Keep an eye out for the Dead Sea Scrolls hard copy.

* * * *

Doing nothing as time allows.

* * * *

Many times, I do not realize the clarity, the subtlety, of things I have written,
Until I am re-reading them, oftentimes several years later.
"Who was that masked man?" I wonder.

* * * *

The temptation to erase it all is hatching.

* * * *

Soon enough, I shall join the graveyard of dead philosophers,
And all this absurd babble will play to what end, I need neither know nor care.
Likely as not, it will evaporate back into the prior-to-consciousness abyss, relatively undiscerned,
And the human species shall continue racing madly toward the dualistic destiny,
Ordained by its vanity-laced Darwinian genomic predisposition,
Which is so oh-well-so-it-goes-deal-with-it-get-over-it-move-on the way it is,
In the grand schemelessness of all things manifestly grist-for-the-mill eternally indivisible.

* * * *

Well past need, or even want for that matter.

* * * *

Sure, precise definitions are important in the Ivory Tower,
But here on the given street, any sordid generalization will do.

* * * *

The Tao Te Ekim

* * * *

How to Live the Rich Man's Life on a Dime

* * * *

A hard-working boomer slacker.

* * * *

Iconoclast, critic, skeptic, heretic,
Unbeliever, dissident, dissenter, infidel, rebel, renegade, mutineer:

Yet another ditty from the coffee shop philosopher guy,
A street-level critical thinker with a view.

* * * *

How I long for the Old School daze,
Before all this inane technology overtook our lives,
When I could roam blissfully unaware, unconcerned, untroubled,
About what anyone else was doing or thinking, or whether or not they even existed.

* * * *

Sun warming the front, a lazy cool breeze to the rear,
I am it, and it is me, the wind betwixt and between.

* * * *

Ooh, what is under that stone?

* * * *

Too late in the game for these myriad thoughts to make any tangible difference.
Were it possible, the garden world I would save, in all its Darwinian magnificence,
Was undone when our kind began its cancerous migration out of the jungles of Africa.
Whatever the future holds, it will play out in the dystopia conceived by the winds of mind.

* * * *

She said the words made her head spin.
Into what? And which direction? he wondered.

* * * *

What are little boys made of? … Snips and snails and puppy-dogs' tails … Yes.
What are little girls made of? … Sugar and spice and everything nice ... Not.

* * * *

Nothing to do? And what is the problem with that, again?

* * * *

To all Christians and other faithful true believers,
While You have paid out ten percent of your hard-earned treasury
To sit in hard wooden pews, listen to mind-numbing sermons, and sing tedious hymns,
Pretending to love people You loathe, fearing a deity who is but an invention of irrational imagination,
Idolizing a martyr long dead that You might well detest if he were to actually show up,
I have spent many a Sunday sunrise enjoying long, contemplative wanders,
Breathing in and breathing out the one and only true cathedral.

* * * *

Sometimes this mind, this body, this world, this universe,
Feels like such a prison, to which death can be the only release.
Do it figuratively, do it literally, what matter in the dust-to-dust of it.

* * * *

How interesting it would be to be the fly on the wall,
Witnessing a detailed autopsy on this poor old cadaver.
The nervous system has certainly played a symphony in it.

* * * *

Zen Mike, Gregg Payne used to call me during the Chico years.

* * * *

A scrapbook of the time in mind.

* * * *

Mad? You call me mad? Well, my fine friend, that is no great distinction in an insane asylum.

* * * *

It took a long time in earth years to figure out my calling in this mortal existence,
Which, of course, provided a larger frame of reference, more writing material,
From which to articulate clarity and insight to an all but empty auditorium.

* * * *

More experiences lend themselves to more contemplation,
Which morph into more metaphors, more analogies, more ironies, more paradoxes,
Which means more opportunities to play with vocabulary and grammar.
Which is akin to fun, such as it is, for this a-puttering mind.

* * * *

All this random babble has been scribed over a period of going-on thirty years.
Apologies for all the repetition, but it is more a journal of whatever springs into mind,
Than it is any kind of cohesive narrative, or cohesive anything, for that or any other matter.
Basically, it all boils down to this fact: You are the indivisible, timeless mystery,
And for all practical and impractical purposes, You are on You own.
Rotsa ruck, best wishes, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

Buddha's First Noble Truth:
Existence is painful.
Yaj Ekim's Noble Corollary:
So it goes. Deal with it. Get over it. Move on. It will all be over soon enough.

* * * *

1 Corinthians 13:11:
When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child.
When I became a man, I put aside childish things.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Time to grow up, children.

* * * *

Jesus on Prophets (Mark 6:1-6):
Jesus observed that "Prophets are not without honour,
except in their hometown, and among their own kin, and in their own house."
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
And in their own time.

* * * *

René Descartes:
I think, therefore I am.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
I think, therefore I think I am.

* * * *

Foremost thing Western parents want for their children:
"I want them to be happy."
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Hah! That ain't going to happen! Forget about it! Fat chance!

* * * *

Voltaire:
If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Hey! Yo! Dude! … Uh … I … think … that's … uh … what … we … uh … did.

* * * *

Voltaire:
A witty saying proves nothing.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
But they are entertaining, and pass some of the moments.
And what is not life, but a ceaseless quest for pleasure, and the avoidance of pain and suffering and death,
Which only causes more of the same, if moderation is not within easy reach.

* * * *

Stephen King:
Any word you have to hunt for in a thesaurus is the wrong word.
There are no exceptions to this rule.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Alas, we cannot all be Stephen King.

* * * *

Friedrich Nietzsche:
When you look into an abyss, the abyss also looks into you.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary
When you look into an abyss, the abyss becomes you.

* * * *

Socrates:
The unexamined life is not worth living.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
The examined life, only a little more, perhaps even less.

* * * *

Hippocratic Oath:
Primum non nocere … First do no harm.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Define harm.

* * * *

Yoda (Star Wars):
Try not. Do, or do not. There is no try.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
To try requires effort. To try is not doing.

* * * *

Sarlo:
Effing the Ineffable.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Effing away.

* * * *

Thomas Hobbes:
… and the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Albert Camus:
There is but one truly serious philosophical problem and that is suicide.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
The second truly serious not-quite-philosophical problem is who buries who.

* * * *

Arthur C. Clarke (2001: A Space Odyssey):
Then he [The Star Child] waited,
Marshaling his thoughts and brooding over his still untested powers.
For though he was master of the world, he was not quite sure what to do next.
But he would think of something.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Still thinking.

* * * *

Jane Smith (Angela Jolie in 'Mr. & Mrs. Smth'):
Happy endings are just stories that haven't finished yet.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Uh-oh.

* * * *

Harvey Logan (Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid):
Rules!? In a knife fight!?
Yaj Ekim:
Rules!? In this world!?

* * * *

Anon:
Money cannot buy happiness.
Yaj Ekim:
Then how am I supposed to get my bottle of Jack?

* * * *

Curly (City Slickers):
The day ain't over yet.
Yaj Ekim:
Waah!

* * * *

Kilgore Trout (a.k.a., Kurt Vonnegut) in 'Timequake'
Men are jerks. Women are psychotic.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
The Good, the Bad and the Ugly,
A Fistful of Chromosomes, A Few Chromosomes More.

* * * *

Chuang-Tzu (The Butterfly as Companion):
Once upon a time, I dreamt I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of my happiness as a butterfly, unaware that I was myself. Soon I awaked, and there I was, veritably myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly, dreaming I am a man.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Or neither dreaming both.

* * * *

George Orwell:
People sleep peaceably in their beds at night
Only because rough men stand ready to do violence on their behalf.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
People sleep peacefully in their beds at night
Only because geeky nerds sit ready to code algorithms
For their shopping pleasure for things they never once needed.

* * * *

Yoda (Star Wars):
Try not. Do, or do not. There is no try.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Do what?

* * * *

William Makepeace Thackeray:
There are a thousand thoughts lying within a man
that he doe not know till he takes up the pen to write.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Only a thousand?

* * * *

Melvin Udall (Jack Nicholson) (As Good as It Gets):
[to a group of depressed psychiatric patients]
What if this is as good as it gets?
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
How could it be any better?

* * * *

Ecclesiastes:
Nothing new under the sun.
A time to be born and a time to die.
Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Live and learn, die anyway.

* * * *

J.R.R. Tolkien (Lord of the Rings):
Frodo Baggins: I wish it need not happen in my time.
Gandalf: So do all who live to see such times. But that is not for them to decide.
All we have to decide is what to do with the time that is given us.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Decide well, Friend, decide well.

* * * *

Nikos Kazantzakis:
There is only one woman in the world. One woman, with many faces.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
There is only one monkey in the world. One monkey, with many faces.

* * * *

Melvin Udall to a group of depressed psychiatric patients
(Jack Nicholson in As Good as It Gets):
What if this is as good as it gets?
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Waaa!!!

* * * *

Mickey Knox's father's last words
Before he blows his head off with a shotgun
(Natural Born Killers):
Do you believe in fate, boy?
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Nothing but.

* * * *

Mom:
Not everyone can be like you.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
But, but, but …

* * * *

William Shakespeare (MacBeth):
Lady MacBeth: What's done cannot be undone.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Waaa!!!

* * * *

Kurt Vonnegut (Cat's Cradle):
Bokonon: If I am ever put to death on the hook, expect a very human performance.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Much more entertaining than a worm.

* * * *

Jean Baudrillard:
The great person is ahead of their time.
The smart make something out of it, and the blockhead, sets themselves against it.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
The middle path is living in relative anonymity, and leaving it for the world to find, or not.
In the vanity-vanity of it, does it really matter?

* * * *

Nikos Kazantzakis:
There is only one woman in the world. One woman, with many faces.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
… Yes Dear … You were right … I was wrong … I'm sorry …
The litany every man best remember if he doesn't care to camp out on a couch or in a car.

* * * *

Lee Hoffmann:
The good die young, Michael.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Well, at least I know I won't live as long as you.

* * * *

Irish Proverb:
Curiosity killed the cat.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Don't be a cat.

* * * *

Plato:
Only the dead have seen the end of war.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Only the dead have seen the end of absurdity.

* * * *

The Bene Gesserit Litany Against Fear:
I must not fear.
Fear is the mind-killer.
Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration.
I will face my fear.
I will permit it to pass over me and through me.
And when it has gone past I will turn the inner eye to see its path.
Where the fear has gone there will be nothing.
Only I will remain.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
And what fear could there be if there were no desire for one more or another?

* * * *

Walt Whitman:
I think I could turn and live with animals. They are so placid and self-contained. I stand and look at them long and long. They do not sweat and whine about their condition. They do no lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins. They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God. Not one is dissatisfied. Not one is demented with the mania of owning things. Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago. Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
So lucky, and they don't even know it.

* * * *

Hamlet:
Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy;
He hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is!
My gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft.
Where be your gibes now? Your gambols? Your songs?
Your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Poof!

* * * *

Mooji:
Consciousness creates a problem in order to experience transcending the problem.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Consciousness is the problem, or at least human consciousness.
No other creature on this planet has ever even once confabulated
All the ceaseless bother we through all our little whirl of time have.

* * * *

Aldous Huxley:
What we feel and think and are is to a great extent
determined by the state of our ductless glands and viscera.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
So it wasn't the Devil that made you do it.

* * * *

Latin Proverb:
De gustibus non est disputandum
(Ain't no accounting for taste)
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
For brains, neither.

* * * *

Miguel Ángel Ruiz's Five Agreements:
1. Be impeccable with your word.
2. Don't take anything personally.
3. Don't make assumptions.
4. Always do your best.
5. Be skeptical, but learn to listen.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Good luck with that.

* * * *

Old Adage:
Sticks and stones may break your bones, but words will never harm you.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
And when you do let words hurt, what is it that is hurting but vain self-imagery,
All the self-deceits, all the insecurities about your fictional persona,
That spin their way to suffering of the imaginary kind.

* * * *

Gianni Grassi a.k.a., Yesei Kaige (Wild Spirit-Precept Flower)
Wrote a poem titled ‘How A Feral Monk Thinks’

The feral monk does not abide
Takes rest in no masters refuge

Schools of thought collect like frost around ideas
that occur largely out of schools

Institutions bestow credentials
Courage bestows credibility

The street and the unbeaten path
are my monasteries

I have been feral all my life.
Embraced transformations. Shattered cocoons. Emerged.
Lately have lived by my wits with no greater need for nostalgia
than that which sustains my gratitude

Faith is the willingness to show up vulnerable.
Trust is actually showing up that way

GOD is a three-letter word
that stands for everything that I do not
know at this moment.

Seekers never find. Finders never seek.
I prefer finding

I aspire to see everything old as if for the first time ...
... everything new as if for the last

I would rather feel the Buddha’s blisters on my feet,
than his footprints on my sandals

Who listens gives teaching …
… Who speaks gives listening.

I would like it to be said of my presence ...
He lived happy, joyous, and free
on less than his share.

Yaj Ekim's Corollary
Ooh, feral, I like that word, and all it implies.

* * * *

Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address:
Four score and seven years ago
Our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation,
Conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Do not be in denial, do not be deluded, about the fact that the United States of America,
With its Declaration of Independence, Constitution, Bill of Rights, and who knows how many laws,
Was founded upon the genocide of the Americans who inhabited it long before Columbus,
The enslavement of tribal peoples abducted from their village homes in Africa,
And destruction and annihilation, all across the planet ever since.

George Orwell in Animal Farm:
All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others.

Thucydides in the History of the Peloponnesian War:
Right, as the world goes, is only in question between equals in power,
While the strong do what they can and the weak suffer what they must.

* * * *

Gianni Grassi a.k.a., Yesei Kaige (Wild Spirit-Precept Flower)
Outlined the evolving WHO-WHERE-WHEN-WHY-WHAT-HOW of humankind's rise,
That he calls 'The Historical Transformations of Buddhasapience'

Buddha 1.0 ... Identity ... WHO
200 to 50 thousand years ago ... Warm Climate ... Gathering ... Ritual Burial

Buddha 2.0 ... Locality ... WHERE
50 TO 10 thousand years ago ... Glaciation ... Hunting ... Shamanistics

Buddha 3.0 ... Periodicity ... WHEN
10 to 3 thousand years ago ... Glacial Thaw ... Cultivation ... Astrologics

Buddha 4.0 ... Universality ... WHY
3,000 to 600 years ago ... Hyper-Population ... Trade ... Metaphysics

Buddha 5.0 ... Objectivity ... WHAT
600 to 60 years ago ... Isolation ... Institution ... Science

Buddha 6.0 ... Emergence ... HOW
60 years ago to present ... Emergence ... Networking ... Synergistics

Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Emerging ... Networking ... Synergizing ...
But into what in what sort of a dystopian, Frankensteinian creation are we talking about?
Thanks, but no thanks.

* * * *

Jason Brown:
I just don't 'like' women anymore.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Certainly not as easy once the overpowering delusion of that lower brain diminishes.

* * * *

Jesus (John 8:7)
Let he who is without sin cast the first stone.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary
Define sin.

* * * *

Doug Honeyman's early-on response to these many thoughts
(Doug was an acquaintance during the late 80's teaching years
at Jiddu Krishnamurti's Oak Grove School in Ojai, California):
Nice words, but they don't do anything for me.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Not sure they do all that much for me, either, frankly,
But they keep bubbling into consciousness,
And I ain't got nothing much better to do most daze.
Temporal gratification of the creative mind; ain't it wonderful.

* * * *

Roland Russell:
Mike, why don't you write poetry, it's kind of fun.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
"What would have become of me if I hadn't?" he wondered.

* * * *

George Santayana:
Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Those who remember the past are condemned to repeat it.

* * * *

George Santayana:
Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Even those who remember the past only just maybe avoid repeating it.

* * * *

George Berkeley:
If a tree falls in a forest and no one is around to hear it, does it make a sound?
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Even if a tree falls in a forest surrounded by a throng,
Did it, or they, ever really exist is the question.

* * * *

Doug Honeyman's early-on response to these many thoughts
(Doug was an acquaintance during the late 80's teaching years
at Jiddu Krishnamurti's Oak Grove School in Ojai, California):
Nice words, but they don't do anything for me.
Yaj Ekim's corollary:
Krishnamurti is a hard act to follow.

* * * *

Edward Bulwer-Lytton:
The pen is mightier than the sword.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Yeah, right.

* * * *

Gordon Gekko (Michael Douglas in Wall Street):
Greed, for lack of a better word, is good.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
For some.

* * * *

Gordon Gekko (Michael Douglas in Wall Street):
Greed, for lack of a better word, is good.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Define good.

* * * *

Gordon Gekko (Michael Douglas in Wall Street):
Greed, for lack of a better word, is good.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
And what is good, Phaedrus,
And what is not good –
Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?
(From Robert Pirsig's 'Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance')

* * * *

Zen Story:
A student once asked his teacher, "Master, what is enlightenment?"
The master replied, "When hungry, eat. When tired, sleep."
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Not rocket science.

* * * *

Ambrose Bierce (The Devil's Dictionary):
CYNIC, n. A blackguard whose faulty vision sees things as they are, not as they ought to be.
Hence the custom among the Scythians of plucking out a cynic's eyes to improve his vision.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Fortunately and whew, them Scythians have gone quantum,
but keeping an eye out just in case.

* * * *

René Descartes:
If you would be a real seeker after truth,
You must at least once in your life, doubt, as far as possible, all things.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
If you are a real seeker, it will be, rest assured, far more than once.

* * * *

Albert Camus:
There is no fate that cannot be surmounted by scorn.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Scorning away.

* * * *

Solipism:

solipsism | ˈsäləpˌsizəm |
noun

the view or theory that the self is all that can be known to exist.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
The irony being, of course, that Self does not 'exist.'
Never has, never will.

* * * *

George Santayana:
Only the dead have seen the end of war.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Only the dead have seen the end of absurdity.

* * * *

The True Believer:
Trust God
Yaj Ekim's Corollory:
Yeah, to slowly, painfully, twist-and-turnfully, grind you back into oblivion.

* * * *

Popular Saying:
Old age ain't for sissies.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
What exactly, is so great about hobbling around with a cane or walker wishing for a rewind button?
Or being in a rest home with other old people whining about all their aches and pains?
Or staring at a blank wall all day every day in an Alzheimer's facility?
Or being a tube-infested lab rat in an ICU unit?
Old age ain't for sissies; it is for those afraid of letting go.

* * * *

English Proverb:
“You can't eat your cake and have it (too)” or “You can't have your cake and eat it (too).”
Yaj Ekim’s Corollary:
You can eat your cake, and have it (too), if you bake two.

* * * *

Chuck Hooper:
Giving speeches that make the world a better place.
Yaj Ekim’s Corollary:
Not better yet.

* * * *

Candide to Pangloss:
Let us cultivate our garden.
Yaj Ekim’s Corollary:
In other words, Pangloss, shut your pie hole and hoe those weeds.

* * * *

Common Meme:
History repeats itself.
Yaj Ekim’s Corollary:
History does not repeat itself; the patterns do.

* * * *

René Descartes:
I think, therefore I am.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
You imagine, therefore you imagine you are.

* * * *

Voltaire:
It is forbidden to kill; therefore all murderers are punished
Unless they kill in large numbers and to the sound of trumpets.
Yaj Ekim’s Corollary:
It is forbidden to partake in cults; therefore all zealots are ignored
Unless they blindly adhere in large numbers and to the sound of organs.

* * * *

Matthew 6:10
From the King James Version of the New Testament
Second verse of the Lord's Prayer in the Sermon on the Mount in the Gospel of Matthew:
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Kinda scary if you tweak on it a bit.

* * * *

Lady Mary Montgomerie Currie under her pseudonym of Violet Fane
(Or unknown early 16th century source according to Oxford Dictionary of Quotations):
All things come to those who wait.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Yeah, right.

* * * *

King James Bible – Genesis 3:19:
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground;
For out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Kersneeze.

* * * *

Protagoras:
Man is the measure of all things:
Of the things that are, that they are,
Of the things that are not, that they are not.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Man is the measurer of all dreams:
Of all dreams that are not, never were, will never be.

* * * *

Standard apology:
I'm sorry.
Yaj Ekim's Corolllary:
Not sorry enough.

* * * *

Alfred Lord Tennyson's Charge of the Light Brigade:
Ours not to reason why, ours but to do and die.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
No.

* * * *

Sandra Maa (Sandra Heber-Percy):
Referring to a caricature of a donkey pursuing the Carrot of Enlightenment
That is attached to the Stick of Desire tied on its back, Sandra asks:
Is the promise of infinite bliss the carrot for the donkey?
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
If there is no more carrot, no more stick, no more seeking, no more seeker,
Who is left to hee, who is left to haw, in that infinite liberation?
Existence, and all the illusions and delusions to which so many are so attached,
May be very painful, but is it better than nothing? … And who is asking? ... Who is answering?

* * * *

Friedrich Nietzsche:
That which does not kill us, makes us stronger.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
What doesn't kill you today will take another stab at it tomorrow.

* * * *

Ancient Proverb:
Golden Rule: Do unto others as you wish them to do unto you.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Respect others, as you wish them to respect you.

* * * *

A proverb attributed to John Lyly's Euphues (1578):
All is fair in love and war.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
All is fair in lust and war.

* * * *

René Descartes:
If you would be a real seeker after truth,
It is necessary that at least once in your life,
You doubt, as far as possible, all things.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Maybe even twice.

* * * *

Voltaire:
A witty saying proves nothing.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
To any, but those who listen well.

* * * *

1 Corinthians 13:11:
When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child.
When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Are we just talking Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny?

* * * *

Ethics:
Ethics or moral philosophy is a branch of philosophy that 'involves systematizing, defending, and recommending concepts of right and wrong behavior'. The field of ethics, along with aesthetics, concerns matters of value, and thus comprises the branch of philosophy called axiology.
Ethics seeks to resolve questions of human morality by defining concepts such as good and evil, right and wrong, virtue and vice, justice and crime. As a field of intellectual inquiry, moral philosophy also is related to the fields of moral psychology, descriptive ethics, and value theory.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Ethics is the luxury of a full belly and a safe harbor.

* * * *

Jesus on Prophets (Mark 6:1-6):
Jesus observed that "Prophets are not without honour,
except in their hometown, and among their own kin, and in their own house."
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Likely because they are not near as notable nor liked as their writings.

* * * *

Voltaire:
A witty saying proves nothing.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Define nothing.

* * * *

Friedrich W. Nietzsche:
Beware that, when fighting monsters, you yourself do not become a monster,
for when you gaze long into the abyss, the abyss gazes also into you.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
You are the abyss, gazing into its Self.

* * * *

New Testament (1 John 4:16):
God is love, and he who abides in love abides in God, and God in him.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
And there they are in their glass cathedrals.

* * * *

New Testament (Matthew 7:6):
Do not give what is holy to the dogs; nor cast your pearls before swine,
lest they trample them under their feet, and turn and tear you in pieces.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
The horror of good intentions; do not say nobody ever warned you.

* * * *

Albert Camus:
There is but one truly serious philosophical problem, and that is suicide.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
And if you don't do it, or can't do it, yourself; the Reaper will be along shortly.

* * * *

Jesus on Prophets (Mark 6:1-6):
Jesus observed that "Prophets are not without honour,
except in their hometown, and among their own kin, and in their own house."
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
That asshole!? You think he's a prophet!? Pfft, yeah right, and have I got a bridge for you.

* * * *

Henry Gee:
To paraphrase Lehrer, if we are going to write about human extinction, we'd better start writing now.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Thank the gods I will be bye-bye with roaring falls,
Still relatively distant for this breath's point and purpose.

* * * *

Matthew 7:16:
By their deeds you will know them. Does a man gather grapes from thorns or figs from briars?
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
So, no deeds; no thorns, no briars, no worries.

* * * *

Jesus on Prophets (Mark 6:1-6):
Jesus observed that "Prophets are not without honour,
except in their hometown, and among their own kin, and in their own house."
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Good way to hide out, stay anonymous, avoid the bothers of any variety of vain notion.

* * * *

Voltaire:
A witty saying proves nothing.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
A spiked club tends to be much more effective.

* * * *

Ancient Proverb:
Familiarity Breed Contempt.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Keep everyone an arm's length or so, if you want them in your life, that is.

* * * *

Thucydides:
My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Whatever forever is.

* * * *

Daito Kokushi:
Wishing to entice the blind, the Buddha has playfully let words escape his golden mouth.
Heaven and earth are ever since filled with entangling briars.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
… Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! … Well-intentioned briars … Thank you, thank you … Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! …

* * * *

A Philosophical Question:
If a tree falls in a forest and no one is around to hear it, does it make a sound?
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
What tree?

* * * *

Matthew 5:29:
And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee:
for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish,
and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Who comes up with this bullshit?! And who believes it?

* * * *

Alexander Pope's 'An Essay on Man':
Hope spring eternal.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Hope springs delusional.

* * * *

Merrit Hulst:
Without history, we are nothing.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Even with history, we are nothing.

* * * *

Thirteenth century proverb:
For want of a nail, the kingdom was lost.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
For want of a pen, an insight was lost.

* * * *

Dirty Harry (a.k.a., Clint Eastwood), Magnum Force:
A man's got to know his limitations.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
A species has got to know its limitations.

* * * *

Hippocratic Oath:
First do no harm.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Tell that to a good friend of mine, who could, as soon as he walked through the entrance,
Hear his mother, on her death bed in a residential care facility, waiting for her next morphine shot,
Screaming in unutterable pain, because the powers that be were concerned that she might get addicted.

* * * *

Charles Darwin:
It is not the strongest of the species that survives, nor the most intelligent that survives.
It is the one that is the most adaptable to change.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Hear! Hear!
It may or may not have been Charles Darwin who penned it, but it is true, nonetheless.

* * * *

Genesis 1:27:
In the image of God he created them; male and female he created them.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
You are imagination, imagining this mind-body, this slab of meat, real and important.

* * * *

Jesus on Prophets (Mark 6:1-6):
Jesus observed: Prophets are not without honour,
except in their hometown, and among their own kin, and in their own house.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
They have known him in the daily routine of his life,
And he has never been all they would hope, all they would expect, a prophet to be.
You cannot carnival-trick or cult your way out of that bag.

* * * *

Kurt Vonnegut:
History, read it and weep.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Weep? Bawl and whimper, is more like it.

* * * *

Kurt Vonnegut:
I was taught that the human brain was the crowning glory of evolution so far,
but I think it's a very poor scheme for survival.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Hear! Hear!

* * * *

Michael Gorbachev:
Nature is my god.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Nature is God's manifestation. I am Nature. Therefore I am God.

* * * *

1 Corinthians 13:11:
When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child.
When I became a man, I gave up childish ways.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Santa Claus, Easter Bunny, Tooth Fairy, Cupid, Saint Patrick, Father Time …
And yes, Jesus, too.

* * * *

Albert Camus:
There is but one truly serious philosophical problem and that is suicide.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Don't I know it.

* * * *

Two Monks and a Woman – A Zen Story:

A senior monk and a junior monk were traveling together.
At one point, they came to a river with a strong current.
As the monks were preparing to cross the river,
they saw a very young and beautiful woman also attempting to cross.
The young woman asked if they could help her cross to the other side.

The two monks glanced at one another, because they had taken vows not to touch a woman.

Then, without a word, the older monk picked up the woman, carried her across the river,
placed her gently on the other side, and carried on his journey.

The younger monk couldn't believe what had just happened.
After rejoining his companion, he was speechless, and an hour passed without a word between them.

Two more hours passed, then three.
Finally the younger monk could contain himself any longer, and blurted out,
"As monks, we are not permitted a woman, how could you then carry that woman on your shoulders?"

The older monk looked at him and replied,
"Brother, I set her down on the other side of the river, why are you still carrying her?"

Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
So, what are you still carrying?

* * * *

Napoleon Bonaparte:
Imagination rules the world.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
But does it rule You?

* * * *

Mark 6:1-6:
Jesus observed that "Prophets are not without honour,
except in their hometown, and among their own kin, and in their own house."
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Yup.

* * * *

Aldous Huxley:
What we feel and think and are is to a great extent
determined by the state of our ductless glands and viscera.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Love is a word, a sound, an articulation, a metaphor, a vibration, an electrochemical reaction,
That whooshes through the ductless glands and viscera of the given mind-body,
In such a way, as to make true believers, truly believe, the promise,
The potential, the delusion, the tall tale, oh so, so true.
Alas, that it is truly nothing more than naturally-selected endorphins,
That aided and abetted the survival, the propagation, the domestication, of the species.

* * * *

Walt Whitman:
Do I contradict myself? Very well, then I contradict myself. I am large, I contain multitudes.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Hear, hear!
Hear, all ye good people, hear what this brilliant and eloquent speaker has to say!

* * * *

Rumi:
You are not a drop in the ocean; you are the entire ocean in a drop.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
The only koan needed, if it is your fate to awaken.

* * * *

Ancient Proverb:
Might Makes Right
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Might may make right, but it does not make truth.

* * * *

Voltaire:
A witty saying proves nothing.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Neither do astute nor shrewd nor judicious nor dull ones.
In fact, neither maxim, nor any book, thick with knowledge, proves anything, either.
Only gunpowder and steel truly govern what the Fates ordain.
High or low, all must endure the way it is
Might always make right.
Darwin rules.

* * * *

Rumi:
You are not a drop in the ocean; you are the entire ocean in a drop.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
You are not a drop in the mystery; you are the entire mystery in a drop.

* * * *

Ramana Maharshi:
Whatever is destined not to happen will not happen, try as you may.
Whatever is destined to happen will happen, do what you may to prevent it.
This is certain. The best course, therefore, is to remain silent.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Be a lot easier if I had spent my entire adult existence,
Sitting homeless in a loincloth in an ashram near a fabled mountain.

* * * *

Friedrich Nietzsche:
God is dead. God remains dead. And we have killed him.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
God was never alive enough to be dead.

* * * *

René Descartes:
I think, therefore I am.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
I think, therefore I think I am.
I imagine, therefore I imagine I am.
You imagine, therefore you imagine you are.
And right-here-right-now, we all are, imagining we all, in space-time are.
An unborn-undying, unrehearsed, Shakespearian theater,
For as long as imagination draws breath.

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs

I came, I saw, I puttered

* * * *

Thank god it is over

* * * *

Finally, a good night's sleep

* * * *

Non fui non sum non curo
(I was not, I am not, I care not)

* * * *

Didn't ask to be here, never prayed to be stayin'

* * * *

Well, that was harsh

* * * *

Pffft!

* * * *

A tolerably good show.
Thanks for being in one here-now or another.
Au revoir and bon voyage.

* * * *

I told You I didn't feel well

* * * *

Home, sweet home

* * * *

To the last dime

* * * *

Finally, some real rest

* * * *

Adios, amigos!

* * * *

So long, see You in your dreams

* * * *

Hooah!

* * * *

Like riding a bike

* * * *

We come, we go, but Earth abides

* * * *

Oblivion or bust!

* * * *

So it goes strikes again

* * * *

Th-th-th-that's all folks!

* * * *

It is done

* * * *

Unknown looking forward, fate looking back

* * * *

Destiny in a pine box

* * * *

Destiny in a potter’s grave

* * * *

Never again

* * * *

Suffer me not another day

* * * *

Sum quod eris
(I am what You will be)

* * * *

Please, please, no, no! Don’t send me back!

* * * *

It has to end someday, why not today?

* * * *

Power … Fame … Fortune … Where art thou now?

* * * *

Just too fucking annoying anymore

* * * *

Don’t know, don’t care

* * * *

No more tomorrow, no more yesterday,
Naught but the unborn eternal.
Yay oh yay oh yay.

* * * *

Resting in peace

* * * *

Vanity, Vanity … Where art thou now?

* * * *

Home again, naturally

* * * *

I came, I saw, I died

* * * *

Lived and learned, died anyway

* * * *

the edge of the sword are life and death
no one knows which is which

Ikkyū

* * * *

There is but one truly serious philosophical problem and that is suicide ~ Albert Camus

* * * *

Found your face yet?

* * * *

Memory’s Destiny

* * * *

The end of all tomorrows

* * * *

Oblivion is alright by me

* * * *

Boo!

* * * *

Everything is relative

* * * *

Still your mind and find me

* * * *

Alone at last

* * * *

Irony and paradox spoken here

* * * *

Quit your whining

* * * *

Home alone

* * * *

What is death but the end of vanity and greed

* * * *

Well, that wasn't fun

* * * *

Ouch!

* * * *

Still waiting for the Reaper, eh?

* * * *

Back where I belong

* * * *

Nothing is free

* * * *

Embracing my Self

* * * *

Nothing rules

* * * *

Eternity's Song

* * * *

Where's your tombstone?

* * * *

The ever-shifting sands consume all

* * * *

What's that behind You?

* * * *

No space or time here

* * * *

Once was enough

* * * *

How lucky I was not to be you

* * * *

The dead do not care

* * * *

Stay or go, no matter to me

* * * *

The rest of the story

* * * *

Come drunk next time so You can take a piss

* * * *

The Truth, the Life, the Way

* * * *

Where is your grave?

* * * *

Nothing to hope for

* * * *

Who buries who

* * * *

Back to tabula rasa

* * * *

A dark forever

* * * *

Go piss somewhere else

* * * *

Nothing to count here

* * * *

Nothing counts here

* * * *

The new and improved Satan

* * * *

Ran out of time

* * * *

The yawning abyss

* * * *

No mitote here

* * * *

The natural state

* * * *

A void in the abyss

* * * *

Freedom from the known

* * * *

Perfection!

* * * *

Another monkey mind down under

* * * *

Down for the count

* * * *

Go step on someone else’s bones

* * * *

Death is just a good night's sleep

* * * *

Back to the present

* * * *

Existence is a dubious assumption

* * * *

You will be joining me soon enough

* * * *

Death is awaiting your arrival

* * * *

Tending the garden was certainly a lot of busywork

* * * *

See ya in hell, boys and girls.
No, wait, aren't we already here?

* * * *

Bon voyage

* * * *

There is no fate which cannot be surmounted by scorn ~ Albert Camus

* * * *

Done, done, the damage done

* * * *

Goodbye, absurd world

* * * *

Legacy … Posterity … Pfft!

* * * *

Home at last

* * * *

Look, Mom, I'm a worm now!

* * * *

Finally!

* * * *

All fates find the same grave

* * * *

Death is freedom

* * * *

No hoarding here

* * * *

It was a good day to die; the day after would have been better

* * * *

I came
I saw
I listened
I tasted
I smelled
I touched
I departed

* * * *

What flower believes it will live forever?

* * * *

An affinity for oblivion

* * * *

Love thy Self

* * * *

Tomorrow is already yesterday

* * * *

Didn't see that one coming

* * * *

What's another number?

* * * *

Drifting in bliss

* * * *

How lucky I am to finally be done

* * * *

Live, learn, die

* * * *

Yeesch and by golly, here I am again

* * * *

The void awaits

* * * *

The monkey is dead, long live the monkey

* * * *

The horror! The horror!

* * * *

All paths to glory find the same grave

* * * *

All that pride will not do much for You six feet under

* * * *

Ciao ciao

* * * *

There’s no place like home

* * * *

Getting old was getting old

* * * *

Once was enough

* * * *

Go away kid, ya bother me

* * * *

One life was more than enough

* * * *

Now only worms and crawly things have to put up with me

* * * *

As if it all never happened

* * * *

Only too happy to let it all go

* * * *

More was no longer necessary anyway

* * * *

Neither alive nor dead, I Am

* * * *

So long ago, so far away

* * * *

I did it my way

* * * *

The Old Man and the Sea

* * * *

I was bored

* * * *

Was tired of being a cancer cell, anyway

* * * *

Camping out in oblivion

* * * *

A curious show, already forgotten

* * * *

Nope, still not missing it

* * * *

Peter Pan is dead, long live Peter Pan

* * * *

Got the gist,
Good-bye, shalom,
Cheerio, adios, ciao, aloha,
Sayonara, bon voyage, adiós, adieu,
Arrivederci, auf wiedersehen,
Au revoir, ta-ta for now.

* * * *

Despite all the doors, there is only one exit

* * * *

It really does not matter

* * * *

Heaven is the absence of pain and remorse and guilt

* * * *

It is what it is

* * * *

Once upon a dream

* * * *

Why wait for the Fates to decide my end by some other foul hand?
Whose hand was better suited for my own departure than my own?

* * * *

If I was a serial killer, I got away with it

* * * *

Peter Pan does not do old

* * * *

Feeding daisies

* * * *

Holding on to nothing

* * * *

It was time to join the Dead Poets Society

* * * *

Creepies and crawlies and dust am I

* * * *

Didn’t feel like waiting

* * * *

This is what the AMA did for me

* * * *

Couldn’t take it anymore

* * * *

Enough was enough

* * * *

The AMA can’t get me now

* * * *

Sally on, Brave Knight

* * * *

Get out while the gettin’s good

* * * *

It was a good day to die

* * * *

The fate of many an AMA lab rat

* * * *

My kind of heaven

* * * *

No, it was not COVID-19

* * * *

No worries, no bothers here

* * * *

Why wait?

* * * *

This is what happens when You trust the AMA

* * * *

This is what happens when You trust the government

* * * *

The world and me were both done with each other

* * * *

Being a human being wasn't all it was cracked up to be

* * * *

Meh

* * * *

I'm over it

* * * *

Try Not
Do, or Do Not
There is No Try

* * * *

Another fourth-quarter loss

* * * *

The seed is dead, long live the seed

* * * *

Finally, a good rest

* * * *

Toodle-oo

* * * *

About time

* * * *

Ta-ta for now

* * * *

I was tired of this world anyway

* * * *

Oblivion, my favorite

* * * *

This dream, this cosmos, no longer exists

* * * *

Gone, gone, the damage done

* * * *

Thank You, Mister Reaper, thank you

* * * *

Master of Nothing

* * * *

Cha-Ching!

* * * *

Bzzz bzzzz zz z z z

* * * *

Peace at last

* * * *

Hasta luego, indifferent world
TTFE: Ta-ta, forever

* * * *

I buried who, and who buried me

* * * *

Did not know, did not care

* * * *

Like it never happened

* * * *

Home, sweet home
Peace, sweet peace
Silence, sweet silence
Solitude, sweet solitude
Obscurity, sweet obscurity

Awareness, sweet awareness
Anonymity, sweet anonymity
Realization, sweet realization
Emptiness, sweet emptiness
Rightness, sweet rightness
Serenity, sweet serenity
Home, sweet home

* * * *

God is dead
Long live God

* * * *

Now I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds

* * * *

I am That

* * * *

I am This

* * * *

To be continued … maybe

* * * *

The hero is dead
Long live the hero

* * * *

Same You, no matter the mask

* * * *

Mystery, sweet mystery

* * * *

Where all stories end

* * * *

Maybe

* * * *

It was a good day to die; the day before would have been better.

* * * *

And some day it will be your turn

* * * *

And I never saw my face

* * * *

Innocence regained

* * * *

Caring less

* * * *

Lived, learned, died anyway

* * * *

The Rabbit Hole of Consequences

* * * *

ADUSA!
Assume Dead Until Seen Again

* * * *

Back in Never Never Land

* * * *

Better here than a lab rat for science

* * * *

Dead man reclining

* * * *

Very inconvenient being born

* * * *

Eternity or bust

* * * *

Earn it

* * * *

One book, many titles

* * * *

One life, many hats

* * * *

Day ain't over yet

* * * *

How's the world getting along without me?

* * * *

Gone like the wind

* * * *

Destiny is dust

* * * *

Yes
No
Maybe

* * * *

Enough already

* * * *

Can’t get me here

* * * *

Oh well, so it went, dealt with it, got over it, moved on.

* * * *

Short no matter how long, long no matter how short.

* * * *

Dust to dust, unborn, undying

* * * *

Had enough

* * * *

The Unnatural Existence

* * * *

Destiny is all

* * * *

Death trumps destiny again

* * * *

Things You Might Have Done

* * * *

Sooner than later worked for me

* * * *

The price we pay

* * * *

Worm’s meat

* * * *

Hadn’t got time for the pain
Hadn’t the need for the pain

* * * *

Buh bye

* * * *

No more details here

* * * *

I quit

* * * *

Gone boy

* * * *

Why postpone the inevitable?

* * * *

Problem solved

* * * *

Oh well

* * * *

Win some, lose some, tie some, die anyway

* * * *

Live and learn, die anyway

* * * *

Just wasn’t interested in being old and crippled

* * * *

No absurdity here

* * * *

Oh, ye of little doubt

* * * *

The Man
The Myth
The Legend

* * * *

Aloof and free

* * * *

Why would You praise any god that did this to You?

* * * *

Why wait to go out on a bad day?

* * * *

Older than the stars, younger than the moment

* * * *

Huck Finn
Mowgli
Peter Pan
Jester Amok
Johnny Appleseed
The Joyful Curmudgeon
Sisyphus

* * * *

The race against futility is finally over

* * * *

All is awareness, awareness is all

* * * *

How's my race with dirt doing this fine day?

* * * *

Where all futures end

* * * *

The AMA can’t get me here

* * * *

There You are

* * * *

Those were the daze

* * * *

Needs research

* * * *

Observations from Hell

* * * *

You’re on deck, hombre

* * * *

Life is the muse

* * * *

Bye-Bye

* * * *

TTFN

* * * *

How freeing to not care

* * * *

Back to the moment

* * * *

Numbers don't lie

* * * *

Nothing has just one cause

* * * *

The fate of every seed

* * * *

Truth serves no purpose

* * * *

What will be your last thought?

* * * *

The Groundhog Day Life

* * * *

What's that breath doing now?

* * * *

Roses are red, violets are blue,
You will know I am dead,
When you're down here, too.

* * * *

It seemed real at the time

* * * *

Knock-knock

* * * *

Not back yet

* * * *

Could You give me a hand with this lid?

* * * *

The true revolution

* * * *

Before the avalanche

* * * *

Infinity is not a number

* * * *

Where all rabbit holes end

* * * *

You know what to do

* * * *

Tarry on, Brave Knight

* * * *

Jester for hire

* * * *

Saw the list, and you're on it

* * * *

Embrace your breath

* * * *

Surf the absurdity

* * * *

I can't breathe

* * * *

The big lie

* * * *

Dead man walking

* * * *

Paradigms beyond counting

* * * *

Two-thumbs up for hemlock

* * * *

Ohhh-kayyy

* * * *

Non fui, fui, non sum, non curo
(I was not; I was; I am not; I care not)
Epicurus

* * * *

No dimension known

* * * *

The nada dimension

* * * *

The nada zone

* * * *

The twilight zone

* * * *

Yesterday showed up again

* * * *

Doubt, until the doubting's done

* * * *

As original as original gets

* * * *

This is not a urinal, unless its Jack Daniels

* * * *

Premeditated is the best

* * * *

Just another genre

* * * *

The Priesthoods of Entitlement

* * * *

Am I back yet?

* * * *

Nothing means nothing

* * * *

The end of entitlement

* * * *

Déjà vu

* * * *

Holding fast

* * * *

The last stop

* * * *

The final illusion

* * * *

Fate is as fate does

* * * *

Another Monkey-Fist Day

* * * *

No way would I ever do that to my Self again

* * * *

Your turn tomorrow

* * * *

Savor the moment

* * * *

I did my part,
I said my piece,
I played my fate,
I had my fun,
And here
Is where it got me.

* * * *

Another yesterday

* * * *

No answers here

* * * *

That to which all are ordained

* * * *

The Wag of Time

* * * *

Hard to argue with a dead man

* * * *

No shit, Sherlock!

* * * *

Am I missing anything important?

* * * *

The worms do not care

* * * *

Yup, You will be forgetting that, too

* * * *

We all gots our fate

* * * *

All the folks I knew are finally dead

* * * *

See ya soon

* * * *

Said my piece, had my fun

* * * *

Yup, You will soon be forgotten, too

* * * *

All fates are imagined

* * * *

Another slab of meat

* * * *

How do You measure a moment?

* * * *

The first and last harbor

* * * *

Es ist gut

(It is good)

* * * *

Sapere aude
(Dare to be wise)

* * * *

Relativity reigns

* * * *

Rest assured, You are all but forgotten, as well

* * * *

Another yesterday underway

* * * *

The Devil may care

* * * *

Another good day to die

* * * *

Happily alone

* * * *

And visa-versa

* * * *

Wishing You were here

* * * *

Welcome to the spider's den

* * * *

Dead before my time

* * * *

The end of all adventure

* * * *

My two cents

* * * *

What a scam

* * * *

Life, it'll kill ya

* * * *

A cosmos of one

* * * *

Am I there, yet?

* * * *

The Dude abides

* * * *

Gone blank

* * * *

The end of labels

* * * *

Enough rarely is

* * * *

The feast is underway

* * * *

All welcome to dine within

* * * *

Diner open for business

* * * *

The last supper

* * * *

Ouch, that hurt

* * * *

Watch where yur stepping

* * * *

No heaven … no purgatory … no hell …
And not reincarnating yet, neither.
Exactly what I expected

* * * *

Oopsie

* * * *

Should have done this sooner
Could have done this sooner
Would have done this sooner

* * * *

Destiny in a nutshell

* * * *

No big deal

* * * *

No Witness, No History

* * * *

The end nighed

* * * *

Got it

* * * *

DNA’s Litany

* * * *

Lost in the Shuffle

* * * *

Fate is

* * * *

The destiny of all

* * * *

What it worms down to.

* * * *

Hello, goodbye, cruel world

* * * *

Embrace the futility

* * * *

I am worm, hear me roar

* * * *

Details to follow

* * * *

Another ghost of a memory

* * * *

Ta-da!

* * * *

The wonder! The wonder!

* * * *

The Long Sleep

* * * *

Embracing Eternity

* * * *

Eternal Gracing

* * * *

Hurry up and wait

* * * *

Nothing to do, and all day to do it

* * * *

Time well-wasted

* * * *

Well, I tried

* * * *

It was a good dream

* * * *

I dodged, I hid, I ran

* * * *

No life to live

* * * *

Toying With Imagination

* * * *

A curiosity for truth snuffed without mercy

* * * *

Go away, Kid, ya bother me

* * * *

Go away, Kid, your Mother's calling

* * * *

Do not, do not, do not, I repeat, do not, do what I did

* * * *

Let me out!

* * * *

Bring a shovel next time

* * * *

The fountain of youth is down here somewhere

* * * *

Go away!

* * * *

Haven’t You got anything better to do than gawk at headstones?

* * * *

Enjoy that breath

* * * *

Always question, always doubt

* * * *

The fountain of youth is within

* * * *

The last vanity

* * * *

Oh, for a time machine

* * * *

Only the dead know the end to absurdity

* * * *

There are worse fates

* * * *

No more stories

* * * *

Devil’s advocate for the gods

* * * *

Moi no more

* * * *

Got out with a few chips still on the table

* * * *

Life is a marathon, not a sprint

* * * *

Alone again, naturally

* * * *

Free at last

* * * *

Michael Jay Holshouser

Also known as:

Michael
Mike
Jay
M
007
Ged
Holtz
Specs
Mowgli
Paladin
Huck Finn
Lone Ranger
Joe Everyman
Johnny Appleseed
Andrew James Kurtz
The Joyful Curmudgeon
Sparrowhawk
Jester Amok
Water Bug
Muad'Dib
Peter Pan
Phaedrus
Sisyphus
Mister H
Zen Mike
Yaj Ekim

November 14, 1953
to
To Be Determined

Taxi driver
Town Crier
Philosopher
Photographer
Forklift driver
Jack of Many
Hierophant
Madman
Sage
Fool

The Way It Is (An Unfinished Essay)

It is a curious thing to me, and I am sure many others …

A collusion of imagination

You cannot save the planet until You understand inwardly, at a quantum level, that You are the planet, and the universe from which it is spun.

Make-believe, a world-wide game of make-believe.

A wake-up called for the human species. Sort of an emperor's-wearing-no-clothes moment, if You will.

It is a very curious thing how imagination rules the human drama. It is the source of everything we do, everything we as a species have created, and yet we have not come to grips with it enough really understand it, or to use it in ways that are truly harmonious and relatively beneficial to all, and to all those yet unborn who will follow.

We are endlessly caught up in all the assumptions, all the differences, all the polarizations, all the absurdities over this or that. We seem unable to fathom the fundamental commonality of the mortality that we all endure. We seem unable to see that everything is connected, everything is made of the same clay, everything is swimming in the same quantum sea, everything is of the same origin. Whatever name or belief we may give it, and there are so many across the world throughout human history, we find every reason to create further division rather that surrender to the simplicity, the indivisibility at every core.

No matter your color, class, caste, creed, culture, language, sex, class, all the things You imagine You are, at the source we are all very much the same. We all love, we all hate, we all cry, we all work, we all consume, we all feel alone, we occupy ourselves in every way imaginable.

This is not an ideal, this is a fact. We have so much more in common at the primal source than can ever be imagined. It is unfortunate that most of us are unable to discern this simple truth, that we are so caught up in our individual and cultural histories, and all the beliefs they have inspired, that we are unable to work together to achieve our full potential, to realign with this amazing pearl of a world, this wondrous garden, that we have so badly damaged in every way.

We are so caught up in our greed, our self-interest, our divisive beliefs, our security, our politics, our color, our sexuality, divisive this, divisive that.

Everything we think is imagined. Everything about ourselves, everything about others, everything about our geography of origin, everything about our world, everything about the universe, everything about anything … is imagined. All our inner struggles, all our outer struggles are born of imagination.

The choice between heaven and hell, between harmony and disharmony, between peace and war, is a choice each of us in every moment makes.

Prior to consciousness, prior to imagination, we are all very much the same.

We can emphasize the differences, or we can discern the unimpeachable commonality.

And we are quickly running out of time. The decisions we are making together every moment of every day, the synergy of all our actions combined in the play of time, are creating a future that few of us would likely want to endure. And yet we give so little thought to the world that our grandchildren, their grandchildren, and the grandchildren a thousand years hence – assuming we as a species, assuming this garden of a planet, can even survive that long – will endure.

A very curious thing, indeed, how imagination rules the human drama.

Surely, I am not the only one who feels like an alien here.

Standout Duplicates
Used in 'The Stillness Before Time' 2017 Revision/Expansion

When struggle and resistance end,
When surrender to what is, is complete,
You will be the awareness that is home to all.

* * * *

Manifestation is simply mask after mask
Disguising an artful, mischievous trickster,
Playing a timeless game of hide-and-seek.

* * * *

To maintain any one path most true,
To insist on duality in any way, any shape, any form,
Is to completely misconstrue the relativity of this manifest dreamtime.

* * * *

Explore love as much as You might with all your beingness,
It is the awareness within all that is its unfathomable cradle.

* * * *

Nothing wrought of this quantum genesis is ultimately real.
Everything is imagined, everything is dreamily timeless.
All indivisibly appearing, all indivisibly disappearing,
Within and without the eternal matrix of awareness.

* * * *

The senses tease and taunt You.
They are lies of the delusional mind.
You must ascertain the witness within,
Discriminate the freedom that they cannot,
And know with every particle of your beingness,
That only in the timelessness of awareness are You real.

* * * *

To discover your true Self, You must explore your self.
To see the many others, yet see no other, that is the razor's edge,
Upon which all seers timelessly traverse this reverie both real and unreal.

* * * *

It is consciousness that suffers, not You.
The awareness is without laws or principles or ideals.
What consciousness believes are but choices founded in delusion.

* * * *

When You discover what You truly are, what You truly are not,
What is left but an inexplicable sense of awareness, unchained.

* * * *

The eternal quest for understanding,
For emancipation from that which is known,
Is a convoluted, subtle, puzzling, chess-like maze,
A timeless game of strategic and tactical finesse,
Which only the most earnest discern and mate.

* * * *

If there is any attachment,
Any desire to be bound,
One cannot discover the ultimate.
Even the craving to be liberated must cease.
You simply become what You are, what You have all along been.

* * * *

You are the gold, not the jewelry into which it is made.

* * * *

You do not exist in the way You think.

* * * *

When one surrenders to insight, eternity emerges:
Infinite, timeless, pathless, unencumbered, serene.

* * * *

Continuity is illusion, a subtle trick of memory, of imagination.
The indivisible waves of reality timelessly break ever anew.

* * * *

Supreme being, or supreme beingness?

* * * *

Some answers are too large for any questions.

* * * *

You suffer the linear continuity of time and space
Because your view of awareness is locked
Into a constricted conscious identity
That is not, has never been,
Will never be, real.

* * * *

Neither birth nor death can touch what is real.

* * * *

What unutterable vanity to believe that this timeless quantum mystery
Needs to be, much less can be, systematized into any so-called religion.

* * * *

Words can only feebly point out the one and only way.
The discernment of their meaning is prior to all concept.

* * * *

Avoid moral dilemmas and quagmires.
Good and evil are the stillborn of duality.

* * * *

Though all that is, is the unicity of the great quantum dreamtime,
Few deeply discern the ever-present, unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

* * * *

Any given mythos may try to explain the journey,
But none can convey any to where all paths end.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to the sensory theater,
The stillness before time is what You every moment are.

* * * *

Free your Self of the notion of original sin, that You were born evil.
It is nothing more than an idea inspired by ignorance, by greed, by the need to control,
That the pure awareness You most definitely are, did not choose at birth.
There is no sin, no iniquity, only dualistic whimsy.

* * * *

The mind-body is a temporal vessel of finite patterning,
In which the infinite has potential to consciously manifest.

* * * *

The part is never apart from the whole.

Standout Duplicates from ‘The Return to Wonder’

Kicked off in September 2015, this is a selection of standout aphorisms
from the first sixteen chapters of a likely-never-finished edit of
The Return to Wonder, Field Notes from the Unknown,
the compendium of the of first twenty-ish years of writing begun in 1989,
From which was created the thus far first and only published work,
The Stillness Before Time, Reflections from a Fellow Sojourner.

Dedicated to all those destined to ponder the mystery
From which all things small to great are indivisibly created.

Standouts from The Return to Wonder Edit
Selections from the First Sixteen Chapters
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Chapter One

Manifestation is simply mask after mask
Disguising an artful, mischievous trickster,
Playing a timeless game of hide-and-seek.

* * * *

Your mind-body is merely a finite vehicle, not a conclusion in itself.
Catering to the many ists and isms of ignorance, delusion, and all its illusions,
Are contrary and binding to your natural, essential, infinite state.

* * * *

Judgment Day assumes, of course, that there will someday be an end,
Or even a demarcation of one distraction, one agitation, or another.

* * * *

Be wary of Maya's infinite ability to entice your desire for continuity.

* * * *

Believe only your own experiencing, then work on throwing that away, too.

* * * *

All play a part in the indivisibility of every awakening.

* * * *

It is consciousness that suffers, not You.
The awareness is without laws or principles or ideals.
What consciousness believes are but choices founded in delusion.

* * * *

Nothing wrought of this quantum genesis is ultimately real.
Everything is imagined, everything is dreamily timeless.
All indivisibly appearing, all indivisibly disappearing,
Within and without the eternal matrix of awareness.

* * * *

You are the gold, not the jewelry into which it is made.

* * * *

Supreme being, or supreme beingness?

* * * *

Traditions and dogmas and rituals and symbols
Are nothing more than distracting, empty encumbrances
For those yearning to regain their essential, absolute birthright.

* * * *

Consciousness will just play You out
Once You are no longer attached
To its temporal, dualistic nature.

* * * *

How can anyone play out an entire existence,
And never inquire earnestly, with great veracity, at least occasionally,
Into this vast mystery from which all things spring.

* * * *

The You that is in reality me, ever imagining your Self
To be another me that You mistakenly believe is really You.

Chapter Two

The senses tease and taunt You.
They are lies of the delusional mind.
You must ascertain the witness within,
Discriminate the freedom that they cannot,
And know with every particle of your beingness,

That only in the timelessness of awareness are You real.

* * * *

The dreamtime of organized religion is losing its sway over many.
Each must discern alone what is real, what is true.
The quest harbors no intermediary.

* * * *

The eternal quest for understanding,
For emancipation from that which is known,
Is a convoluted, subtle, puzzling, chess-like maze,
A timeless game of strategic and tactical finesse,
Which only the most earnest discern and mate.

* * * *

If all sentient beings were to awaken at once,
Consciousness would not, could not, be the adventure it is.
So, the relentless, gnashing, grinding, kaleidoscope of bondage and suffering
Spins on in its mysterious, unfolding dreamtime destiny.

* * * *

To know life is to know death; one is not without the other.

* * * *

To see, to know, to own, that You are the absolute, manifest, is beyond all imagining.

* * * *

To discover your true Self, You must explore your self.
To see the many others, yet see no other, that is the razor's edge,
Upon which all seers timelessly traverse this reverie both real and unreal.

* * * *

How attached are You to the movement of thought?
The door to freedom opens as the waves are discerned
As the cosmic ocean from whence they rise and fall.

* * * *

When one surrenders to insight, eternity emerges:
Infinite, timeless, pathless, unencumbered, serene.

* * * *

The releasing discernment of the absoluteness within,
Is the fulfillment of every so-called scripture ever written.

* * * *

The identity, the persona, the ego, the self, however it is called,
Is but a temporal, mortal, fabrication of mind and senses,
And their weaving with the culture, the mythology,

Of the space and time in which it sets sail.

* * * *

In the process of discovering the source,
You learn to yield to the path of least resistance.
It is really nothing more than child's play.

* * * *

All are of the original nature, but each must quest alone that essential state.
It is a journey relatively few feel strongly enough begin, much less complete.

* * * *

The quest for eternal freedom requires great courage.
The oblivion of identity, simple as it is,
Is not easily realized.

* * * *

Travel beyond knowledge into the realm of wisdom, and beyond that, stillness.

* * * *

In all that is and is not, the totality of absoluteness reigns.

* * * *

You are it, it is You, there is no other.
There is no second, there is no third, no fourth,
Nor even tens of thousands, nor countless gazillions more.

* * * *

Real loving is without preference, without attachment.
Anything less than everything, anything less than agape, is not love.
It is without any imaginary notion, it is without any fictional conception, whatsoever.

* * * *

Let your identity go.
Put aside the bondage of thought.
You know nothing other than what You have imagined.

* * * *

Nothing is lost, nothing is forgotten.
Each alone must search for it, each alone must discern it.
Each alone must let go of all that is known, release all that is held near and dear,
To realize the eternal truth that must forever remain unknown.

* * * *

You must cultivate the discerning, disciplined scrutiny of the scientific mind
To discover the original nature that abides within all dreams small to great.

* * * *

It is a nice ideal, but to love all manifestation in agape fashion,
To crave nothing in the daily passing, is a great challenge for anyone.
Likely even the heralded Buddha still tingled occasionally at a passing skirt.

Chapter Three

The individual, the mysterious You, has never really existed.
You are a seeker seeking, a weaver weaving, an image imagining,
A dreamer dreaming, a witness witnessing, a kaleidoscope kaleidoscoping.

* * * *

The kaleidoscoping play of dreamtime illusion
Offers an infinity of pleasures and pains.
Fearing the loss of all You cling to,
All that You believe You know,
You choose the continuity of identity,
And thus suffer the burden of consciousness.

* * * *

How arduous the humility to simply see, cease believing, and suffer bondage no more.

* * * *

What do You want out of life? The seeds of your suffering are sown within the answer.

* * * *

If You are looking to be comfortable, truth is probably not your thing.

* * * *

How can anyone be anything but agnostic? Only pretenders pretend to know.

* * * *

Liberation requires unconditional surrender of identity; there is no compromise.

* * * *

You do not exist in the way You think.

* * * *

What else can You be but isness in disguise?

* * * *

Consciousness identified with form has lost touch with reality.

* * * *

You are that which is, and that which is, is You.

* * * *

Is there an individual who knows, or simply the knowing?

* * * *

Merely pandering the senses is a sure road to suffering.

* * * *

If there is any attachment,
Any desire to be bound,
One cannot discover the ultimate.
Even the craving to be liberated must cease.
You simply become what You are, what You have all along been.

* * * *

Evil touches only those who believe it real.

* * * *

Another dab of the usual pain and suffering to be endured how many more times?

* * * *

It is simply the pretense of free will playing out in the dream of consciousness.

* * * *

Maya is a rogue trickster, a sublime whore.
Few can serenely decline the infinity of temptations
Which will be offered before the journey's end.

* * * *

You are the dreamer in the dream, the player in the play, the mystery in all answers.

* * * *

Some answers are too large for any questions.

* * * *

Simple ignorance is the most true state.
You can only know appearances and attributes,
Projections You in mind, in imagination, in time, create.
The unknown is ever clouded in mystery.

* * * *

Prior to all mythos, prior to all weavings of the mind, You are that.

* * * *

If You give the monkey free reign, it will play your mind like a jungle.

* * * *

Discovering what is real takes great dissatisfaction, great doubt.

* * * *

Avoid following or idolizing personalities

And any groupthink organized around them.
Real religion is a sojourn each must divine alone.

* * * *

You manifest the experiences to which You give your attention.

* * * *

Why all this is happening no one can more than speculate.

* * * *

Is there anything that cannot be twisted, usurped, by some other agenda?

* * * * *

In the ultimate eternal infinity of reality, each of us our own law.
In the club and fang of this mortal garden, however,
That is entirely a relative matter.

Chapter Four

Wake up, remember, go to sleep, forget.
Wake up, remember, go to sleep, forget.
Wake up, remember, go to sleep, forget.
Wake up, remember, go to sleep, forget.
Wake up...

* * * *

You suffer the linear continuity of time and space
Because your view of awareness is locked
Into a constricted conscious identity
That is not, has never been,
Will never be, real.

* * * *

Only in complete detachment can the agony and ecstasy of passion end.

* * * *

Neither birth nor death can touch what is real.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how are You without the fabrications of imagination?

* * * *

What You truly are is faceless and nameless.
Your identity is superimposed by the dream about You.
It continues only because You accept it as real.

* * * *

When thought is understood to be vibration,
There is the potential to discern, to discover,
The movement need not translate into identity.

* * * *

When You truly discern none of it ultimately real,
You will find desire and fear no longer govern the day to day.
That the reality of the awareness in consciousness is timeless, changeless.
The You immersed in myriad limitations born of conditioning,
Becomes the indivisible, unborn, choiceless You,
That which is prior to all creation.

* * * *

The grand illusion will manifest whatever experiences You crave,
Whatever tempts You into believing time and space real.
Only those with the greatest intent will not waver
In their desire to discern the ultimate.

* * * *

To journey prior to consciousness requires a discerning courage.

* * * *

All identity is but a temporary fabrication, a one-time show.

* * * *

Words are merely sounds to which we each formulate varying degrees of attachment.

* * * *

Exist harmlessly whenever possible.
Exude your true nature,
Neither taking or giving offense,
And all things will bask in the light of beingness.

* * * *

All distinctions, though seemingly real, are ultimately illusory,
A vast eternal play of light and shadow imagining itself,
On the kaleidoscoping screen of consciousness.

* * * *

You are in reality your own teacher.
Someone or another may point out this or that,
But it is You who must decipher it, You who must absorb it.

* * * *

We all create our own meaning and purpose.
All are equally valid, and all, just as equally invalid.
Play whatever playhouse You will, none are ultimately real.

* * * *

The choice is ultimately yours.
Endure according to You own vain will,
With all the suffering consciousness comprises.
Or give yourself over to the dimensionless isness of Self,
Your true nature, the inexplicable source of all that is, all that is not.

* * * *

Insight and intuition operate in a far different realm,
Than the thoughts of the persona, the ego-identity.
They are woven into the unicity of the source itself.

* * * *

All exists in consciousness, but where exactly does consciousness exist?

* * * *

That which is prior to all cannot be bound by limitation.

* * * *

There is no mental energy
Or physical energy or sexual energy.
Chakric distinctions are conceptual fabrications.
The quantum is but one force manifesting all appearances.
And whether it even exists is itself but the endless morass of speculation.

* * * *

Because one piece of fruit is ripe, ready to fall,
And another is small, green and tasteless,
Does not make it superior in any way.
All manifest forms are equally absolute,
Equally created of the same indivisible force.

* * * *

The mind has made a habit of believing it is an identity.

* * * *

Few can own unquenchable freedom
Without passing through canyon after canyon
Of the agonizing hell of consciousness in separation.
In the discovery of what it never was, it is.

* * * *

When You discover what You truly are, what You truly are not,
What is left but an inexplicable sense of awareness, unchained.

* * * *

The more indifferent You are to this experience or that,
To the comings and goings of agony and ecstasy,

The closer You are to the original, natural state,
The ever-present beingness in which allness abides.

* * * *

Avoid moral dilemmas and quagmires.
Good and evil are the stillborn of duality.

* * * *

Though all that is, is the unicity of the great quantum dreamtime,
Few deeply discern the ever-present, unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

* * * *

It is the awareness that is, for lack of a better word, divine,
Not the imaginary, insignificant, self-absorbed ego-identity.

* * * *

The quest for eternal freedom takes You to an arena
Few have the insight, discernment, or courage to explore.

* * * *

In the web of delusion's illusion, Maya weaves no desire unturned.

* * * *

What You fear is the product your own desire.

* * * *

Circumstance frames each of us to play out one identity or another.
In discerning this truth clearly, You can rediscover reality,
And in that reality, eternal life, eternal freedom.

* * * *

The screen of consciousness
Plays out this dream
But is it really happening?
Doubt it more and more every moment.

* * * *

None can point the way to those who lack the hunger of doubt.

* * * *

When You journey prior to all mythos, You are free to believe nothing.

* * * *

Discern the common denominator.

* * * *

Nothing remains as it is.

Continuity is a tempting illusion,
A kaleidoscoping dreamtime without reality.
Imagination is its own contagion.

* * * *

Bodily needs are relatively minimal, but the many desires born of mind,
Which creates all mythos, all sense of separation, is insatiable.
One must move beyond craving to attain liberation.

* * * *

Your identity is ultimately no more real than a reflection in a mirror.

* * * *

Taking life personally is a sure way to great ecstasies, and even greater agonies.

* * * *

Continuity is illusion, a subtle trick of memory, of imagination.
The indivisible waves of reality timelessly break ever anew.

* * * *

Whether You reclaim your birthright or not, the web spins on.

* * * *

The mystery can never be known or possessed, only intuited.

* * * *

Detachment comes with understanding, illumination with the liberation of eternity.

* * * *

The promise of permanence is a mythological weaving born of mind.
No manifestation can resist the kaleidoscoping nature of isness.
Only in the original state can the eternal reality be fathomed.

* * * *

Life is a dreaming, and but for memory,
And all the illusions and delusions it inspires,
The dreamer would have never existed.

* * * *

All manifestation only exists because You are witnessing it.
The dream of time is just happening, a spontaneous combustion.
Really no point asking who, what, where, when, why, how.

Chapter Five

The imaginary persona is not what You truly are.
Discern the indivisible You, surrender to the isness.

The solitary journey to manifest the unconditional reality
Is the raison d'être of this kaleidescoping quantum dreamtime.
All else is nothing more than absorbing distraction.

* * * *

The mind-body experience, all the ravenous weavings of sensory craving,
Combine in countless ways to impart the awareness of reality
To those rare few discriminating enough to see it.

* * * *

The mind can create every sort of heaven or hell.
Surrender or suffer, the choice born of free will.

* * * *

To You who yearn for the ultimate freedom,
You are all christs, You are all buddhas.
You are every mystic seer and master
This illusory cosmos has ever known.
You are your own timeless companion.
Do not be fooled into believing otherwise.

* * * *

Every culture molds individual conformity
To whatever mythos it prescribes.
It takes discerning courage
To discover and be what You truly are.
There is no freedom in incarnating a prescribed life.

* * * *

The indivisible absolute is no more responsible for this illusion,
Than any ocean is for its surface, its bottom,
Or the play of its waves
Upon any number of shorelines.

* * * *

When all ambition and purpose is released,
You return to the naturally flowering awareness
Free of the burden of psychological identification.
To discern and own this peaceful, dreamlike freedom
Requires an inward simplicity, a detached humility,
An upheaval from the birthplace of all beingness.

* * * *

It is revolution in most earnest, purest form.
It is the journey to the end of personal consciousness.
It is the unqualified capitulation to harmony within and without.

* * * *

Words can only feebly point out the one and only way.
The discernment of their meaning is prior to all concept.

* * * *

The inward exploration of the mystery is the ultimate frontier of this manifest dream.

* * * *

What is the cosmos but a community born of oneness.

* * * *

You as personality, as identity,
Must become very still inwardly
To discern what You truly are.

* * * *

The personality worship of so-called spiritual teachers
Is a unmitigated misunderstanding of the ultimate state.

* * * *

To realize with every thread of your cloth
That You are the aloneness of totality's quantum fabric
Offers mind an unimaginable equanimity.

* * * *

Take what is beautiful and what is not beautiful as You would specks of dust.

* * * *

To criticize, to judge, any other is to throw stones
At all the iniquities You have likely committed
Times beyond counting in mind if not deed.

* * * *

These words are solely to dispel the delusion
That You truly exist as anything other than the entirety.
And how does one whole being treat any other?
Perhaps a little more compassionately
Than history has thus far noted.

* * * *

Beneath the blissful half-smiles of the Buddhas of paper and stone,
Are sharp fangs that will rip and tear your delusional reality to shreds.

* * * *

The quest for your natural state will leave You in a heap of ashes.
And from these ashes, what remains blossoms into unfettered clarity.

* * * *

Discerning this is very much a scientific exploration.

You will find the results duplicate the many experiments
Throughout humanity's evolution in consciousness.

* * * *

Notions of exclusive love are fanciful and romantic,
But are they real, are they authentic, are they enduring?

* * * *

The urge of the mind-body to believe itself significant,
To believe itself vital and real, is an enticing play of imagination,
But when it inevitably falls away, all that will remain
Will be the only You it has ever truly been.

* * * *

If You expect someone who abides in a boundless state
To behave in some prescribed manner, some ordained fashion,
That is your own assumption, your own projection, your own delusion,
And You may well be disappointed, frustrated, annoyed, irate, even enraged,
Or worse yet, succumb to yet another mesmerizing groupthink,
Another pointless impasse born of imagination.

* * * *

Where exactly are You in that mind-body?
Where is the elusive center You imagine You are?
Is it in the brain, is it in the heart, or some other body part?
An unyielding, unrelenting, unfaltering, discriminating, quest for it,
Discloses the absolute nature of any dream of existence.

* * * *

No experience is more spiritual than another.
Every passing timeless moment is shrouded in mystery.
Picking your nose is in truth just as astounding
As raising someone from the grave.

* * * *

When thought stills naturally,
Only the most basic bodily urges remain.
The sexual cravings are bound to vivid imagination.
The body itself is not attached to the mind's insatiable hungers.

* * * *

You generally find the experiences You pursue.
If You seek none in particular, You will find life a timeless stage,
Which You spontaneously wander with a minimum of effort, a minimum of attachment.

* * * *

You can only know what You are conditioned to believe,
Or what You garner through your own experience.

Be free, be content, to know nothing, as well.

* * * *

Real revolution is not reaction to the cause and effect of outward stimulus.
It is tuning within and following the insights born of your own awareness.

* * * *

Your natural state is unburdened, carefree, unchanging.
Many so-called civilized people will label it
Indolent, irresponsible, unproductive, even revolutionary.
It will be a long road in this purgatory before more than a few understand.

* * * *

The ethereal beings of all the religions and mythologies across time, across space,
Are only metaphors to be used as a means to discern the state before You were born.

* * * *

What is spiritual materialism but the vain ego-identity
Continuing its ongoing flight of fancy with illusion.

* * * *

The suffering of ego-identity,
With its isolating passions born of desire and fear,
Require the maintenance of interminable imaginary, often debilitating, effort.
Residing in the awareness of your real nature is effortless.

* * * *

Neither your mind-body identity, nor your actions, are your perfection.

* * * *

Spiritual legalisms cannot touch your unfathomable lawlessness.

* * * *

To awaken to its inexplicable, timeless, indivisibly absolute awareness,
Is surely the ultimate point and purpose of this manifest quantum paradigm.

* * * *

As long as You believe it all real, as long as You fabricate cause and effect,
You will endure, You will suffer, the many heavens and hells born of continuity.

* * * *

The flowering freedom of the natural state blossoms alone in simple ground.
Many may come to witness and admire and even worship it,
But few ever discriminate their own potency.

* * * *

Travel to the limits of the universe, or into the smallest atomic particle,
It is still but the imaginary temporal projection of manifest limitation.

* * * *

The absolute nature is the common denominator, the essential core of all manifestation.
Even if there someday proves to be a supreme being, it is created of the same source.

* * * *

Are You not more than a little weary of caring about
So many things that have never really mattered?

* * * *

You are not required to go out
And play any of the games the world offers.
It is only through your own imagination, your own volition,
Your own inner blending of desire and fear that You choose to participate
In whatever way You are consciously or unconsciously drawn.

Chapter Six

Most seek comfort more than truth.
Not requiring freedom at the bottom line,
They continue sentencing themselves in time
To the unending bondage of identification.

* * * *

Any personal god is your self-created illusion.
You are the only thing personal about godness.

* * * *

From attachment, detach.
From detachment, detach.
Nothing is as anyone thinks.

* * * *

What blade can pierce that which was never born?

* * * *

If You desire a solution to this frail mortal drama,
Then You must wake up to your mind,
And that which is prior.

* * * *

There is nothing You need do.
There is nothing You must change.
All is as it has ever been, will ever be.
The challenge is to happily dissolve within.

* * * *

Believe no one, accept nothing.
This must be entirely your discovery, your breakthrough.
You must let go everything and everyone if You are to discern that which You truly are.

* * * *

As You awaken, it becomes increasingly apparent
That your existence is not really yours to own.
Fabrications begin to gradually fall away.
That once self-absorbed persona dissipates,
Giving way as impenetrable mist does to the sun.
Eventually it becomes apparent that nothing can persevere
Except this ungraspable sense of abiding awareness,
Which pervades every portion of your being
As globules of water do the ocean.

* * * *

These many thoughts are ultimately about simplicity itself.
You will not hear them, understand them, clearly
Until You are inwardly simple enough
To comprehend the mystery they are in You.

* * * *

The garden exists when You as knower do not.

* * * *

So subtle this illusive play,
Only the most simple,
The most humble, can even begin
To perceive, discern, distill and joyfully wonder
How unfathomable it truly is.

* * * *

Good turns into evil and evil into good.
Just where is the imagined division
But the limitation in your vision?

* * * *

Love, joy, bliss, and compassion are pleasant ideals,
Words which sound conceptually true and ultimately real,
But what is their reality in your beingness right now?

* * * *

When identity fades in importance, what remains is the awareness of awareness.
Reality resides in this moment-to-moment functioning.
Nothing more is necessary.

* * * *

The first and last error is believing this mysterious awareness

Somehow belongs to You as an individual, somehow belongs to You as a distinct soul.
That all the thoughts You have about your identity and your world,
Are somehow real, are somehow true.

* * * *

To maintain any one path most true,
To insist on duality in any way, any shape, any form,
Is to completely misapprehend the relativity of this dreamtime reality.

* * * *

Real relationship is freeing, allowing, without ulterior motive.

* * * *

Your eyes, when seen impersonally,
Are just one set of those beyond number,
In eternity's well-trod, ever-present witnessing.

* * * *

Try not to make the spiritual quest for union more complex than it is.
It is so very logically, rationally, obviously, happily simple.
It is something to be discovered, not believed.

* * * *

Do not subscribe to any ists, any isms.
Use all teachings only as tools to discern for yourself
The unconditional freedom their founders brought to consciousness.

* * * *

Living in the freedom of original state
Requires no symbolic forms whatsoever.
Only the complacent tarry in tangibles.

* * * *

Avoid being enticed by meaningless speculation.
Attempting to know the unknowable is vexing and futile.
All You can ever know is what your mind projects.

* * * *

Abide where desire and fear have no hold.
The natural state prior to all the temporal manifestation.
The unnamable, unknowable source, from which all creation is spawned.

* * * *

Whether there is just one life or a trillion,
You have never possessed or been anything more,
Than the awareness You are right now.

* * * *

Every groupthink plants its seeds of illusion,
But as You awaken and stretch into your original nature,
Less and less will the prattle of inanity have any overriding meaning.

* * * *

The ceaseless arrays of suffering
Personalities locked into consciousness
Have no real meaning to the ultimate nature.
There is nothing which will save You as an identity,
Nothing from which You or anything else need be saved.

* * * *

Consciousness through the senses creates duality.
Duality fabricates the illusory concept.
Concept believes itself real.

* * * *

What is there to believe? What is there to know?
How can You be in anything but contemplative wonder,
And the still awareness from whence it every moment sparks.

* * * *

No one observing You will ever see much.
You function and interact habitually,
Completing all required tasks,
In much the same mode as before.
It is only within, out of exterior viewing,
That the absoluteness disclosures its handiwork,
The ineffable nature of its eternally timeless moment.

* * * *

The personality is merely a complex interaction of patterns.
Thoughts and emotions playing out the mind-body theater.

* * * *

The worship of tangibles will not get You home.

* * * *

If there is any struggle to meditate, to contemplate,
Then it is not the authentic freedom of true surrender.
All effort is of the ego ever imagining itself genuine.

* * * *

To discern reality clearly, to surrender to it absolutely, agnostically,
Is to have no more questions, and a dwindling number of concerns.

* * * *

Transcendence, enlightenment, illumination,

Are but catchwords for living naturally, rationally,
In the unfiltered awareness prior to all concept or concern.

* * * *

Anyone claiming to be the key, the middleman, to the answer.
Is setting You up for one of the best scams history ever devised.

* * * *

Putting anyone, putting anything, on a pedestal
Only puts off discerning your own emancipation.

* * * *

Ignorance of the first and last state,
Denial of the unconditional nature of aloneness,
Only regenerate the suffering of time-bound consciousness.

* * * *

All manifestation is subject to the patterning,
While the source to which all patterns essentially subscribe,
Remains timelessly inexplicable, timelessly inscrutable, forever unknowable.

* * * *

The ultimate delusion is that anyone can ever really know anything.
Pretending to 'know' is nothing more than its own play of arrogance;
The vanity, the pride, of ego given over to the fabrications of imagination.

* * * *

The awareness that You truly are, call it whatever You will,
Is prior to all the suffering, prior to all the torments of consciousness:
Unconditional, indifferent, desireless, birthless, deathless, indivisibly timeless.

* * * *

The mind marinated in the theater of time can never be secure.
Only in complete capitulation to the vulnerability of the natural state
Can there be any real clarity, any real calmness, any real peace.

* * * *

Maya manifests an infinity of veiled facets.
Once the original nature is discerned and understood,
How can You not own each and every one?

* * * *

Once You clearly discern the weaving of desire and fear,
How they patterned your personality becomes apparent.

* * * *

The mind-body is but a limited, partial receiver,
Discerning but a mere sliver of the all but infinite potential

Of the electromagnetic spectrum in this inscrutable hologram matrix.

* * * *

Do not be blinded by the ever-playful lila of the senses.
They read only the temporal theater of light and shadow.

* * * *

This insight into the enigma cannot be explained
Or agreed upon or persuaded or held onto,
In any way, any shape, any form.

* * * *

Do those who are religious think themselves religious?
Yet another all-but-inevitable snare of consciousness.

* * * *

Give no thought to where thought cannot tread.

* * * *

When exactly will You be ready to die, of not now?

* * * *

Do good and evil exist anywhere but consciousness?

* * * *

In the ultimate state, no thing exists.

* * * *

When there is no longer any hankering for separation,
You will merge into the infinite ocean of oblivion,
Never to return to the pretensions of form.

* * * *

Turn the light to the heart
And the mind will melt into right relationship,
A union without compare.

* * * *

Explore love as much as You might with all your beingness,
It is the awareness within all that is its unfathomable cradle.

* * * *

Reality will ever be,
But the dreamtime of humankind
Is on a collision course with an unforgiving force,
And those who survive the great fall, if any, will face a new world,
Bounded by the remnants, the scar tissue, of the one we altered beyond all pales.

* * * *

No need to be timid or bashful about it anymore.
No need to hesitate when asked who You are anymore.
No need to deny the ultimate truth of it anymore.
Unfurl into what You have the vision to see.

Chapter Seven

The point of these words
Is to fan the fire of absoluteness,
The hidden reality and all You truly are,
Until sovereignty rages your identity into ashes
And the phoenix of pure awareness is all that remains.

* * * *

Cut a pie into however many pieces You might, the slices will ever total one.

* * * *

At some point in your investigation of this pathless mystery
You must set aside all teachers and teachings
And fish by your own light.

* * * *

Maya is a spider, and the web is your mind.

* * * *

Anyone claiming to be an intermediary of truth is a fraud.
All are portals, all have free and equal access
To the source of their beingness.

* * * *

To realize that You are the song of isness
Is life's ultimate raison d'être.
The rest is fluff.

* * * *

If You spend your time debating whether this or that religion,
Whether this or that philosophy, is right or wrong, best or worst, good or bad,
Then You have really missed the essential point and purpose,
And own nothing but a mind of empty words.

* * * *

You were the original nature before your manifest genesis.
Since then, the conditioning of geographic collusions
Have denied You the awareness of that impersonal reality.
It is a challenging calling to discern and return to your birthright.

* * * *

Pure awareness does not differentiate sex, race, color, culture, creed or nationality.
That is nothing more than the capricious play of manifest human consciousness.

* * * *

It is the ever-evolving comprehension
Of what complete surrender of identity signifies
That will get You as near as any mind can
To still pool of awareness You are.

* * * *

Best to avoid using the word love
Unless You have the wit and wisdom
To baptize it in the purity of agape.

* * * *

All notions, all fabrications, of the imaginary me, myself, and I,
Whether as an individual, a couple, a family, a tribe, or a nation-state,
Are constant companions, stalwart allies, of desire and fear,
Shadow-dancing toward some illusory security.

* * * *

Is there even one ephemeral moment, one instantaneous here-now,
That can ever be truly experienced as anything more,
Than a time-bound perception?

* * * *

Any attempt to fill the void is futile
And only prolongs unnecessary suffering.
Aloneness should be savored like premium wine.
Learning to waft in your eternal vintage is the challenge.

* * * *

Drugs in themselves are really not the problem.
Using them moderately, for right purpose, is the key.

* * * *

What to do with history and its countless mythologies born of time and circumstance.
Every language, every tradition, every ceremony, every symbol, imaginable.
The freest spirits throw off the yoke of even being a human being.

* * * *

Dissatisfaction is encouraged to ensure cultural continuity.
Would-could any society long survive if people were content?

* * * *

Words are only concepts, and concepts have no ultimate reality, whatsoever.

* * * *

It takes a great deal of discerning courage
To be vulnerable, unconditional, intelligent, content, total,
To allow no phenomena to deter opening your heart and mind to eternity.

* * * *

To be ensnared in the web of identity is unequivocal misery.
To believe the temporal mind-body personality real and lasting,
What an arbitrary, confining impingement upon the eternal spirit.

* * * *

Travel as far as the farthest reaches allow,
That which is absolute, that which is eternal,
Is ever the space prior to all imaginary pursuit.

* * * *

Parables in most every tradition point to the ultimate absolute nature
Yet most only hear the tale, and miss entirely the mystery of the lesson.

* * * *

To discern, to know, without doubt, that You are indivisibly one
With all that is, all that has ever been, and all that will ever be,
Is not, if You have the discerning wit, something to be missed.

* * * *

Question everything.
Tear every assumption to pieces.
Only total revolution within can free your spirit
From the whatever conditioning the world has chained You.

* * * *

Once upon a moment all things small to great abided in natural harmony.
And then knowledge was plucked, identification was rendered,
And the garden was enslaved by consciousness.

* * * *

In the quest of your eternal nature,
There is no good-old-boy authority network.
You are the soul author of your dreamtime universe.

* * * *

So many try to change themselves into someone else’s ideal.
See the complete falseness of trying to duplicate anyone else's journey.
This discernment of the awareness, this insight into the eternal, cannot be imitated.

* * * *

Do not abide the religious pharisees.
Listen and watch and learn only from those

Who point back to You, and ask nothing in return.

* * * *

Who is the knower who knows? Who is the dreamer who dreams?
Who else can it be but the one and only You from whom all who is who.

* * * *

Call it what You will, do with it what You will,
All any seeker can really do in this immeasurable mystery
Is grapple with imagination's endless permutations,
Until they become aware of the awareness,
And at long last set themselves free.

* * * *

To want nothing from the dream,
To be serenely content to merely be it,
Is about as real as You can be.

* * * *

There is really no river to cross, nor ocean into which to merge.
The original nature is on both banks, and all shores,
And above and below, within and without,
Each and every point, as well.
The quantum matrix knows no other.

* * * *

The mind's greatest desire is to attain complete security,
And the endless craving to know unanswerable answers
Is a perpetual, gnawing part of that vain and futile quest.

* * * *

So much suffering caused by the fruit of knowledge,
Yet how much anyone can ever really know
Makes a thimble look large.

* * * *

The god or gods the mind projects are but fabrications of imagination.
Godness is the awareness prior to all combobulations of consciousness.

* * * *

The world needs fewer messiahs and gurus,
And more pedestrians walking freely in the day-to-day mundane.
Wood-choppers and water-carriers, so to speak.

* * * *

You are a holograph of isness.
Everything isness is, everything it is not,
Is discernable within the awareness 'you' truly are.

* * * *

Do not deny, do not doubt, the quantum nature, the quantum matrix, You truly are.
Call it divine, call it god, call it what is, call it whatever, the words do not matter.

* * * *

There may or may not be a supreme being, a personal god,
But even if there is, it is also of the same clay as You.
Absoluteness is the common denominator of all.

* * * *

How passionately so many deluded spirits believe the outward world,
The world of wealth, power, status, knowledge, possessions, bring about happiness,
When right relationship with one's Self is its one and only true source.

* * * *

Surrender all You think You are, and what is left is the harmony of eternity.

* * * *

The countless masks of manifestation are difficult to disbelieve.

* * * *

You are already it, your only task, to discern it, to own it.

* * * *

Without that sense of past and projection of future,
Without all those neuron trails fabricating identity,
Where would all the suffering caper and cavort?

* * * *

Any given frame of the whirling kaleidoscope is the same as any other.

* * * *

As long as You depend on the sanction of others, You will never be truly free.

* * * *

The length of any given moment
Is so infinitesimal as to have never been.
There could be at least a trillion trillions in any given blink.
If You were counting, that is.

* * * *

There is a serenity within all who allow their minds to grow still.

* * * *

Curious how the most obvious things are often the last to be seen.

* * * *

Even nothing does not really matter.

* * * *

Be as Self-ish as You please.

* * * *

You never know what jewels or coal will come your way
In the indivisible serendipities of the given day-to-day.

* * * *

Whatever grabs your attention is the tether to the sensory play.

* * * *

You are in it, it is in You, the drop is not separate from the ocean.

* * * *

In the destruction of Eden, we are all complicit in one way or another.

* * * *

Memes rule.

* * * *

Through consciousness, the awareness timelessly witnesses all.
Discern and surrender to the quantum essence,
That which You indivisibly are.

Chapter Eight

What unutterable vanity to believe that this timeless quantum mystery
Needs to be, much less can be, systematized into any so-called religion.

* * * *

Assumptions can take one down many hard paths.

* * * *

Before enlightenment, suffering.
After enlightenment, suffering.
But perhaps, and just perhaps,
Without quite the same attachment.

* * * *

Normal is the encasing ideal of culture.
It is the conditioning of tradition.
It is the denial of the flower.

* * * *

You are more than You know, less than You think.

* * * *

What irony that those history anoints worthy of note
Were so often callous liars, cheats, thieves, and murderers,
Who used the coin of their realms to acquire a redeeming image.

* * * *

Interesting how so many of our kind
So earnestly strive to be known, to be remembered.
Some sort of survival mechanism deep within the genomic structure,
That histories across time and space well know as the cause of many an absurdity.

* * * *

What does it mean to think You are this body, that You are alive?
What makes You believe You will someday cease to exist?
What makes You so sure You were ever even born?

* * * *

Sorrow is a function of time.

* * * *

What might it have been like to have never seen your face?
To have never gazed at your reflection in a pool of water or a mirror,
To have never had a portrait painted, or a photograph taken,
To have abided only in the many reflections of others
As You wandered about your perceived world.

* * * *

What is the use of worrying over anything?
The only problem is the maker of the problem,
The duality the mind in separation creates.

* * * *

Those aware of the awareness neither need nor create nor foster
Any belief, any tradition, any ritual, any symbol, any dogmatic hierarchy.
That is the entangling outcome of those who are forever baffled,
Those who follow, those who imitate, those who recite.

* * * *

The dreamtime river is an ever-flowing quantum matrix.
Though mind may attempt to dam it, to channel it,
Or to encase it until it wallows in stagnation,
It ever remains eternally unconstrained.

* * * *

To flow in the symphony of isness
Is to know the serenity of eternity.
It is as simple as the next breath.

* * * *

Living as most manifest it,
Is little more than a life-long,
Unlearned lesson about vanity.

* * * *

Hesitation, guilt, shame, remorse,
Are the plight of the conditioned mind.
Live each moment fully, and regret nothing.

* * * *

Contour whatever dreamy illusion You will,
You are ever the clay of the ground,
And clay sees only clay.

* * * *

By succumbing to knowledge and the experience of separate identity,
Consciousness weaves a sticky web of dualistic perception,
The reckoning to which, all who yearn freedom
Must alone realize the key.

* * * *

All lives are played out in one pattern or another.
The mind habitually requires the order of purpose and meaning,
Yet all purpose and meaning, is nothing more than the make-believe of delusion.
The realization that You are but a dream is the only salvation.

* * * *

There are no chosen people.
All are equal in the quandary of oneness.
Those laying such claims only mislead themselves
And anyone credulous enough to believe someone on a pulpit.

* * * *

The mind-body as identity can never know serenity.
It is a recorded etching of pain and pleasure,
A vain product of manifest separation bound in time.
The mind-body's ambition to become is vested self-deception.

* * * *

Attach to no definitions, accept no labels.

* * * *

All that is, is of the patterning, but what resides prior to all patterns?
Who cares whether You exist once, or expire times beyond counting?
Every moment's kaleidoscoping streamtime is the story’s true telling.

* * * *

At their outset, most religions were likely seeded with masterful insight,
But to all but the most discerning, to all but the least confused,
They have all too predictably become nothing more,
Than hierarchical snares of dogmatic self-perpetuation.

* * * *

You are ultimately alone in this eternal journey.
At best another can only offer some hints and urge You on.
You must blaze it anew in whatever way You will.

* * * *

When You came into this garden through your mother's womb,
You and all the other creatures knew only the concord of eternity.
You consumed the harvest of knowledge and lost sight of its source.
The so-called beasts still reside in there, awaiting your timeless return.

* * * *

The point of all this is to help You learn
To tap your own eternal nature.
That all your vain divisions are illusory,
That your sense of duality is utterly fabricated.
Examine closely everything You have ever been told.
To fully own this, You must be in revolution to the very core.

* * * *

Spiritual hierarchies are manufactured
By those often quite willing to seize everything,
And leave your spirit desolate and flapping on a rocky shore.

* * * *

Undo the quest for continuity.
Reality bubbles in the moment.

* * * *

Thoughts such as these are dead in themselves.
Their intention is to aid in the transcendence of consciousness,
Into discerning the timeless, changeless, immutable potential of the natural state.
And whether or not they resonate, succeed, flourish, triumph, prosper,
Is entirely up to the ears that hear, the eyes that see.

* * * *

The quantum matrix kaleidoscopes into human beings,
And humans imagine the mystery in their own image.

* * * *

You can speculate and argue about this mystery all You please,
But what You think makes absolutely no difference, whatsoever.

* * * *

Every culture creates an ethos to perpetuate its continuity.
Identification with any mindset, any tradition, is inevitably a quagmire.
To become eternally boundless, to realize absolute nature, to become the cosmic dance,
Discern that all mythos is nothing more than vain, arbitrary fabrication.

* * * *

These sundry thoughts are for those no longer enchanted or distracted
By the ever-kaleidescoping light show of this manifest dreamtime,
Those called to discover that which is prior to consciousness.

* * * *

All are free to drink fully from the eternal reservoir.
How thirsty any are, is really the first and last question.

* * * *

You need not ‘try’ to become absolute supreme.
You already are that ultimate, effortless state.
Simply rid yourself of the forged sense of identity.
Still the mind, ignore the senses, abide in the awareness.

* * * *

Celibacy is a natural lack of craving, not denial or repression.

* * * *

The indelible mystery and those who discern it with a dollop of clarity,
Have always been misconstrued and desecrated by the vanities of ignorance.
Awakening to your own witlessness, challenging it in every way, is the prime directive.

* * * *

There is such a huge gap between knowledge and understanding,
And neither have much in common with the source or their origin.

* * * *

When the inner voice, the ego, the little self,
Dissolves into the awareness, into the witness,
The mistaken conception of duality ceases.

* * * *

From beginning to end in this dreamy manifest dimension,
All You think You are, is just food for worms and other critters.

* * * *

The awakened mind in awareness wanders a pathless path,
In which, within every breath consciousness allots,
It repeatedly discerns there is no other.

* * * *

There is really no difference between monster and saint.
Both are just masks disguising the same faceless nature.

* * * *

Those who cannot comprehend will constrict your efforts into labels
In order to avoid the introspection that understanding would require.
Never allow your Self to be encased by Maya's countless limitations.

* * * *

As long as You abide the mind set in some concrete, arbitrary reality,
You cannot discern the fluid timelessness of its indivisible nature.

* * * *

Identity is nothing more than a collusion of memory.
Without it You are no different than anything else.

* * * *

There is a time to sow, a time to reap.
There is a time to learn, a time to unlearn.
To abide all with a sense of grace is the task.

* * * *

To quaff at the trough of eternity without sharing
Does not seem to be the nature of the indivisible.

* * * *

Those who will not collude, they are the unborn, prior to mind and senses
Free of desire, fearless, absolute, timeless, serene, they wander alone.

* * * *

To see this is to unfurl the sails in a rudderless voyage.

* * * *

So many prophets and religions, so many philosophers and philosophies.
Curious how much more guileless truth is, than the countless thoughts about it.

* * * *

The quixotic seeker travels far and wide and long,
Until finally realizing home was always here now.

* * * *

Are You Jew, Muslim, Christian, Buddhist, Taoist,
Existentialist, nihilist, ad infinitum?
Or none of the above?

* * * *

Many a scientist has through microscope and telescope discovered

What seers across time and space intuited long before history's origin.

* * * *

Dispense with knowledge and the ever-present garden reappears.

* * * *

Thought as identity, as persona, is a yellow brick road
Bent on every conceivable, every imaginable genre of suffering.
Only in the tranquil stillness of the indivisible awareness
Is there any prospect for genuine contentment.

* * * *

One day You will perhaps find craving,
Other than for the most essential necessities,
Slowly, quietly, without fanfare, just burns itself out.

* * * *

Whatever You do, whenever You do it,
Wherever You do, in whatever form You do it,
It will ever be nothing more than a quantum dream.

* * * *

Those claiming they are keepers of any given belief system, any given word,
Can never be more than false prophets and sordid hypocrites.
Even That I Am cannot know its origin.

* * * *

Through awareness of the other comes awareness of the no other.

* * * *

So many claims, so many lies, so many scams.
The so-called spiritual quest is not about power, fame or fortune.
It is about ascertaining the clarity of your own vision.

* * * *

Sensations You like are pleasurable, sensations You do not like are not pleasurable.
Both are equally the recreation of the mind abiding the senses.
Discern That which is prior to all.

* * * *

Imagination is its own student, its own teacher.

* * * *

It may take a few billion years
For all traces of humankind to be obliterated,
But eventually everything recycles in this quantum playground,
So, no worries, Mate, earth abides.

* * * *

When will You be free and clear?
When will You discern that which You already are?
Depends how long You persist in lugging around that busy-busy mind
To which You so arbitrarily and tenaciously cling.

Chapter Nine

The eternal salvation so many claim
Remains up to You to discover and recover.
Following some guide up an arduous mountain pass
Still requires that You undertake the journey very much alone.

* * * *

That moment You just zippity-whizzed through,
What was it but a tentative perception?
How can You ever prove it ever really happened
But through subjective, arbitrary, unverifiable assertion?

* * * *

Believe nothing, abide in ignorance, the profound reality.

* * * *

Maya will steal your things,
Diminish and annihilate your body,
And play every sort of havoc with your mind,
But do not let it tame your soul.

* * * *

Love, as much of humankind manifests it, can be a fairly hateful act.

* * * *

How many seek out others who will support their delusion.

* * * *

You are a witness, not an identity.

* * * *

How unique relationship founded upon respect.

* * * *

Every moment is birth and death, creation and destruction,
Appearing very different, yet ultimately very much the same.

* * * *

Breathe in isness … Breathe out isness …

* * * *

Languages and mythoi are ever-changing in time,
But the wisdom expressed by each is timeless in all.

* * * *

All your ambition to become,
All the conflicts You partake,
All the suffering You register,
Mean nothing, nada, zero-sum.

* * * *

Such a mysterious dream, and You, the mystery dreaming.

* * * *

So subtle this timeless passing.

* * * *

Words! Words! Words! Such wretched, distorting, incomplete distractions.

* * * *

Once You begin this solitary pilgrimage,
There will be endless distractions,
But there is no turning back.

* * * *

You are the sojourner witnessing your own creation.

* * * *

The soul-mating You seek is really to your Self.

* * * *

Who cares if there is some sort of corporate pecking order to some sort of god?
Be content to be plebeian, gatekeeper, gardener, ferryman, charioteer.
Or whatever unpretentious role suites your beginner nature.

* * * *

Vanity binds You again and again in the figment of your mind.

* * * *

Everything You see, hear, touch, taste, smell,
Every thought, every belief, everything known and intuited,
Is personal mythos, entirely of your own creation, your own imagination.

* * * *

Rapture over the spectacles of the human paradigm
Is akin to a domesticated animal raving about its cage.

* * * *

Humanity has concocted every sort of mythology
To explain that which can never be known,
Yet suffering and angst continues unabated in every venue.
Organized religions, priests, sages, shamans, channelers, shysters, and charlatans,
Have failed to bring about any fundamental, simple, true clarity.
Why do You continue to be so gullible?

* * * *

Teaching is an excellent way to discover how little You know.

* * * *

Doubt includes the dread that You may be wrong.
You are not.

* * * *

You are on your own.
The eternal is yours to tap.
The keys are your heart and mind,
And your unwillingness to settle for lies.

* * * *

Mind is both the source of separation and the potential for reunification.

* * * *

Discern that to which no label clings.

* * * *

An enlightened parent's purpose in life is to empower a child
Not to depend psychologically on them or anyone else.
Do not use the innocent to redeem your deficiency.

* * * *

Once You as identity are shattered,
The trick is not putting the shards together again.
Let Humpty-Dumpty rest in pieces.

* * * *

So many just throw their minds, their lives away
On the kaleidoscoping illusion of appearances and attributes,
Never grasping that it is the portal to the mystery neither within or without.

* * * *

The clayness abides any and every shape:
Animal, plant, insect, fish, earth, water, air and fire.
But can never peer beyond the enticing veil of manifest form
For more than momentary intuitive glimpses of its unnamable upwelling.

* * * *

Are psychological theories and therapies anything more than tools
To engineer your continued conformity to the given cultural mindset?

* * * *

All explanations of the inexplicable mystery in any mythos
Are limited by the conceptual constraints of the given language,
And the expansive or contracted vision to which it aspires.

* * * *

What have You discovered for yourself?
Is there some substance behind what You believe,
Or are You just regurgitating something You read or heard?
Unless You own your own mind, You will never perceive what is true.

* * * *

From your earliest moments, naming and defining began,
Desire was encouraged, innocence corrupted, and suffering derived.
Only the most unassuming, the most transparent, realize the timeless birthright.

* * * *

To discern heaven, You may well long and far traverse purgatory,
That which this temporal enterprise oftentimes appears to be,
Until, within and without, You awaken to its eternal reality.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is any dreamtime life form
But same the faceless witness beneath the mask You wear.

* * * *

Every flower has its time, and every one the compost for the next bloom.

* * * *

Wherever You sojourn, far and wide as it may appear, You are always here now.

* * * *

The temporal world urges You to gather all You can whenever You can,
But to discern the indivisible, inscrutable, timeless source,
You must, within and without, let everything go.

* * * *

You can never really hope to know
Who, what, when, why, where or how.
It being an intangible, ungraspable mystery,
All You can do is intuit that You are it and it is You.

* * * *

The truth spoken is not truth.

* * * *

These thoughts have no existence of their own.
Their meaning – like all paradoxes, ironies, and riddles –
Only those who perceive their own drum can hear.

* * * *

We are all faking it, pretenders making it up as we go,
And all the while trying so hard to justify ourselves bona fide.
Stop, take a deep breath, take the play and yourself less seriously.
Be here now, be the timeless awareness You truly are.

* * * *

Transcending the doubt, merging into that which is intangible, indivisible,
Is an arduous journey, a profoundly mysterious inner quest,
The ending to which is timelessly the same.

* * * *

Pleasure and pain attract and repel like fighters in the ring,
Yet few discern the causeless cause and effortless solution.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to the sensory theater,
The stillness before time is what You every moment are.

* * * *

The essence of what You are is unknowable and ever out of reach.
Embracing an agnostic state of mind makes existence very simple.

* * * *

Your persona is doomed to complete and utter extinction,
And there is no other to save that which needs no saving.

* * * *

Most are satisfied with one mythos or another.
Few discriminate the indivisible foundation directly.
The maya of consciousness is a great distractor.

* * * *

What is the point of living a life
Merely to gratify the senses and pander the mind?
Surely there is more to it than that.

* * * *

Because there is no other, there is no need to prove anything
To all the myriad others You spend your consciousness creating.
It is all You, from beginning to end, and all befores and afters, too.

* * * *

All divisions are markers of ignorance.

* * * *

Wherever You go, whatever You do, You are always here, You are always now.

* * * *

You have done and said and thought many things,
But all are merely a passing dream.
You are none of them.

* * * *

Play the spiritual hierarchy game if it amuses You,
But ultimately totality, not the player,
Is your original nature.

* * * *

The arrogant suffer quite a shock then their ignorance becomes apparent.

* * * *

Psychological dependency aborts sovereignty.

* * * *

Do not encumber what is written here
With the labels and assumptions of the intellect.
No concept treads in the arena of indivisible absoluteness.

* * * *

Your believing it real is a prison of your own design.

* * * *

Identity is so painfully confining, so dreadfully mundane.
Why You continue to seek continuity is, indeed, a mystery.

* * * *

Manifest life might get closer to being fair if everyone played by the same rules.

* * * *

Those discerning reality can only feel compassion
For the multitudes who tarry in ignorance and confusion.

* * * *

All the imagination in the universe
Cannot project itself into either past or future.
The eternal here now is the only time there has ever been.

* * * *

Awakening is for every one, yet not for everyone.
The many are called, few are chosen, conundrum.

* * * *

If You are here-now-ing in awareness, You are That I Am.
No brag, just fact.

* * * *

It is your sandbox; do with it what You will.

* * * *

Nothing will ever be the same.

* * * *

The only difference between any given You and me
Is our perceptions, our vanities, born of imagination.

* * * *

Desire and fear have molded your mind into imagining time real.
Freedom in consciousness is abiding in the momentary awareness.

Chapter Ten

Using some confining, dogmatic, pointlessly hollow concept of god,
To endure, to stomach, the day-to-day time-bound mundane,
Does not make anyone more spiritual or transcendent,
Than they and everyone and everything else,
Every indivisible eternal moment is.

* * * *

Locked in identity, we are all vain outbursts.

* * * *

Sorrow is a distraction You choose to play.

* * * *

When to say yes, when to say no,
When to say the maybe that does not mean yes,
Is a talent not easily mastered.

* * * *

Life's seeming meaninglessness
Is a thin veneer disguising its purpose.
Rip off that mask and discover your real face.

* * * *

The journey home is fraught with demons of your own making.

* * * *

The quantum of humanity awakens at its own pace
Into conscious action in routine daily living.
Do not wait for others to follow suit.

* * * *

Practice, practice, practice, it is endless practice.

* * * *

Sometimes You end up at the right placed at the right time.
Other times at the wrong place at the right time.
But what is good and what is bad?
Looking back later, does it not all seem relative?

* * * *

Erase any and all doubt that You are indivisible quantum source.
Exist serenely in the ever-present, moment-to-moment, timeless reality.
Even in the midst of complete and utter chaos, You are the harmony that reigns.

* * * *

Accept nothing short of direct perception.
What point is there to anything less?

* * * *

To peer through the dualistic sensory screen
At the ceaseless diversity across this garden world,
And see only the unicity of awareness, is an arduous task.

* * * *

Explore the underlying indivisible simplicity within all things.

* * * *

Never disbelieve or deny another's experience.
Just because it has not yet been discerned within your realm
Does not mean anything is not perhaps possible.
You are the eternal proof of that.

* * * *

The only real sin You have ever committed was never being told of your original nature.

* * * *

Past and future are the imagined collusion of the monkey-mind.

* * * *

God surely meant guardianship of the garden, not domination and destruction.

* * * *

To assume the source of this mystery is either male or female
Is to completely miss the very real probability that it is neither,

That sexuality is really nothing more than arbitrary happenstance.
A Darwinian fixture too imbedded in the genome to see its relativity.

* * * *

Is creation anything more than one big unfathomable quantum experiment?

* * * *

Condemning any individual or group in for the state of the world
Misses the interconnected collusion of all humankind across time.
To one degree or another, each and every one of us is responsible.

* * * *

All your selfish craving for security denies everyone else's.

* * * *

Drugs, if used, should be used to find reality, not escape from it.

* * * *

To die for an idea is as vain as it gets.

* * * *

When struggle and resistance end,
When surrender to what is, is complete,
You will be the awareness that is home to all.

* * * *

Somehow the mysterious glue of now holds together into the next.

* * * *

Light and dark are but sensory perceptions of consciousness.
The reality of the indivisible absolute is prior to any and all notions.
To subscribe to any conceptions is merely the vain game of imagination.

* * * *

One by one, drop by drop, quantum by quantum,
Human consciousness must individually reconcile its indivisibility.
All resistance is imagined.

* * * *

Sow the seed of godness, and it will harvest You.

* * * *

All mythos is a cruel hoax played upon the unborn.

* * * *

Separation from the source is purgatory.
Heaven is the born again reunion within.

* * * *

Awakening is like going to a big screen movie theater.
At first You observe only the plot upon the screen.
At some point You see there must be more to it,
That light passes through a lens on a projector.
The bulb and film seem to be the source of it all
Until You find the electrical cord plugged into the wall.
And where that leads to, what it comes from, is anybody's guess.
So, enjoy the movie, realize it is not as real as You thought,
That what You really are is hidden behind the wall.

* * * *

Do not seek out christs, buddhas, and other sages
Except as means to realize your own knowing.

* * * *

Each must find their way alone as suits disposition, interest, and capacity,
The mysterious givens of the manifest patterning that makes all unique.

* * * *

Knowing You are one with all manifestation
Does not mean You should not exercise caution
When petting tigers or sleeping with snakes.

* * * *

Those who strive only for the vanities of power and fame and fortune,
Close the gateless gate to the timeless mystery within and without.

* * * *

Hurl your dream into the ocean of reality; You are but a drop in the spraying reef.

* * * *

Coming to grips with the eternal nature is rarely as simple as it is.

* * * *

You may transcend the innumerable limitations of the mortal nature,
But must still partake the confines and consequences of the given form.

* * * *

Peace, as simple as it is, takes intention to manifest.
Humanity did not reach any point in time through tranquil means.
Peace for many would be akin to a morsel of food stuck in a glutton's throat.

* * * *

Undiscerning dogmatic rigidity and repression
Are not laudable ingredients in questing the spirit.
Fanaticism in any of its many vain faces has little merit.
Travel the path of moderation whenever possible.

* * * *

Do not hope for a better time.
Heaven's eternal way will ever be now.
Hope only puts off the realization of the unfolding.

* * * *

All the creed, crucifixes, statues, holy books, prayers,
Are but distractions until You are ready for the real gold.

* * * *

Eternity begins and ends this moment,
A birthright most are far-removed from ever knowing,
And even fewer tap with their whole being.

* * * *

The ego identity is as shallow as a poor man's grave.

* * * *

The mortal mind is a temporal, mysterious tapestry threaded by desire.
Fear and anger and obsession and every variety of vanity,
Are among the most negative outcomes.

* * * *

The world is a hatching ground of so many potentials as to be incalculable.

* * * *

Some might argue owning this depends on karma,
That no one can accelerate or coerce the awakening.
Others contend it will happen if You simply desire it so.
Your own research into the matter is warranted.

* * * *

As long as You believe your identity genuine,
As something more than the underlying awareness,
You will dread sickness and injury and aging and demise.

* * * *

Those operating in a limited, conditioned view of godness
May see your light and may even invite You to reside in their fold,
But your vision of totality, they will likely never even begin to comprehend.

* * * *

To intelligently witness this absurd spectacle,
And not descend into darkness through cynicism,
Or stumble about clumsily in ironic laughter,
Is a most challenging tightrope, indeed.

* * * *

Any belief that You are separate from the totality
Is founded entirely upon unwarranted delusion.

* * * *

To give over, to relinquish one's existence
To fully discerning the awareness, the godness within,
There is no greater actuality, no superior truth,
Than opening the portal to the eternal.

* * * *

To own this awareness,
And somehow abide in the world,
Is what this scarred garden so badly needs.
Likely will not change anything in the inevitability of it all,
But it needs it just the same.

* * * *

At first You may feel hesitation to articulate your vision.
Those limited to the determinate world of illusory appearance
Do not easily hearken to the news of their divine nature.

* * * *

Whether they be relatives, friends, acquaintances, or enemies:
Grasp as best ye may whatever lessons the departed may have offered,
Then release them in peace to whatever the indivisible, the unknown, has in store.

* * * *

Peel away all appearances, and what is left?
The mind, the body, the senses, are not You.

* * * *

The many trappings of the conceptual personality
Are false and must be discerned as such
If liberation is ever to be realized.

* * * *

You are a liar, a cheat, a thief, and daily plot murder and mayhem,
But at least You are not a hypocrite more often than necessity requires.

* * * *

You may cloak it, ignore it, deny it,
But You cannot escape the indivisible within.
Eventually, it summons all home.

* * * *

Nothing is known, nothing is left unknown.

* * * *

More irony and paradox for those who are weary.

* * * *

To what can the bona fide Self possibly be bound?

* * * *

Doubt everything until You discern within that truth to which doubt can find no hold.

* * * *

So challenging to be detached from manifestation.
All the concepts and activities, the desire for sensory gratification,
The ceaseless craving of the loins, the ever-enticing draw of power, status, wealth.
Practice, it is a lifetime of practice, from the first breath to the last.

Chapter Eleven

It is neither action or deed, but unspoken intention,
Which must surely win the accolades of any heaven.

* * * *

Coincidences, are they really?

* * * *

You are not obligated to want anything.

* * * *

Your real wealth is beyond counting.

* * * *

Use all trials as levers and fulcrums to the wispy realms of wisdom.

* * * *

You will be ruby-slipper home when desire and fear have no ground to toil.

* * * *

The church is within; no edifice is required.

* * * *

First knowledge, then understanding, finally, direct perception.

* * * *

I Am is the Way.
It is within and without where within and without no longer exist.
It is You in the most timeless, absolute sense.

* * * *

Always check out the fine print, or be ready to run and hide when payment comes due.

* * * *

Do not lose your humor; nothing worse than a dour jester.

* * * *

Put all prophets and sages in their place, as teachers, not messiahs.

* * * *

A drop that has lost its sense of ocean
Suffers the agony of isolating separation.

* * * *

Honor and respect your family, if possible,
But allow them no reign over your calling.

* * * *

Sometimes it takes more courage to live than it does to die.

* * * *

It is real as long as You believe it real.

* * * *

Like a poker hand when the bluff has been overplayed,
It is time to call the deception of ignorance and absurdity.

* * * *

Take the long view sometimes, and the short view in others.
Blended together, it makes for theater and the gorp it offers.

* * * *

Everyone You meet and observe, everything You read and study,
Every manifest form You interact with in any given manner,
Is a reflection for You to inquire into your true nature.

* * * *

Those who quest that which is true will discern it written about in many teachings.
But to actually be the awareness is to look prior to mere belief and faith.
Union with that which is absolute, that which is eternally real,
Is far more than hollow superstition and idolatry.

* * * *

If your spiritual quest yearns only for distracting
Magic tricks, carnival ferris wheels, and circus light shows,
You are not quite ready to embrace the unknown.

* * * *

Rational, linear persuasion is of no real use,

Because nothing can ever be proved.
An intuitive logic is required.

* * * *

It may seem arrogant, even blasphemous
To identify with godness more than humanness,
But that is the nature of this sojourn's rootless narrative.

* * * *

To have superlative knowledge of this mystery,
To have read many books, to have attended many lectures,
Does not mean the truth implied has even come close to being realized.

* * * *

The passionate mind is the birth and rebirth,
The cause and effect, of the ceaseless suffering of duality.
There is tranquil agreeableness in the dispassion of timeless awareness.

* * * *

Why would it ever appeal to anyone
To be pigeonholed in their inner quest?
Why be classified for the yearning to ascertain
That birthright prior to any sound given conception?
You are, and that is really all there is to say.

* * * *

Any given mythos may try to explain the journey,
But none can convey any to where all paths end.

* * * *

Everything seen, everything heard, everything tasted, everything felt, everything smelt,
Everything prior, everything beyond what any mind can measure,
Everything thought, everything not thought,
All that is, all is not,
It is all You.

* * * *

Try to see others as You would your Self.
Have compassion for the many trials all must face.
None are really different than your own.

* * * *

At some point in some given hereness-nowness,
Some minds undergo a crisis, a watershed, of consciousness,
And begin a long and winding and solitary divergence toward eternal reunion.

* * * *

The perceptions and reflections of reality are not reality.

* * * *

For the rare few, mind is a quantum seed that sprouts and grows,
Flowering into timeless realization, eternal liberation,
Conscious awareness of the original nature.

* * * *

As long as You believe your little self-absorbed identity real and true,
Maya will be only too happy to inflict, to collect, the levy of suffering.

* * * *

Any given mind-body experiencing offers its own means to the eternal.
It will be realized by earnest seekers in every time, in every space, imaginable.
There is really only one Way, but there are any number of pathless paths to discern it.

* * * *

Peel away the masks of all deities to find your own faceless nature.

* * * *

Though it may often not appear so, though it may not often seem so,
And others may use your confusion to their own ends if You permit it,
You are the captain, You are the navigator, of your little portion of soul.

* * * *

The seeds of creation and destruction are within each other.

* * * *

The countless abuses of affluence have ever been set before You.
Those whose greed helms their destiny have neither heart nor mind for eternity.
Their absorption with gold and other shiny things blinds them to the reality of the. Mystery.

* * * *

To identify with any movement of thought is delusion.
Only in awareness is there any relationship with reality.

* * * *

You journey from fad to fad, believing You live meaningfully.
What folly to think pleasure after pleasure will redeem your longing mind.
The endless hunger for more is utterly empty and insignificant.

* * * *

The senses read only an illusionary sliver
Of the total functioning of that which is quantum.
They cannot even begin to touch its unmanifest reality.

* * * *

Many may believe they know god through one dogmatic assertion or another,
But what can any ever truly know of that which is prior to all,

If they have not discerned it within.

* * * *

All that can ever be perceived is but a kaleidoscoping light show.
The quantum reality prior to all manifested is for intuition's telling.

* * * *

You must cultivate and harvest your Self, your Self.

* * * *

Delving into the nature of this ethereal dreamtime
Is like wandering about the backstage of a theater set,
Examining all the ropes and pulleys and such for your Self.

* * * *

Surely this world is more than just a sandbox for children to give in to unbridled craving.

* * * *

In darkness, a light turns on, space takes shape, time begins.
Turn the light off, and all manifestation disappears.
When was it there? When was it not?

* * * *

Why bring innocent children into this strife-filled, often absurd world
If You do not intend, or cannot give them, an empowering foundation?

* * * *

Whether the emphasis is on one teacher or teaching,
Or a wander through a wide array of teachers and teachings,
All are in reality nothing more than masks of the same quantum matrix.

* * * *

Why participate in any organized religion?
Your awareness is a portal as absolute as any,
And You may well articulate things far more sanely.

* * * *

How unsteady the helm when the captain is confounded by a sea of ignorance.

* * * *

If time was real, it could be traveled by more than imagination.
You could observe your birth, your death, and any moment between.
And perhaps even broadcast it live on some online feed, as well.

* * * *

Why so few settle for less than the most distilled essence
Is a question without answer, an answer without question.

* * * *

Wailing for the dead and dying only displays ignorance
Of the immortal reality of this intangible light show.

* * * *

So-called spiritual experiences are not required to discern and own the presence.
Clarity of mind in the awareness of each and every moment is more than enough.

* * * *

Why say good-bye when there was really never a need for hello?

* * * *

Time and space are in the realm of dualistic notion.
What You travel through is an indivisible dream.

* * * *

We all play the game of mortality for as long as the dream allows.

* * * *

Even quantum manifest can get a ticket, so pay the meter.

* * * *

There is insight to be discerned, yet in so few does the fullness of awareness bloom.

* * * *

You are That I Am.
The ultimate job description,
However You are drawn to play it out.

* * * *

Do not most of us occasionally wonder
What we might have done differently with our given existence?
But, in this quantum theater, would another route
Really have been all that different?

* * * *

Do You truly believe your puny little personality,
Your gratuitous perception of identity,
All your noxious little habits,
All your silly beliefs,
Are what will be someday reborn?

* * * *

How convenient it is for the superstitious mind
To praise some god or rue some devil
For all things daily causeless.

* * * *

Never forget That which can never be remembered in any given now.

Chapter Twelve

To judge someone by their past
Is to miss what they may have learned,
Or have yet to learn from it.

* * * *

The good news is that: yes, You can be free.
The drag is that it is up to You to figure it out.

* * * *

You may wish to survive a real threat, but need not cater to imaginary ones.

* * * *

The use of technology without wisdom
Is akin to a room full of children
Playing with loaded guns.

* * * *

How can god be dead If it was never born?

* * * *

Look in that mirror: What is your vanity?

* * * *

We are all cousins of the same origin.

* * * *

You are a human being by design only,
And from the eternal perspective,
Fads change very quickly.

* * * *

Every label You attach to,
Every perception You identify with,
Is but another link in the chain,
Another bar of the prison.

* * * *

Own your given virtue, your given quality.
Put behind You all guilt, all hesitation, all remorse.
Rest content in the serene indivisibility.
You are eternally absolved.

* * * *

The god state is a persevering realization
And You will absorb the conviction
Sooner than You may think.
After all, there is eternity to play.

* * * *

No matter what You do, no matter what You think,
You will never become anything more, anything less,
Than what You already are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

At some point You must put down the books; You will not find it in them.

* * * *

Your existence is the proof.

* * * *

In as many moments as You are able, contemplate that none of this is really happening.

* * * *

Playing the spiritual hierarchy game only puts off your reunion

* * * *

The mind-body is a temporal vessel of finite patterning,
In which the infinite has potential to consciously manifest.

* * * *

The intellect is like a seed that must transcend its limitations to blossom into liberation.

* * * *

What dulling, insipid upbringing was it that convinced You that You are real?
How naive, how gullible, how credulous, how foolish, were You this round?

* * * *

Your fear of the unknown is unwarranted.
You are it, have ever been it, will ever be it.

* * * *

There is nothing not filled of the quantum essence,
It is only the dearth of awareness of its real and true nature
That creates the confusion we all too clearly witness.

* * * *

How deft and articulate and persuasive the antichrists
When they collect your earnest tithing for their idolatry.

* * * *

How often do You wonder how You will die?

The more dark your imagination, the better.

* * * *

That transient puking up his guts is You on the same street in another dream.
What thoughts passed when You witnessed him carrying his splintery cross?

* * * *

If You have a larger vision, if wisdom calls You, it is not hard to find.
It dwells in every crook, in every cranny, of this magical dreamtime.

* * * *

You can never go back, You can never return, to what You once were.
You have seen too much, and can only carry on wherever the fates lead.

* * * *

Admission to eternity will cost You everything You hold dear, chiefly your mind.

* * * *

You must choose to be free; no one else can do it for You.

* * * *

Most would not know a Christ if s/he swore it on a stack of bibles.

* * * *

You are free not to be afraid of life or death, or any other notion.

* * * *

Be cautious that those You listen so intently to
Are speaking of the ultimate state that frees You.
Settle for anything less, You sell your potential short.

* * * *

Your life is the result of your mind-body
And the circumstances of your individual dream.
Can You take all that experience and fearlessly extrapolate
Until your light shines equally on all manifestation?

* * * *

The way You choose to live may well be the way You are choosing to die.

* * * *

Your reality is prior to imagination.

* * * *

The arrogance of those in any given organized religion
Is an endless carnival from which to watch and learn.

* * * *

If your happiness is dependent on form or happenstance,
Then You have not fully owned your quantum birthright.

* * * *

In the chess game with god, eventually You discern You are playing both sides.

* * * *

To see only your own suffering is to miss a major lesson of existence.

* * * *

Hear and believe your true voice.
Trust You will know what to do any given moment,
That there are no real mistakes, that there is nothing to regret or fear.

* * * *

The needs of the body are one thing,
The cravings of the impassioned mind another.
Psychological suffering is the result of turmoil born of desire.

* * * *

Those using insight into the patterning for self-serving purpose do no one any favors.

* * * *

You are free to be unburdened by all the suffering.

* * * *

Free your Self of the notion of original sin, that You were born evil.
It is nothing more than an idea inspired by ignorance, by greed, by the need to control,
That the pure awareness You most definitely are, did not choose at birth.
There is no sin, no iniquity, only dualistic whimsy.

* * * *

Though any can realize they are a cosmic dancer
If they have the discerning pluck and determined tenacity,
The inexplicable does not blossom in unfertile, unprepared ground.
There may be little more one can do than wish them bon voyage and move on.

* * * *

The Jesus who really was, was a realized mortal,
Ultimately no different than You, who placed himself in the line of fire
To make a declaration about the original nature of all.
When will You see and own the lesson?

* * * *

When You own the original nature, the sins of the universe are erased.
How can notions born of imagination ever be considered real and true?

* * * *

This poor wee garden and all its critters would be more than a little better off
If humans were all far less responsible in the so-called civilized world,
And a great deal more so in the higher-wiser-all-is-one sense.

* * * *

You see the muddle human synergy has made of it.
Nothing can change, nothing will change, if You do not.

* * * *

Cease praying for personal gain.
Your humility and virtue shine far brighter
Than any worldly pile of false gold.

* * * *

Remind yourself in every moment possible that what You see is not what there is to see.

* * * *

The part is never apart from the whole.

* * * *

Few grasp reality because most cannot apperceive what they cannot see.

* * * *

Break through the sidelessness where relativity of duality is unknown.

* * * *

We are all drawn to the scale we can fathom; absoluteness is a rare calling.

* * * *

Peace is as near as your willingness to fully embrace the detachment required.

* * * *

A conspiracy of one

* * * *

In so little time, in so little space, we have certainly screwed things up
Well beyond anything our ancestors likely could have ever imagined.

* * * *

Sexuality is like any hunger,
You feed it, and it disappears.
You deny it, and it devours You.

Chapter Thirteen

The still point now, ever fresh,
Is the boundless spring of the eternal,

The dawn of creation and dusk of destruction.
It is where pleasure and pain, cause and effect are not.
It is where the timelessness of awareness streams conscious.

* * * *

Some of the many things
That bring the greatest contentment:
Healthy food and drink, breathing in, breathing out,
A cleansing shower, real friends, real loves,
A nap on the grass, an aimless stroll.

* * * *

Living aimlessly finds the mark.

* * * *

Evolution is god's way of kneading consciousness.

* * * *

Enculturated life is like white bread, yeasted fluff without much substance.

* * * *

In the war of destruction that we have ceaselessly waged upon her,
Mother Nature has never, nor will ever, take prisoners.
You either work with her, or against her,
There is no middle ground.

* * * *

There is likely nobody as fascinated with You as You are.

* * * *

Intelligence cannot be legislated.

* * * *

There is nothing sacred in the quest for that which is sacred.

* * * *

Many fail to realize the leap to liberation
Because the many voices, the many mirrors of mythos,
Whisper surrender too great a gamble.

* * * *

Think about all the many steps, all the many decisions,
It has taken You to reach this point in time.
How impossible, how overwhelming, it would have been
To have anticipated the long and winding journey when You first began.

* * * *

Witness, dweller, awareness, soul, atman, brahman, god,

Are but inept concepts describing the youness, You truly are.

* * * *

The most consecrated moments are when all sense of separation dissolves.
Sweeping away false divisions, false notions, is what your existence is about.

* * * *

We are all the lambs of godness
Moving towards the slaughterhouse
In chutes of our own choiceless choices.

* * * *

There is little point in attempting things
For which You have no physical or mental capacity,
Or seeking experiences which jeopardize your health and well-being.
Manifestation is limitation no matter how yogic the stretch,
And all attempts to prove yourself are but vanity.

* * * *

You seek and learn from a vast array of mirrors.
They are all reflections cast by the light of beingness.
Resistance ends when none are tainted by dualistic notion.

* * * *

Judgment is an act of separation.
Discern the indivisible awarenesss,
And the weighing will dissolve eternal.

* * * *

How complicated we make existence with all our imagined divisions.
So many spend their existence generating unnecessary rancor,
All because, in ignorance, they believe their thoughts real.

* * * *

For consciousness to be anywhere but here now
Is a long and winding path laced with suffering.

* * * *

If time and space were real, You could stop and linger for awhile.
But, alas, even the stillest stones are churning in the quantum sea.

* * * *

Why spend so much time dredging the imaginary past,
Especially when it often causes such mindless havoc.

* * * *

The mind-body any given human manifests
Plays a huge part in the reflections it will experience.

Seeing the reality beyond all mirrors is an insight few meander.

* * * *

Every deed and thought creates a ripple in consciousness.
Find that stillpoint, that quality of awareness, that momentary witness,
Where the ever-churning cause and effect crafted of time and space are no more.

* * * *

How can anyone exist not giving their whole being to totally reunifying with totality?

* * * *

Why do children cry at birth?
Perhaps because the first taste of separation is so unutterably terrifying.

* * * *

The ignorance of delusion passes from generation to generation.
Wisdom must ever be discerned and distilled by each anew.

* * * *

So many thought images flowing in your mind.
Are You aware of the waves as they rise and fall?
Can You look closely enough to penetrate the depths
Of your ocean to discern the reckoning of their source?
That is where You will discover and own the ultimate nature.

* * * *

The symbol is not the thing, and ultimately the thing is not the thing either.

* * * *

The rational mind must erupt in crisis to blossom into the no-mind.

* * * *

Water and oil mix just fine from the indivisible view.

* * * *

There probably is not one religion that does not claim to be divinely unique.
True, perhaps, in a limited manifest sense, but from the unmanifest view, not.

* * * *

You must travel lightly to keep up with the moment.

* * * *

The mind functions in time.
Timelessness is the death of identity,
Which resists as desperately as a fish out of water,
With every ounce of its dualistic nature.

* * * *

Do we individually choose to manifest
Is beyond knowing and less than a concern.
The point in fact is that You are dreaming here now,
And may choose to make the best of the opportunity or not.

* * * *

When the present is approached timelessly, there is a dreamlike flowing
That makes even the most chaotic and mundane times equally inadvertent.

* * * *

Every mask has many capacities and limitations.
To reside in vanity is a yellow brick road,
Paved with sentient suffering.

* * * *

Declare to your Self, 'I am the Way.'
Now, discover what that vision entails.

* * * *

Awareness knows no boundaries and harbors no delusions.

* * * *

Sex and the countless other pleasures of the senses
Take a back seat when contrasted to this reunion within.
What earthly pleasure can possibly match eternal salvation?

* * * *

All your emphasis on light and the many shadows it casts,
Is just more play, more distraction, of the illusional mind.
You are the indivisibly absolute prior to all light shows.

* * * *

If all You see a world of sin, it is your own confusion creating the confusion.

* * * *

You think You know so much, and that is your blindness.

* * * *

Spread good intention whenever possible.

* * * *

You cannot surrender to a concept, a notion.
Surrendering is prior to all thought about it.

* * * *

Now, now, now, now, forever now.
Time and space is naught but an illusion,
A priori in a most delusional sense.

* * * *

The senses are merely specialized nerve endings
Evolved though eternity's quantum orchestration.

* * * *

The eternity of time traverses all creation.

* * * *

Hard to want to keep pretending that You are one of the inmates, too.

* * * *

Integrity, one of the ideals to which too few succumb.

* * * *

With detachment comes serenity and compassion.

* * * *

See the light,
Hear the light,
Touch the light,
Taste the light,
Feel the light.
Be the light.

* * * *

The eternal ether courses through the veins of the river of creation,

* * * *

Life is food for thought, a feast born of imagination.

* * * *

Every bubble of awareness, whether instinctual or conscious, its own unique vision.

* * * *

Within every moment's creation-preservation-destruction, an imaginary glimmer.

* * * *

Awareness of the awareness is potential in all.

Chapter Fourteen

The beasts seem so content in the ever-streaming moment.
How did You mislay that timeless awareness, that childlike quality?
What was it that enticed You from the garden, beguiled You from the source,
But the intractable, remorseless weaving of desire and fear,
And other passions inspired by the vanities.

* * * *

Those who assert god (a.k.a., quantum) is in all things,
That its unfolding nature is even witness in You,
Are not just saying what You want to hear.

* * * *

A gust of wind is as real as any quest for glory.

* * * *

If your body is tangible, if it is real, why does it change so?

* * * *

What anyone else thinks of You matters only if fear gives it weight.

* * * *

All desire, all angst, is fabricated by the attachment to the mind-body identity.
Without the manifest form You would not exist, You would not be,
And there would be nothing to want, nothing to fear.

* * * *

The moment-to-moment experiencing of consciousness
Is akin to using a light bulb to cast hand shadows on a wall.

* * * *

A teacher is always willing to teach students willing to learn.

* * * *

Any idea is as real as the mind creating it.

* * * *

How harsh to be judged solely by exteriors.

* * * *

Are You anything more than a careening set of measurements?

* * * *

Just being takes practice.

* * * *

Revolutionaries, despite all rhetoric
Of fairness, of justice, of equality, for all,
Usually yearn for more than a fistful of dollars.

* * * *

All are beginners, no matter how singular.

* * * *

There are no experts in this field, just knowers of the knowing.

* * * *

What another thinks of You need not be your concern.

* * * *

It is your story; there is no author-ity but You.

* * * *

You have yet to meet someone or something
That is not a mirror of your own awareness.

* * * *

End all concern of becoming something or someone.
What You really are is before everything and nothing.

* * * *

The world, the universe, is dreamt by the mind through the senses.
You are source, You are witness, as free and clear as You choose.

* * * *

What is that physical form to which You are so attached
But flesh, blood, and bones wandering about in a body bag.

* * * *

The world exists because You are witness.
Without your presence, none of this would be.

* * * *

Observe the face and body of someone You consider physically desirable
And imagine his/her skeleton tuning into dust in some not to distant future.

* * * *

What are You afraid of losing?
Your identity, your body, your things?
Get real.

* * * *

The quest for permanency constantly erodes before your eyes.

* * * *

There are an infinite number of ways
To experience living and dying.
The ultimate You experiences them all.
The trick is fearlessly embracing their teaching.

* * * *

The stillness of awareness You are

Has always been and will ever be the same.
The only meaningful difference there can possibly be
Is awakening to the awareness of the awareness.

* * * *

Conditions set by any given mythos need not be more than endured.

* * * *

Your time-bound desire for consistency and permanence
Is born of ignorance and confusion framed in duality.

* * * *

When the font of true Self fills the emptied container,
You own everything ever contemplated on the matter.

* * * *

The so-called civilized manner humanity has chosen to manifest,
Is a coffin crafted of blind ignorance and unbounded delusion.

* * * *

The mind seeks ordered consistency,
But the manifest reality of true nature
Is ever the order of spontaneous chaos.
Awareness suffers no divisive boundaries.

* * * *

How mesmerizing this mystery.
Maya casts a spell of blinding ignorance
Using the guiding reigns of the mind-body identity,
And the multitudes compliantly follow the tantalizing carrots
With little question of the underlying, ultimate reality.

* * * *

Ants, bees, and all the other wandering beasts are true sanyasis.
Their instinctual aimlessness is the high mystery in manifest form.

* * * *

How do You spend your life? You put food and liquid in, poop and piss it out.
You make and buy and take and sell and toss and lose and give things.
You put the body through a seemingly infinite variety of paces,
And then slumber or medicate yourself to rejuvenate.
Your form deals with a nearly endless series of states and stages,
And in the end, it will be as any dream, as if nothing at all had ever happened.

* * * *

Seeing that your universe is entirely your creation,
That You were misinformed about your part in the dance,
Turns everything out of kilter in a timelessly kiltered sort of way.

* * * *

Do whatever it is You need to do, want to do, with your brief, mundane existence.
Experience anything, everything that entices You hither-thither.
Sense every sense until it makes sense.

* * * *

Even the greatest portion is but a slice of the whole.
The tiniest morsel is ever of the same quantum recipe.

* * * *

All identity is but a habit, a patterning of human conditioning.
The broom of discerning awareness sweeps it immaculate.

* * * *

The throes of attachment are the most opportune time
To witness how thoroughly You believe your part real.

* * * *

These insights cannot be taught.
Those who are hungry will seek it out
Through whatever venue is made available.
Wisdom is the distillation of experience.

* * * *

The complexities of science are ever in the eye of the beholder.

* * * *

It may be disturbing to realize that You do not really exist,
But the fact remains that your ultimate destiny is oblivion.

* * * *

What was before the so-called big bang, and what will be after?
How many creations have come and gone? And how many will be hence?
Anything and everything is possible in the realm of absoluteness.

* * * *

No mathematical equation will ever grasp or explain the mystery of it all.
They, like words, or any other symbol, are by their nature ever incomplete.

* * * *

What does any eye see but what it creates?
The world is a mirage of the mind's making.

* * * *

Is any mythology any more than the groupthink of ethnocentric notion?

* * * *

Exactly which direction do time and space travel?

* * * *

What is so disconcerting, so terrible, so incomprehensible,
As to deny others the altered states of consciousness
That are so readily offered by this garden paradise.
Who is anyone to tell another how to live their reality?

* * * *

Surely, You do not really believe You are the only one who does that?

* * * *

Do You really think the voice within?

* * * *

Challenge the fear: Discern that which requires the greatest courage.

* * * *

That mind sure can wander the hither and thither.

* * * *

Truth, reality, is in the random wander of any given day's moment-to-moment.

Chapter Fifteen

You are the same mystery of which earthquakes, hurricanes, lightning,
Volcanoes, supernovas, quasars, black holes and big bangs are made.

* * * *

Why is it that humankind seems incapable of greater awareness?
Will the seed of the fall from Eden's grace ever blossom into consciousness?
Certainly, questions well beyond the scope of this temporal window,
Though the seed to that potential is ever the same now.

* * * *

Vanity blinds You to your true purity.

* * * *

There is always a choice, unless there is not.

* * * *

Wrest your soul from delusion.

* * * *

Seekers of truth are like moths to a flame, their destiny, oblivion.

* * * *

Sweep out the fear of death, the fear of oblivion, the fear of no longer being.
There is nothing to dread, nothing to avoid, but what imagination concocts.

* * * *

You are the manifest way, absoluteness witnessing its Self.
You are the dreamtime experiencing, the totality functioning.

* * * *

Science as so many discern it is the ultimate expression of dualistic notion.

* * * *

And what headlines will there be tomorrow?

* * * *

Be as fluid as water is to cloud is to rain is to ice, each has its time, ever the same.

* * * *

How can You really believe any of your adversaries real?
All for such vain reasons You will find the fingers counting.

* * * *

All who have ever or will ever see this dream for what it is
Have been along different points of the same indivisibility.

* * * *

Why identify yourself at all? Why crimp the immeasurable?

* * * *

Others define You, as You do them, by the role they imagine.

* * * *

How many times have You been aware that what You were witnessing
Did not seem important or meaningful, but went along with anyway?

* * * *

Consciousness is an indivisible spectrum of imaginary degrees of separation.

* * * *

Desire and fear often meander unleashed
When there is a lack of full, relaxed breathing,
And a busy mind that cannot contain its Self.

* * * *

As this awareness consumes more of your wakeful state,
You will find your Self practicing mindfulness naturally.

* * * *

With these words your death as an imagined identity is sought.

* * * *

You are whatever the weaving spins.

* * * *

What is behind any mask, any façade, but what You yourself imagine?

* * * *

Mindfulness is anticipating the rippling impact
Of who and what and where and when and why and how You place your feet.
Walk as harmlessly or harmfully as the situation merits.

* * * *

Everything You think You know: every memory, every belief, every opinion,
Is a temporal fabrication, a dream whose reality can never ultimately be proven.

* * * *

Like and dislike, pain and pleasure, male and female, white and black, true and false,
All sides of the same coin created by dreamers locked in memes of dualistic notion.

* * * *

Toss out the buddhas and christs, and all the other idolatries You mimic
They impede your discerning, owning, what it was they were pointing out.

* * * *

Your mind-identity is a perceived record patterned by the relative etchings of time.
All dissolve into dreamy insignificance once You as witness are timelessly witnessed.

* * * *

After a certain point, it is almost wearingly, laughingly absurd
To have to continually deal with the inanities of the mind-body.

* * * *

King or pawn, both just pieces on a quantum board.

* * * *

The fountain of youth is the eternal spring within.

* * * *

Godness has no name, why do You?

* * * *

Sticks and stones break bones.
Words injure if You give them weight.
What hurts, however, is entirely imagined.

* * * *

The desire for endless amusement is a mindless yellow brick road of distraction.

* * * *

The first and last question is who are You?
Once answered, there really are no more.

* * * *

Tarry as You will with the delusional when it amuses You,
Always remembering that all that reflected ignorance
Creates the opportunity to apprehend your own.

* * * *

Wisdom is simply the distillation of experience.

* * * *

Possessing or controlling another is in no way, no shape, no form, an exhibition of love.

* * * *

Everyone behaves the way they do for exactly the same reasons as You.

* * * *

The body generally forgets the pains of injuries once they have healed,
But the mind born of imagination ever clings to that which it fabricates.

* * * *

Why do You play the continuity game?
Perhaps because it is more beguiling to dream
Than to awaken to indivisibility's unrestrained rainbow.

* * * *

It all becomes so clearly obvious that You wonder that it took so long to see it.

* * * *

Be of good cheer at the demise of your identification with the body-mind.
You are at last eternally free of the many constraints of human concoction.

* * * *

To awaken to all the mind's ceaseless fabrications
To be deluded no longer by the imaginings of desire and fear,
The irony of how seriously You have taken yourself becomes Self-apparent.

* * * *

Realize You are the central focus of your worldly dreamtime creation.
Open up to the fact that every other life form on this planet
Witnesses this conundrum exactly the same way.
Respect the sovereignty inherent in all.

* * * *

Again and again, moderation and balance are important keys to clear, sane living.

If You insist on excessiveness, error in favor of the awareness, the unknowable within.

* * * *

Regarding inner exploration with the aid of drugs,
Just be aware that once any jaunt begins,
There is no getting off until it ends.

* * * *

Idealism springs from a wellspring of intentions,
But is ever contained by the barriers of ignorance.

* * * *

There is no need to follow any personality, or join any group.
Freedom is for each alone to realize and preserve.
Those who would deprive your birthright
Are better left in the streaming dreamtime wake.
To give undo significance to any in denial of your autonomy
Is to deprive your Self the unique opportunity of this mystery-given lifetime.

* * * *

Those rare beings who discover the false separation of the universe within,
Free themselves of all binds in the realm of conscious awareness.
Through their eternal freedom heaven opens to the manifest.

* * * *

To be eternally reborn, to never perish again, You must die to what never was.

* * * *

Just because You can does not mean You must.

* * * *

Through contrasts, the whole is revealed.

* * * *

Life is an adventure to which security is a necessary impediment.

* * * *

Hard to win a bet against ignorance.

* * * *

Is there any demon that does not, in some deep, hidden recess,
Have even a spot, a spark, of goodness, perchance compassion?

* * * *

To want nothing, to fear nothing,
To be open to all in heart and mind,
To be that love which is wholly selfless,
That is agape.

* * * *

Through thought and deed, the mystery is discerned.

* * * *

If You understand science and its methodology,
You know it has been proven beyond all doubt that all is one,
And that You are an equal part of that oneness,
Witness to its eternal mystery.

Chapter Sixteen

The lone drop catapulting above the indivisible crashing wave
Entertains the mistaken perception of individuality,
But only until its inevitable return home.

* * * *

Like any other beast with limbs, fins, or wings,
You are a sack of bones that appears to move around.
You have the potential to realize awareness of the indivisible,
But do You have the capacity for discernment, do You have the doubt?

* * * *

Pure eternal awareness is the common ground for all

* * * *

Who will give their life to own an immaculate birth?

* * * *

Even just one life, no matter the role played, is an eternal epic.

* * * *

The now that You perceive, the now to which You cling, is already ash.

* * * *

How foolish to be attached to anything that cannot last in anything more than time.

* * * *

You are as much nothing as everything.

* * * *

In the realm of the inadvertent consequences of its historical emanation,
Humankind is not leaving itself much scope for viable engagement.
In current jargon, it is coined ‘painting yourself into a corner.’

* * * *

Discern the face and mind You had before birth; it is without attributes.

* * * *

Now is ever the point of reckoning.

* * * *

Only madmen, fools, and children question why.

* * * *

What You seek in relationship outwardly, You must first and foremost discern within.

* * * *

Life and death amble serenely arm in arm.

* * * *

What goes up must come down.
Existence is a statistical mystery.

* * * *

Love thy Self.

* * * *

Gaia has always been in absolute and perfect balance.
Disharmony is but consciousness as humanity manifests it.

* * * *

Neither telescopes nor microscopes, nor any other technology,
Will aid your comprehending what this quantum mystery truly is.

* * * *

It is not the leaves that move,
Nor is it the breeze that moves them.
It is the stirring mind that creates everything.

* * * *

What is manifest existence as most live it but a dulling preservation
Of a bag of bones, its relationships, its possessions, and its thoughts.

* * * *

The mind-body identity ever seeks fulfillment.
It is the intertwining of insatiable desires and trammeling fears.
The quietude of awareness is the oblivion of origin,
Well prior to all mortal trepidations.

* * * *

You are governed by continuity
Because You give it the weight of reality.
Space-time plays out its illusion in every given mind.

* * * *

Travel prior to all experience, all cause and effect, until only the ungraspable,
Untamable, immutable dreamtime experiencing of timeless nowness remains.

* * * *

Cause and effect are time-bound concepts of continuity
Born of the mind's subjective collusion with the senses.

* * * *

All desires for form and concept are the projection of memory,
Which has no relationship with the present moment
Other than passing blindly through it.

* * * *

To spend your existence counting a mound of gold
Is to miss the immeasurable wealth You truly are.

* * * *

About the technical matters of the manifest, You may pretend to know a great deal,
But regarding the source of this mystery, You will never extract a measurable clue.

* * * *

The illusion of existence is like a game played long and hard,
But sooner or later the final buzzer sounds,
And it is time to go home.

* * * *

The sun makes the light show possible,
But the source of its power is ever You.

* * * *

The more You have, the more You must straighten, dust, maintain and protect.
How many endless distractions from the one and only reality do You require?

* * * *

Yearning for an order, a stability, that the dream can never provide,
The mortal mind-body identity inevitably loses equanimity
When circumstances fall short of expectations.

* * * *

All your stresses are related to your desire
And the knowing dread that they can never be fulfilled,
That their temporary and egocentric nature will ever be incomplete.

* * * *

Trying to hold on to now is like a drowning swimmer
Grasping for a life preserver moving ever out of reach.

* * * *

What You are attached to is not outward manifestation,
But the habitual movement of the ceaseless thoughts about it,
Personality is the outcome of this patterned consumption.

* * * *

Empires and mountains and galaxies come and go.
The quantum isness indivisibly pervades them all.

* * * *

Do You not grow weary of all the scams instigated in the name of some god?
Look into the depths of the aloneness within, for that which is most truly true.

* * * *

Do not confuse aloneness with loneliness; the latter is time-bound, the former eternal.

* * * *

That lifeless moth on the windowsill
Is your manifest body's most certain conclusion.
Its vessel was as fleeting as your own.

* * * *

Mother Gaia, like your Self, is a smidgeon of indivisibility,
That must one day cease being the playground of dreamtime.

* * * *

All manifest diversity is imagined.
It is but a light show, a sensory illusion,
Masking the indivisible, unassailable unicity.

* * * *

The only way any deity will intervene in this manifest play is through You.

* * * *

Clayness manifest reflects godness for You,
You reflect yourself for the unmanifest godness.
The sculptor and the sculpted are one in the same.

* * * *

It is easy to maintain a sense of union with isness
When life is pleasant and unburdened and easily traversed.
But when times are challenging, for whatever reason,
That is the genuine telling of your illusory epic.

* * * *

What You think of yourself or another,
What others think of themselves or You,
None of it means anything past the vanity,

And your death to time ends all concern.

* * * *

Subject and object are fashioned by the temporal manifestation.
Neither plays itself out without the other in this dualistic weaving.

* * * *

Become the totality You are.
All thoughts about it, all delusions about it,
Are nothing more than a diverting dance with the vanities.

* * * *

Each and every moment in any ever-changing stage setting
Is cloaked in the mystery You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

To discover and unify with isness
You must long for it with your entire being.
Though the mind is the medium that gets You there
The inseparable has nothing to do with any thoughts about it.

* * * *

Existence, when seen though the personal eye, is a complex, unending maze.
Through the impersonal gaze, it is a masterfully choreographed, illusory dance.

* * * *

Dive beneath the choppy waves of the mind's reefs,
Into the silent, serene depths of eternal beingness.

* * * *

You are an eternal mixture of clay and gold, both mundane and extraordinary.

* * * *

Until the day the body returns to dust,
You will face a vast array of temptations
Ceaselessly concocted by a restless mind.

* * * *

There is nothing You must prove, nothing You must become.
It has all been a laughable hoax played out by the mind seeking security,
When none was at all possible, or really ever even necessary.

* * * *

Never been much for people telling You how to live, have You?

* * * *

Samadhi is a mind on empty.

* * * *

We are all food in something's dream.

* * * *

True meditation is the ending of time, the stillness before time,
Complete and utter surrender, within and without,
To the ever-presentness of Self.

* * * *

It is the indivisible awareness,
The quantum nothingness of eternity,
That is the essence of all things.

* * * *

There is not a moment that goes by that You are not making up your mind.

* * * *

You are guiltless, innocent of all charges.

* * * *

You are ultimately your own teacher, teaching your Self.

* * * *

Quantum is the scientific name for God.

* * * *

Spin the tale on the mystery.

* * * *

Why pretend what You do not feel?

* * * *

So many teachers that You have long since lost count.

* * * *

In beginnings, there is creation, in endings, destruction.
And between, whatever can be preserved for its brief while.

* * * *

Why that which is immortal would choose to experience mortal fare
Is an inexplicable mystery all must fathom at the core of their beingness.

Chapter Seventeen

(Under Construction)

Leftovers Added to ‘The Return to Wonder’

(Transferred to fill out the diminished ten-page blocks during the very gradual edit underway since September 2015)

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown

Dedicated to all those fated to ponder the mystery
From which all things small to great
Are indivisibly created.

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
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Chapter One

Here You are, a drop of the grand mystery,
Weighing in as best You can with what tools You have,
Still unable to fathom any who-what-where-when-why-how to it.
What can You do but be here, be now, temporal witness to the dream of time.

* * * *

If it is your calling, your fortune, your kismet, your fate, your destiny,
You will discern the me within You, the You within me, the same me,
The same awareness within and between all things small to great.

* * * *

Other than the endlessly wearing reality
That two-legged existence is politics from the get-go,
Why would it matter even one iota what any other thinks of You?
Forever alone, You must daily pretend You are not.

* * * *

Light gets in your eye; sound, in your ear; taste, in your mouth;
Touch, in your flesh; smell in your nose; a universe in your mind.

* * * *

Informal communities are a little more relaxed,
A little more cordial, a little more civil, little less disheartening,
Than the more organized, teeming, frenzied kind.

* * * *

How can You think
You have accomplished anything
If You have not yet discovered the unconditioned?

* * * *

The universe has been spontaneously, ingeniously crafted
That You might penetrate this point in time,
Conscious witness to the play.
The price of the ticket: ecstasy, agony, death.

* * * *

The world, the universe, the hologram, the matrix, the quantum, call it what You will,
Is in a relentless state of consumption, a constant state of fluctuation,
Unscathed, unchanged, uncaring, all the while.

* * * *

To all who caste themselves upon high, who herald themselves greater,
Know well there are many who reside on the level playing field
Who do not and will never subscribe to hollow pretense.
Might may make right, but it does not make true.

* * * *

Duality is temporal illusion.
There truly is no other.
Nor was there ever a second.
The real You, has always been, ever is,
And will ever be, number one, first and last, inexplicably so.

* * * *

Identity is but an imprisoning, painful habit,
A play of light of temporal reality,
A fabrication to which mind desperately clings.
It requires the greatest courage of spirit to journey beyond it.

* * * *

At some point playing a prescribed identity
And participating in the collusion
Becomes so insufferable
Seeking release is not a choice.

* * * *

Wander with an empty cup,
Always an apprentice, always a beginner.
Eventually, perhaps You will even do away with the cup.

* * * *

You may use a variety of drugs

To understand the relativity of consciousness,
But remember they are but tools to be consumed in moderation,
That it is the essential nature, not the medicine,
Which is being explored.

* * * *

Remember always that You are the creator of this playful illusion.
When You surrender and journey timelessly prior and beyond birth and death,
There is a growing awareness of the absolute's infinite power within.
A time to be even more wary of Maya's enticing games.

* * * *

You know only what has been agreed upon within the given cultural blend.
Beyond the echoing collusion of any mythological set,
You can really know nothing.

* * * *

Until one sees it as an illusory, kaleidoscoping theater of light,
Pleasure and pain, the vexation that consciousness is,
Will continue, oblivious to the timeless at hand.

* * * *

So, what is the point?
The point is: Here You are, right now, it is all You.
Breathe it in, breathe it out.

* * * *

You know only what has been agreed upon within the given cultural blend.
Beyond the echoing collusion of any mythological set,
You can really know nothing.

* * * *

Consume whatever You will,
But always, keep a firm reign of moderation
As You ride the mad bull through all its potential consequences.

* * * *

Male and female merge in the throes of sexual ecstasy.
In the quiet tempest of goo, two fertile eggs unite.
In the mystery of the woman’s dark womb,
In the eternal stillness before time,
The seed grows, forms into life.
Out comes an organism,
Wired for a fate yet unknown,
Into a universe of its own conception.

* * * *

You cannot expect, or even hope,

That many will even begin to comprehend
This inward journey You are compelled to wander.
It is a lifetime sojourn into the utter aloneness of true nature.
It is a many-are-called-few-are-chosen-fewer-still-volunteer kind of thing.

* * * *

Neither resistance nor acceptance will connect You to the ultimate state of awareness.
You must be, allow, embrace, every aspect of consciousness as a whole,
If You are to rediscover the unbound state of the newborn.

* * * *

The other creates opportunity for reflection,
Something to which many throughout time and space
Have given their lives over, most often willingly, sometime not.
It is a creative enterprise, the pleasure of which sustains beyond measure.

Chapter Two

That little gratification, that little pleasure,
That little satisfaction, that little amusement, that little enjoyment,
That little hedonistic longing, that little decadent inclination, that little narcissistic notion,
How much do You really need it? How important is it, really?

* * * *

Double-speakers calling the circle, square, and the square, circle.
And weary octagons forever on their own, ever out on limbs too far.

* * * *

Every moment springing simultaneously anew within the indivisible quantum matrix.
All its concoctions, all its innumerable forms, ever the same source,
Ever the same awareness, ever the same you-ness,
Ever the same boggling mystery.
How astounding this indelible Song of Godness,
This eternal eye gazing out the masks and veils of manifestation.

* * * *

Awareness is the ‘awakeness’ of all living creations,
Of the indivisible quantum matrix, the stardust, come to ‘life.’
It is the eternal eye of the unknown prior to all manifestation ever-changing,
And whatever dreams they in spontaneous combustion may inspire.

* * * *

You have been filled to the brim with countless vain distractions
That are ultimately nothing more than deceptions formed of sensory illusion.
Attributes spun of random, arbitrary evolutionary happenstance,
Nothing more than nothingness playing its Self real.

* * * *

In all destinies there is an executioner, an assassin, a slayer,
Ever formed of the earth-air-water-fire of all things here-now ether.
There is no escape for the awareness You are, only an abiding endurance.
Spurn the Fates, they cannot touch You once the shadow of karma loses its hold.

* * * *

Call it what You will – soul, self, cosmos, god, whatever –
You are the awareness, not a dream of consciousness.

* * * *

At some point the fevered monopoly game runs out of new ground,
And the worn and torn infrastructure turns to gravity for resolution.

* * * *

Identity is the mistaken belief that the awareness You really are
Is at all attached to the sundry attributes of the food-body,
Or the world of appearances through which it renders.

Chapter Three

The universe exists because the oneness cannot do it all but through the many.
Truth is, who would ever want to revel in every ecstasy,
Much less endure every agony?

* * * *

Can You take all the pain upon which You dwell,
And cast it away in one mighty knock-down toss?

* * * *

Water flows, plants grow, birds fly, universes bang, universes crunch.
Only the mind You imagine You are daily struggles to be more or less.

* * * *

All seeds merely inherited genetic blueprints
Dutifully playing out their design.
No brag, just fact.

* * * *

If You are still looking for something, try turning your mind inside out.
Look to nothing, see what it is, see what it is not,
And that it is the just reward.

* * * *

Best deal with the fact that relatively very, very few
Really give a rat's ass about your existence
At any relatively meaningful level.

* * * *

When the ebbing and flowing of the essence, the quantum fever, subsides,
When foreword is no longer forward, when backward is no longer backward,
When the singular awareness transcends the ever-moving tides of thought,
Where is the me-myself-and-I that believed its imaginary realm so real?

* * * *

Erase all boundaries, burn all flags, discern the common ground of awareness,
And wander your universe unburdened by the differences born of imagination.

* * * *

For consciousness to examine itself, for awareness to become aware of itself,
For the mystery to gaze into the indivisible depths of its mystery,
Is not this the ultimate raison d'être for all creation?

* * * *

How ridiculous it is to believe anyone individual can save anything or anyone,
When in the reality of this kaleidoscoping dream, there is nothing to save.
And even if there were, it would be the matrix-level synergy doing it,
Not some illusory persona wrapped in inflated self-absorption.

* * * *

What is the Bible but a poorly organized history book, laced with smatterings of wisdom,
Certainly, no greater than any other so-called scripture, written across this temporal orb.

* * * *

You are entirely a dream in everyone else's awareness, and they in yours.
We are all alone together, from this shore to the farthest reaches and beyond.

* * * *

Through all creation, all preservation, all destruction,
The indivisible nothingness of totality reigns absolute.

Chapter Four

The senses daily pull You into believing the dream real.
To greet every moment as nothing is, indeed, a challenge.

* * * *

Move beyond being merely a corporeal, temporal entity.
You are not a human being, You are not bound by any form.

* * * *

All there is to remember … Oy vey!
What a load in that head of yours.

* * * *

Earth, wind, water, fire, quantum ether.
That is all that all of this grand mystery truly is.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Forget everything.
Be everything.
Be nothing.

* * * *

Awareness is a very nothing-but-youness.
What is there to think about, really?

* * * *

How many dimensions might there be?
How many ways can You cut any pie?

* * * *

Perhaps rather than calling it a redistribution of wealth,
It should be called a redistribution of compassion.

* * * *

To see what cannot be seen,
Hear what cannot be heard,
Taste what cannot be tasted,
Smell what cannot be smelled,
Touch what cannot be touched,
Now there is the rub.

* * * *

Whether intentional or not, those who have, those who can,
Often enslave those who do not have, those who cannot.

* * * *

At some point there is really no need to even assert ‘I Am.’
Just being – breathing in, breathing out – is more than enough.

* * * *

It can indeed be a long and winding and oft times lonely road
Until You discern the matrix through which all time-bound linear notions wander,
Is, has ever been, will ever be, eternal aloneness unto thy Self.

Chapter Five

How is it that You ever imagined
That your origin was ever any different

Than anyone or anything else's?

* * * *

Filling the day with another round of nothing?
Or filling another nothing with a round of day?

* * * *

It is what it is, and nothing anyone thinks or does
Has ever mattered even one iota of diddley-squat.

* * * *

History is whatever each of us thinks it is, and much of it absurd hogwash.
Time always boils down to be here now, and enjoy or endure it as best ye may.

* * * *

What is the universe?
And what makes You believe it has ever existed
In any which-way the senses have deceived your mind into daily believing?

* * * *

The Seven Deadlies: Pride, Envy, Gluttony, Lust, Wrath, Greed, Sloth.
The cornerstone for any narcissistic, hedonistic, Sybarite.
The perdition of any of monk-ish design.

* * * *

The one mind discerns the one in all, the one mind discerns there is no other.
What point anything but compassion, even for the most abominable.
We are all just visitors here, prisoners here, of our own device.

* * * *

The now streams indivisibly each and every moment into the next,
While the sensory mind consumes it, metabolizes it, weaves it,
Into a perception of time, which only imagination knows.

* * * *

Nobody really knows what is going on around any given corner;
How could they possibly know is happening across the universe?
Or who-what-where-when-why-how it all started in the first place?

Chapter Six

Through the endless suffering caused by extremes,
The moderation of the middle path is discerned.

* * * *

Stop pretending to know.
You do not, never did, never will,

And no one else does, did, nor will, either.
Agnostic is the only frank assertion under any sun.

* * * *

What attachment can awareness have to anything?
Only the winds of consciousness fabricates attributes
Of every form, of every hue, of every shade of gray.

* * * *

Light is only discerned through awareness,
And awareness only possible through manifestation
In one form, one dimension, or another.
The possibilities are infinite,
But there is but one source to all.

* * * *

Is there anything not made stronger
When fashioned by a certain amount of challenge,
A certain amount of adversity, a certain amount of pain and suffering.
Of the qualities needed for survival in this manifest world,
Amorphous is likely only rarely included.

Chapter Seven

From nothingness to nothingness,
The manifest journey between naught but imagination,
And death before dying the only release.

* * * *

Best never to presume You know another's mind,
Without figuring out what is going on in yours first.

* * * *

Evaporate the wind-blown clouds of consciousness
That swirl through the awareness You truly are.

* * * *

What have You really given your child if it does not include
Discipline, fortitude, resourcefulness, gumption, and grit?

* * * *

If You know pain, You likely know fear, and what weaves pain
But the conditioned mind that clings to its imaginary universe.

Chapter Eight

Through awareness of the other comes awareness of the no other.

* * * *

You cannot erase pain unless You deal with its cause,
And that may or may not be well beyond possible.

* * * *

At some point, it there really anything that You have to do ever again?
Seriously, how many times do You have to brush your teeth to get the gist?

* * * *

What we call knowledge is no less imaginary than any fairy tale.
Both are equal products, equal conscripts, of the time born of mind.

Chapter Nine

You are but another life form, another creature, another universe,
Ultimately as anonymous as any other Mother Gaia has ever created.

* * * *

Do You seriously believe any supreme being
Would not be bored to tears with human absurdity by now?
Likely less the absentee landlord than the gone-fishing project manager.

* * * *

It is less about what any other thinks about You,
Than it is what You think they think about You.

* * * *

Whatever bearing You take on this inexplicable mystery,
Whether the all-knowing many-faced version,
Or that all knowledge is fabricated,
Where are You left with the vision offered?

* * * *

What to do when the world and all its vanities no longer moves You,
When thought subsides and the mind is content to reside in awareness.

* * * *

How much time have You dwelled on all the inanities of the human drama?
What do You need to prove, what can You prove, to any other anymore, really?

* * * *

Always examine, always question, anything and everything closely for your Self.
To blindly accept another's outlook as truth without a critical eye,
Is a dark and wayward road down which the mob
Has traveled times beyond counting.

Chapter Ten

What was the face of God before You were born, what will it be after You die,
But the same faceless, still awareness it has always been
In every timeless here now
Since long before the advent of stardust.

* * * *

We two-leggeds embrace a good story.
Weave a mundane shopping list into a tale,
And it risks becoming a coast-to-coast best seller.

* * * *

The cause becomes the effect becomes the cause becomes the effect becomes …
In the streamlessness-causelessness-effectlessness of it all.

* * * *

Once You own any thought, any concept, any impression,
Once any perception is added to the dynamic of your frame of reference,
The insights it reveals, mix-and-match-new-and-unique,
Double-double-toil-and-trouble meld,
Into the witch's brew of your paradigm stew.

* * * *

None are islands in this finite, temporal, mortal dream of time.
Only in eternal awareness are all worlds, all universes, undone.

* * * *

This one and only timeless moment, are You giving it your full attention?

* * * *

You can think about this grand mystery in whatever way You wish, or not at all, for all that it matters.

Chapter Eleven

Some get born into pondering such as these, some are found and hijacked into them,
But most of those who investigate the indelible unknown of their own accord
Must discover the way with their own blend of doubt and gumption,
And the many serendipities of the given Yellow Brick Road.

* * * *

Awareness is the only god,
The only dogma, the only shrine, the only idol, the only symbol,
The only truth anyone really needs.

* * * *

What is any story but the chaff surrounding a message, a moral,
The fruit that draws a creature to consume the kernel and convey it to new ground,
The means to draw a reader, a listener, to a conclusion, to an insight,
That may flourish, and perchance ripple further still.

* * * *

You are here now because your genetic line,
Since existence kicked off in the swampy puddle of origin,
Somehow survived, somehow thrived, at least long enough to procreate.
The consecration of patterned happenstance; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Windows of agreeable health and vibrant energy are but fleeting reprieves
From the calamitous endgame that is as sure and true as sure and true can be.

* * * *

Pain is best met with a certain amount of detachment
If it is to be endured without morphing into the suffering
The human mind so effortlessly, so readily, entertains.

* * * *

You cannot force someone to like You, to give of themselves willingly.
That is of a resonation inspired by an inexplicable dynamic,
A mix of commonalities of mind, body, spirit,
That may even include vibrations at a molecular level.

* * * *

What is any word but a stagnant thing
Without the dynamic of the eternal moment
Beneath the wave upon which it surfs.

* * * *

What does any patterning, small to great, do,
But waft through its tiny slice of matrix,
For as long as its shelf life pertains.

* * * *

All these inventions we tool-makers have conceived and manifested into the day-to-day,
And many if not most feverishly straining to keep up with the beast it has wrought,
Often competing with the myriad creations as if we ourselves were machines,
But really, only ending up more and more inane, more and more insane.
What are we and this dream world but victims of our own insatiable vanity.

Chapter Twelve

The writings of any seers should be called just that: writings, notes, works, books.

Not scriptures, because the definition often implies some sort of authority,
And in when it comes to the unknowable, there is no such thing.
All are inquiring into the same mystery to which all have equal access.
And for anyone to claim any expertise, or some greater connection, is absurd.

* * * *

We are quantum beings inhabiting a quantum universe.
The drug-induced possibilities offered by Eden are many and varied.
How they came to be is ever a question without answer,
Other than to say, “Yay, Team Quantum.”

* * * *

Release the world in your mind,
And where are You, when are You,
But the only now that has ever been.

* * * *

Challenging to let go of vanity when the mind-body duality so inspires it
With the countless delusions that desire and fear fuel in this dream of time.

* * * *

Imagine existing in this spinning garden world when it was perfectly untamed,
And You with neither claw nor fang, only mind and opposable thumb,
And an abiding, pitiless will to survive, and perchance thrive.
You are a direct descendant, the genomic outcome,
Of those who somehow persevered,
From the puddle of origin, to this here now.

* * * *

No one is even near as notable or essential
As so many spend their lives vainly believing.
The countless delusions of the human paradigm
Must certainly be the laughingstock of the universe,
Assuming, of course, that the universe is even watching.

* * * *

Breathe in You.
Breathe out You.

* * * *

It was perhaps when our kind began to communicate,
When we discerned that we all perceive our worlds differently,
That we began to harbor resentments and merge together as mindsets,
And in doing so, truly set in motion the dystopian endgame
In which we the descendants now find ourselves.

* * * *

To just completely, absolutely be,

At such a level as to neither assume nor judge,
Is a yogic feat of the highest order.

* * * *

The potential of concept is that the essence of many things can be clearly discerned
Without ever having to experience them in the first person
Once the frame of reference
Has the depth and breadth of an abundant life.

* * * *

The mortal coil comes into being, grows bright, dims, and expires,
Ever the same quantum essence witnessing its inexplicable nature.

* * * *

There is only one quantum dimension, one quantum matrix, one quantum soul.
Neither within nor without, neither known nor unknown,
Neither here nor there, You are.

* * * *

What will endure, what will emerge, what will reign,
After mammalian life can no longer survive this spinning garden orb
That humankind has through the twists and turns of consciousness forever desecrated?
What great kingdom would You not readily yield for a time machine
To witness Eden play out it magical mystery.

* * * *

Curiosity is one of those things that generally lessens over time.
It is the tool of the young in the sponge-time of their lives,
The time when they are exploring, finding their way.
To daily view the universe with fresh eyes is a rare feat.

* * * *

To give attention to the ephemeral eternal moment
Is a busy-busy, measuring-measuring mind's most arduous task.
The imaginary past and its countless projected futures stoke far too much passion
For the quietude of eternity to be allotted its true autonomy.

* * * *

The nothing and everything from which all creation does and does not emanate.
The ethereal nada's kaleidoscoping lightshow playing out its ever-present enigma.

* * * *

The nothing special.
The nothing, special.

* * * *

Awareness has no ego, no attributes, no boundaries, whatsoever.
The imagination of consciousness, in all its dualistic notions,

Is sole source, soul proprietor, to that whimsical state.

* * * *

You know … You know not …
You know … You know not …
You know … You know not …
You know … You know not …

* * * *

How many lives, how many dreamtimes, is anyone, whether for good or ill, yay or nay,
Of any real consequence to, is a question to which no one can have answer.
Consciousness ripples, but how far, how strong, how long,
Who can even more than begin to guess?

* * * *

Sacks of shit and piss and bones and goo,
Yup, that is all we are in our inflated game, our vain diversion,
Just the electromagnetic spectrum daily playing out its impromptu theater real and true.

* * * *

What is evolution but the unknowable,
The creation, the preservation, the destruction,
The selecting, the pruning, the thinning, the harvesting,
The ever-changing nature of matter and motion, energy and force,
In the dance, the play, the lila, of eternal space and time.
An indivisible, boundless, quantum billiard table,
With neither beginning nor end nor middle,
Witnessed each and every moment,
In every imaginable way,
By the awareness You truly are.

* * * *

All the words in the world have never even once saved anyone.
All are doomed from the get-go in this terrible-swift mortal fray.

Chapter Thirteen

Some call it this, some call it that.
Words, words, words; sounds given conceptual overlays.
The nothingness given meaning, given purpose; identity it neither needs nor requires.
The busy-busy cacophony of the human mind's unceasing obsession
With re-hashing everything in its own muddle.

* * * *

Black and white are but fringes of consciousness,
With everything between every shade of gray.

* * * *

Where is the demarcation between the awareness within
And the universe without, but a wall built of imagination.

* * * *

Only in the stillness of eternal life,
Of the awareness prior to all things imagined,
Is there freedom from the myriad vanities of consciousness.

* * * *

The linear mind is no match for the ever-accelerating,
Ever-morphing exponential of these our modern times.

* * * *

Challenging, indeed, for the mind to just be, given its conditioning,
And the life force at whose helm it navigates the shoals of existence.

* * * *

Of the crimes committed,
A don't-ask-don't-tell policy is advised.
The secret no one knows is the secret no one tells.

* * * *

Here You are now ...
Here You are now ...
Here You are now ...
Here You are now ...
Here You are ...

* * * *

The awareness is a formless sea behind the eyes.
The senses inspire consciousness to imagine a vast universe,
But it is no more than a brief dream to which mind every moment yields.

* * * *

Playing a little part in a little play is but a little smidgeon of imagination
Given over to vain notion based on a nature-nurture fiction of quantum design.

* * * *

Are You something that is something, something that is nothing,
Nothing that is something, nothing that is nothing.
Or all of the above in a sea of relativity.

* * * *

The universe is a pulsating-vibrating-kaleidoscoping-hologram-matrix-quantum theater
In which You are witness within and without the within and without
That is not, was not, and will never be.

* * * *

What a hungry thing the mind is, consciousness is, the indivisible essence is.
What is all experience but the insatiable consuming itself every moment.

* * * *

The stillness of awareness
Witnesses the clouds of consciousness come and go.
You only think You are the wind.

* * * *

You are it, have been all along,
And will be in every future-past hence,
In the forever-after-genre-milieu whatever.

* * * *

Dirtier water, dirtier air, dirtier ground.
Less food, less space, less accord.
The dystopian now unfurls.

* * * *

Desire, fear, the myriad passions of the monkey-mind in general,
Are nothing more than predicable habits, patterns born of nature-nurture,
Of genetics and the incessant winds of time playing out the vanities of consciousness.

* * * *

None of it is real, none of it was ever real, none of it will ever be real.
None of it ever more than a kaleidoscoping dream of stardust,
The quantum essence come unto the pretense of life.

* * * *

You are screwed anyway; the Reaper always hovering naught a breath away.
May as well enjoy your Self, die in the saddle, in so-to-speak cowboy parlance.

* * * *

There are those rare who dwell in the momentary awareness,
Those who dwell in discernment, those who dwell in the eternal mind,
Insight is its own law, neither bowing to authority, nor subscribing to dogma.

* * * *

Is the atheist any less determined not to believe, than the believer is to believe?
So much assertion, so much struggle, so much dwelling on so many this's and that's,
For nothing more than vain notion, hollow whimsy, over that which can never be known.

Chapter Fourteen

Just about everything You have ever seen, heard or done
May well be happening somewhere in your world in particular,

Or your imaginary quantum universe in general.
Who knows, who cares?

* * * *

A multi-dimensional tapestry,
Too inexplicable for any but god-minds
To but vaguely comprehend.

* * * *

And when You do find it,
When You do give your Self over to it,
What then, Grasshopper?

* * * *

If something is true, it can be verified by many eyes.
Subjective assertions are not the harbor of science.

* * * *

Good and evil are human concoctions.
If You believe they existed before we unleashed upon the world,
You are caught in the mire of delusion.

* * * *

Look where pretending to know
What can never be known
Has brought us,
And is taking us further still.

* * * *

What is any hell but a veil between awareness
And that which is not, never was, will never be.

* * * *

Every day another level, another tweak, of degradation.
How much longer will our little mishap in time carry on?

* * * *

Hang out in the left brain
When it is all about monkey chatter,
And the right side when stillness has the notion.

* * * *

The only difference between a big mind and a little mind
Is in the little mind's ceaseless absorption in attributes.

* * * *

What does it truly mean to be one with the oneness?
Completely free, completely alone, completely eternal.

* * * *

This universe is merely a temporary theater,
But the You that You really are is real,
Immortal, and free for all eternity.

* * * *

There is no solution
But the inevitable consequences
Of all things approached by imbalanced minds.

* * * *

Consciousness is riddled with every sort of desire,
And desire is the most worthy opponent
Of those who would be freedom
In this world or any other.

* * * *

Desire is like a hydra.
You must eradicate the beast,
Else its many heads will flower ever anew.

* * * *

Just because You are godness,
Does not mean You can break the speed limit
And always get away with it.

* * * *

Earth, air, water, fire
Are but ephemeral players,
And anything ephemeral
Is but a cloak to truth.

* * * *

No matter
Where You are,
Whenever You are,
It is really all the same,
Has always been the same,
Will ever be the same.

* * * *

Male and female in every species are wired with different mindsets.
Their interests may intersect at varying points, but never completely.

Chapter Fifteen

Consciousness will play out
As consciousness will play out.
That I Am is unconcerned.

* * * *

Challenging to play your self and your Self, too.
To eat your cake, or not to eat your cake,
That is, indeed, the question.

* * * *

What is all this accumulation, anyway?
This incessant gorging of the mind
With every sort of trivial pursuit.

* * * *

Somewhere along the line, all learn to fear; the challenge is to somehow transcend it.

* * * *

That which in the prime of youth,
You knew so well,
Is in the many years passed
So challenging to more than vaguely recall.
So many lifetimes in just this one.

* * * *

Have You ever really made anything happen?
Or is that merely the fallacy of imagination's ego?

* * * *

What is this world, this universe, this grand mystery,
But a quantum theater born of senses and mind.
Like cotton candy spun of sugary nothingness.

* * * *

Consciousness requires your presence
To meander willy-nilly as it will,
But You, source of all,
Require nothing.

* * * *

So much gibberish.
Be done with it.

* * * *

Every life form has a unique vision
For the universe, into which they are,
From the formlessness, made manifest.

* * * *

The next game show: Name That Meme.
And a t-shirt to match: What's Your Meme?

* * * *

Real strength, real power, is an inner confidence
That does not require effort or show,
A sword rarely drawn.

* * * *

There is ultimately nothing for which You need be forgiven.
You did not ask to be here; there is no need to pray for more.

* * * *

The unknown pervades all.
You are the mystery; the mystery is You.
That which is known is but a bubble of imaginary notion,
A dreamtime play of consciousness, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

However any life form great or small may sense it,
It is ever the same quantum matrix playing its magic.

* * * *

True religion is much more than regurgitating some historic dogmatic notion,
That is really no more real and true now than it was in the way-back-when.

* * * *

Duality is a fabrication of consciousness.
In reality, there can be only oneness:
All-pervading, all-knowing, ever-present.
The all-in-one-one-in-all quantum awareness.

Chapter Sixteen

The hologram born of imagination is discerned complete
When the awareness You believe a separate you
Fully realizes that its true, ultimate nature
Is the infinite, eternal oneness.

* * * *

Futility is beating your head on the wall,
Believing You can change anything
Without changing into your Self.

* * * *

To the bitter end?

Or some quick, self-determined conclusion?
Are they not all of the sword
By which we live?

* * * *

Yet another dogmatic, idolatrous, cultish hoax played out as religion.
Why waste any eternal breath attempting to convince others,
Of that which is obvious to those who are not blind?

* * * *

You have pretended it all matters long enough.
Feel free to take a long vacation,
An eternal holiday,
From this theater of the absurd.

* * * *

What need or concern would the clayness ever have
For light or sound, form or being, thought or memory?

* * * *

Unless You win a lucky spin in some lottery, or happen upon a pot of gold,
You are not likely to get much of anything out of something
Into which You put piecemeal or no effort.

* * * *

The passions draw You out into this imaginary world.
Without their hot and cold, You are nothing more,
Than the infinite stillness of pure awareness.

* * * *

What a mystery this holographic matrix,
A mirage of space and time,
An imaginary sandbox,
In which all play,
But none truly exist.

* * * *

If You wander about thinking and behaving
You are somehow superior to a wide slice of the pie,
You are more than likely in for a relatively rude awakening.

* * * *

Everybody and everything is not going to wake up,
And what does it matter, really?
If You are awake,
There is really no other needing to awaken.

* * * *

Seriously, folks,
At the fundamental level,
How can anyone really be all that different
From any other life form?
Come on,
Think about it.

* * * *

Totally, completely, absolutely, indivisibly, undeniably,
The You, You really are, have ever been, will ever be.

Chapter Seventeen

(Under Construction)

Soundbites Added to ‘The Return to Wonder’

(Transferred to fill out the diminished ten-page blocks during the very gradual edit underway since September 2015)

Chapter One

You are nothing but a dream of the absolute, to fathom its eternal fathomlessness.

* * * *

To gain the perfect edge, the sword must withstand the forge many times.

Chapter Two

To know life is to know death; one is not without the other.

* * * *

Attachment to mind and body is the fountainhead of suffering.

* * * *

Peace is a quality of consciousness, not some unattainable, divisible ideal.

* * * *

To see, to know, to own, that You are the absolute, manifest, is beyond all imagining.

* * * *

No matter how much You think You know, it is ever a mystery behind the veil.

Chapter Three and Beyond

(Decided to just use the longer Leftovers, so the two chapters above will be it for now)

Leftovers and Soundbites
Transferred to 'The Return to Wonder'
from 'Breadcrumbs 2019' and All Future Times Beyond

Chapter 015

If You are going to feel guilty about something,
Probably best not to do it in the first place.
'Know thy Self' is always good policy.

* * * *

The ancient world that is all life's foundation,
Did not necessarily arrive at this moment in time
Through political correctness or ethical consideration.

* * * *

How easy it is to fall into a descending spiral of self-pity over one's lot in life.
To stay strong, to stand tall in the bittersweet winds of fate, is ever a challenge.

Chapter 250

Do nothing and nothing will do nothing to You.

* * * *

How many ways there are to cut the eternal pie.

* * * *

Pain is the teacher, but what have You learned?

* * * *

Patterns all, puppets all.

* * * *

Something for everyone.

* * * *

It is what it is.

* * * *

A quantum dream, no matter how many dimensions.

* * * *

Distractions only distract; they do not make You any less alone.

* * * *

Is there anything more enjoyable than gratuitous anything?

* * * *

Existence is the imagined time between indifferent sleep.

* * * *

Watch the judgment.

* * * *

Like nobody has done or said it before.

* * * *

The Reaper is always hovering just a breath away.

* * * *

To wrap your mind around the mystery, You must unwrap your mind.

* * * *

Speculation is the root of all inanity.

* * * *

There is no becoming, there is only being.

* * * *

History is testament to hell on earth.

* * * *

No need to fear what You really truly are and are not: just be it.

* * * *

Redemption for what, pray tell?

* * * *

Shallow breathing; do not do it.

* * * *

Only the living dead have risen.

* * * *

Imbibe the chaos and all its order.

* * * *

Here You are right here right now: Redeem your Self.

* * * *

History will consume You if You allow it.

* * * *

Who is ever really ready for their last day?

* * * *

Truer than true … Say what?

* * * *

Strike hard, strike fast, strike true.

* * * *

It is not win or lose, it is win or learn.

* * * *

No matter what You believe, it is all speculation.

* * * *

Process is life; arrival, death.

* * * *

It is only flesh and bones; rise above it.

* * * *

No individual or group changes the course of history.
All merely play out their relatively insignificant part
In its already-written-in the-sands-of-time chronicle.

Chapter 251

Wisdom is connecting the dots.

* * * *

… blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah … ad infinitum …

* * * *

Gaia is a dream world of eternity.

* * * *

Your true nature is emptiness.

* * * *

You are but a brief mortal dream of the immortality of eternity.

* * * *

You cannot know truth; You can only be it.

* * * *

Hell is in the details, and history is creator of its future-past.

* * * *

A worthy windmill if You enjoy futility.

* * * *

Harder to let go than it is to hold on, until its not.

* * * *

Less is the new more.

* * * *

Nothing is, nothing is not.

* * * *

In the whole mind, awareness is all, thunder perfect.

* * * *

Nobody knows nothing but what they imagine so.

* * * *

More parts, more bother.

* * * *

Different ways of looking only create more differences.

* * * *

The judge is his own executioner.

* * * *

You do not exist in the way You think.

* * * *

To thine own Self be true.

* * * *

The mind stilled by full attention merges into eternity.

* * * *

Vanity tolerates no rival.

* * * *

Yes, there is eternal life, but it is nothing You think.

* * * *

Who was that masked man?

* * * *

Is it ‘I Am’ or ‘Am I?’

* * * *

You ain't seen nothing yet.

* * * *

The inherent violence of greed never bodes well for the meek.

* * * *

Of the unknown, nothing can be known.

* * * *

The man behind the curtain cannot save You.

* * * *

It be good policy, if You are of independent mind,
To back away from anyone who wants to lead You.

Chapter 252

What has not been usurped?

* * * *

The partial mind can never grasp the whole mind in which it partitions itself.

* * * *

Nothing is not matter, and does not matter, either.

* * * *

Awareness is as close to seeing and being as it gets.

* * * *

The future is getting uglier and uglier in every way every day.

* * * *

Time is the living death of consciousness.

* * * *

To discern clearly is to aimlessly wander the untrammeled pathless.

* * * *

Anything can be written and rewritten again and again.

* * * *

It is how we roll.

* * * *

Your political clout is only as strong as your base.

* * * *

What is any conquest but home invasion on a grand scale.

* * * *

The way of war, the way of peace, each chooses in his their own mind.

* * * *

Breathe in contentment, breath out contentment.

* * * *

Rage on.

* * * *

Did it ever begin? Does it ever end?

* * * *

The way of life is the way of death.

* * * *

The mind will consume whatever notion draws its eye.

* * * *

Necessity is the best teacher, followed closely by pain.

* * * *

The dysfunctional loop is not easily overridden.

* * * *

What is a mind free of all prescriptions?

* * * *

Nothing that can be imagined is what it is and is not.

* * * *

How can just being, be any sort of goal?

* * * *

Now is the timeless dreamtime of all yesterdays and tomorrows.

* * * *

Judge, jury, executioner, all in one, one in all.

* * * *

Even wisdom is only as deep as illusion allows.

* * * *

Security, is there ever enough?

* * * *

Yet another one of those many curious things with which vanity is so absorbed.

* * * *

True science is not a political subject.

* * * *

Ain't nobody askin', ain't nobody tellin'.

* * * *

Mindless belief – tedious, senseless, stupid – is the lazy way.

* * * *

What You say, what You do, has absolutely nothing to do,
With what You really are, or with what You really are not.

Chapter 253

There is no changing destiny into something it already is.

* * * *

Doubt is the rarest of commodities.

* * * *

How poor the rich who still crave more, more, more, ever more.

* * * *

The end of the story is the end of history.

* * * *

The consuming mind is an insatiable thing without the tether of awareness.

* * * *

History: read it and weep.

* * * *

Prescriptions tend to get forgotten in one haze or another.

* * * *

There is nothing to discover.

* * * *

The eggshell of conditioning is but an imaginary shell.

* * * *

Are You insane, or jsut not playing the game?

* * * *

Why resist the immutable?

* * * *

Far easier to idolize someone else's Self than it is to discern your own.

* * * *

You, scientist.

* * * *

Every student gleans something different from any given teacher.

* * * *

The web of futility is a many-spidered thing.

* * * *

You woke up again this morning; your story continues.

* * * *

It is all in your head.

* * * *

You do because You can, and You can because You do.

* * * *

What are You trying to prove? And to who?

* * * *

Planned obsolescence is the cancer of modern man.

* * * *

The everything, the nothing.

* * * *

Imagination is all, all is imagination.

* * * *

The empty of full; the full of empty.

* * * *

You cannot win an argument against ignorance.

* * * *

Imagination is a quantum magic carpet ride through awareness.

* * * *

Who are the wealthiest but those indifferent to wealth.

* * * *

How can the cosmos the eyes perceive and mind conceives ever be real?

* * * *

Relatively easy to win an argument if there is no one to argue with.

* * * *

Only the delusion inspired by DNA would find a newborn adorable.

* * * *

The joy of existence them details are not.

* * * *

For those who truly seek that which is roots out that which is not.

* * * *

What goes up must come down is a statistical certainty.
No edifice – tower or mountain or universe – stands forever.

Chapter 254

Give it no mind.

* * * *

All is but imaginary notion.

* * * *

Why resist the inevitable?

* * * *

We are time machines of the meaty kind.

* * * *

A sensory play fostered by imagination.

* * * *

In every mind, a different universe.

* * * *

Full enough, yet?

* * * *

Every passion has its destiny, death rules us all, the world wags on.

* * * *

We are but dreams in each other's minds.

* * * *

The biological imperative will out.

* * * *

Some people You laugh with, and others You cannot help but laugh at.

* * * *

Alas, poor Yorick! Alas, poor Monkey!

* * * *

Joy, more to forget.

* * * *

There is nothing normal.

* * * *

There is nothing not normal.

* * * *

Nothing is but what You think it.

* * * *

What matters, what does not matter, very much the same

* * * *

All different, all the same.

* * * *

Only after that last wheezing breath will it be too late to change your mind.

* * * *

Full breath or shallow, You pass through it the same.

* * * *

The dead are used as the living choose.

* * * *

Nothing exists but the dreamtime of imaginary notion.

* * * *

The world, the universe, that imagination built.

* * * *

Truth is not some sliver of a dimension exclusive to humankind.

* * * *

To be free of time is to be free of mind.

* * * *

What is will but consciousness balled up with intention.

* * * *

The all-seeing eye discerns with an all-seeing mind.

* * * *

Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain.

* * * *

Nothing will never make a difference.

* * * *

Wander your universe free and clear.
There is nothing to do, nothing to resolve.
Redemption is for each alone to discern within.

* * * *

Attend, perceive, observe, discern, recognize, embrace, synergize, gestalt,
The birth and death, the creation and destruction, of every moment,
As often as the body-mind in the given circumstance allows.

Chapter 255

Well, well, well.

* * * *

Déjà vu all over again.

* * * *

What the fuck were You thinking?

* * * *

We all have our timeline.

* * * *

What cannot be known cannot be usurped.

* * * *

Deign it merit?

* * * *

The madness that is sane is the mind that sets an aimless course.

* * * *

The inner eye, both empty and full, sees all, knows all, is all.

* * * *

Life, it'll kill ya.

* * * *

An imaginary creation, a tale of universal proportion.

* * * *

Vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity, except for pure awareness of the eternal kind.

* * * *

What is any history but the fog of perception.

* * * *

Scream or moan or laugh, the roller coaster rolls on and on.

* * * *

Feng that shui.

* * * *

Every moment a new discovery in the mind undivided by time.

* * * *

If your practice is idolatry, then You have missed the point.

* * * *

The point being?

* * * *

Detachment is key.

* * * *

Are You this? Are You that? No and no.

* * * *

How quickly the sparkle of obsession can morph into dark shadows.

* * * *

Contentment is when just being is enough.

* * * *

This world is not for You, shake it off.

* * * *

What You do not give your mind to does not matter.

* * * *

Travel light, travel sure, travel free.

* * * *

It is your world now, kids, rotsa ruck.

* * * *

What the tongue craves is not necessarily what the tummy needs.

* * * *

Give it no name.

* * * *

There is no before, there is no after, there is only now.

* * * *

The corporeal body is but a means to a dream,
A temporal reverie of the three-dimensional kind.

Chapter 256

Let the gods double-double-toil-and-trouble with all their judgments.

* * * *

Boggling how simple it all is, if You manage to lose your mind.

* * * *

Dust You ever are.

* * * *

People come, people go, vanity rules.

* * * *

All boundaries are born of imagination.

* * * *

It does not need to mean anything.

* * * *

For far too many, enough is not an option.

* * * *

To be born is to die each and every moment.

* * * *

There is no copyright on wisdom.

* * * *

Every birth a new universe; every death an end.

* * * *

Nothing doing.

* * * *

What circus calls You?

* * * *

The joy of imagination is that You do not have to go there.

* * * *

The ever-present is, well, ever-present.

* * * *

Truth is the filament in every moment's birth and death.

* * * *

Wisdom has no bounds.

* * * *

The race of nothing to nowhere.

* * * *

It all is nothing more than a dream of mind.

* * * *

Define good, define bad, if You can.

* * * *

There is nothing to do, so do it well.

* * * *

Artificial intelligence for an artificial world.

* * * *

Die to everything but the awareness You truly are.

* * * *

Once again, the deadline is postponed.

* * * *

The flesh is weak, and daily weaker.

Chapter 257

The unknowable unknown is, well, unknowable.

* * * *

Holding onto nothing.

* * * *

‘See You tomorrow’ can be a dubious assumption.

* * * *

Not holding onto nothing.

* * * *

Eternity is all, attached to none.

* * * *

What is any gourmet meal but just another pile of shit waiting to happen.

* * * *

Detachment is a blade unto Self.

* * * *

It is only vanity that believes anything important.

* * * *

How long can forever be if time is an illusion?

* * * *

Feed them a lie and they will follow; feed them the truth and stand alone.

* * * *

What is it to awaken? And is it worth arguing about?

* * * *

Truth serves no purpose.

* * * *

If it defied physics, it probably did not happen.

* * * *

How can that which was never born ever die?

* * * *

History has proven over and over again, that anything can be usurped.

* * * *

The sands of time are written in the stars.

* * * *

Let go the conditioned mind.

* * * *

Have You ever really moved in any way, any shape, any form?

* * * *

The winds of mind are the winds of time.

* * * *

Every mind, a lie unto its Self.

* * * *

Lose your mind.

* * * *

Time to start brushing up for the contentment trophy.

* * * *

Only imagination imagines itself alive.

* * * *

Talk is cheap.

* * * *

What direction does vanity call You today?

* * * *

What's to do?

Chapter 258

True science is an unblinking, unwavering, unallied eye.

* * * *

Even the most exotic venue can become dull after the first day.

* * * *

A life well-lived is nothing well done.

* * * *

Rejecting the human paradigm is an option.

* * * *

God of man, man of god, one in the same.

* * * *

What true scientist is not also a philosopher?

* * * *

Too late for all but the most disconcerted, willing and able to let go.

* * * *

Every seed has its fate.

* * * *

The truth, and nothing but the truth.

* * * *

Nothing muffled about the accusatory question.

* * * *

You are the grist; You are the mill.

* * * *

If it is a concept, it is not truth.

* * * *

You are responsible; You are not responsible.

* * * *

You are as large as You are small, as small as You are large.

* * * *

You must figure it all out for your Self.

* * * *

Same grist, another day at the mill.

* * * *

Always look any gift horse in the mouth.

* * * *

Nothing matters, and even nothing does not matter.

* * * *

There is no I am, only I am-ing.

* * * *

Buddhists and Christians aplenty; Buddhas and Christs, rare indeed.

* * * *

No matter the point and purpose, all ambition clouds the mind.

* * * *

Mind your own awareness.

* * * *

Doubt is a rare commodity.

* * * *

There is no path through emptiness.

* * * *

Might makes right; always has, always will.

* * * *

There is only one teacher in the universe; one teacher, with many faces.

* * * *

The worms are licking their lips.

* * * *

What need for a solution when there was never really a problem.

* * * *

Oh, happy choiceless.

* * * *

The only thing smart about most smart phones is the phone.

* * * *

Yet another Ground Hog Day underway.

* * * *

A cosmic joke about which it is not always easy to laugh.

Chapter 259

How can anyone see, much less care about, everything they do not know?

* * * *

The ever-changing is, well, ever changing.

* * * *

Fill your Self with the absoluteness that transcends the imaginary persona.

* * * *

In these our times, Old School is every moment dying.

* * * *

To see nothing, be nothing.

* * * *

Adventures happen, if You have the courage to allow them.

* * * *

A lot of words, all for nothing.

* * * *

Wake up in whatever way You will, it does not matter, it is but a dream.

* * * *

Never trust history to tell You the truth.

* * * *

What a burden it is to be responsible for someone else's happiness.

* * * *

The quietude of which so many speak is beyond all pales.

* * * *

Alone … alone … alone … so utterly alone You ever are.

* * * *

Why keep coming back? Surely, one life well-lived is more than enough.

* * * *

The roving sun births a new year on this spinning mirage of quantum design.

* * * *

Yet another edifice of mind for eternity to unravel.

* * * *

Hell is in the details.

* * * *

How can forever be any longer than You?

* * * *

Emotional lunacy strikes again.

* * * *

All better now, until the next trip and fall in some other now.

* * * *

Well, that answers it, then.

* * * *

Cut to the gist.

* * * *

More is less; less is more.

* * * *

Another round of that ancient game show: Name That Vanity.

* * * *

Go back from whence You came.

* * * *

No history can never be more than a story.

* * * *

Intuition is imagination's rabbit hole.

* * * *

There are some secrets best taken to the grave.

* * * *

You create your own yoke – heavy or light or nonexistent –
It is up to You and the level of attachment to your dreamtime.

Chapter 260

Tyranny sculpts both cowards and martyrs.

* * * *

Let us not confuse humanity with humanity.

* * * *

Too hot, too cold, whiners all.

* * * *

How can creator and creation not be the same?

* * * *

Pretty amazing the different universes our bodies play out.

* * * *

The quest for peace is a solitary trek.

* * * *

Morality is a convenient distraction.

* * * *

There is no other, never was, will never be.

* * * *

The ultimate irony and paradox is always speaking of time as if it were real.

* * * *

The joy of the long stroll is without compare.

* * * *

What a burden it is to be made responsible for someone else's happiness.

* * * *

The body is going to die someday, so why not my its own hand?

* * * *

Close encounters of the third kind playing out daily.

* * * *

Give me anonymity, or give me death.

* * * *

Science is only as potent as eye and technology allow.

* * * *

Only in the absoluteness of pure awareness is there an end to relativity.

* * * *

The seed of tomorrow is in today, and yesterday but an imaginary tale.

* * * *

What a burden it is to be responsible for someone else's happiness.

* * * *

History is everywhere and nowhere.

* * * *

The body lives, the body dies, and imagination imagines between.

* * * *

The real You in a nutshell.

* * * *

History is relative to every eye that discerns it.

* * * *

You are a conditioned recording, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Truth does not exist because the eternal moment it is, is not.

* * * *

What are sight and sound and taste and smell and feeling,

But vibration interpreted by the mind steeped in illusion.

Chapter 261

You are indelibly linked to the mystery of origin; there are no intermediaries.

* * * *

You are not what You do; You are not what You say.

* * * *

Why be bound by any human concoction?

* * * *

Dates and times may vary.

* * * *

So many things to care about, what's the point of bothering anymore?

* * * *

You are the ever-emanating now, radiating an imaginary universe.

* * * *

The world and all its attributes are but stardust in your mind.

* * * *

Time, what was that, anyway?

* * * *

Yet another suit dreaming of conquest.

* * * *

A world less and less ready for its future.

* * * *

Saṃsāra: The cycle of aimless drifting, wandering or mundane existence.

* * * *

Mitote: A cacophony of voices in your head, all talking, few if any listening.

* * * *

To know, or not to know, that is the question.

* * * *

There are no masters, just beginners with a more astute eye.

* * * *

Ignorance is not always bliss.

* * * *

After childhood's end: torture and taxes; death is the least of it.

* * * *

Launch your Self into the space within and without.

* * * *

Full cup, empty cup, no cup.

* * * *

The food industry is only too willing to poison You if You allow it.

* * * *

Labels are for those caught in the web of identity.

* * * *

Yet another law unwritten in invisible ink.

* * * *

It is what it is; no shoulda-coulda-woulda about it.

* * * *

Light on, light off.

* * * *

Make awareness the go-to state.

* * * *

The almighty dollar, greenback, wampum, gold coin, bread, whatever.

* * * *

A wise man once said nothing.

* * * *

Your conclusion about others are as meaningless as theirs about You.

* * * *

So much effort imagining, believing, pretending, You care.

* * * *

Real faith requires no word or act, no belief or creed.

* * * *

The mind is a mystical land of possibilities.

* * * *

The infringement of imagination is an infraction upon your eternal nature.

* * * *

The first breath, the last breath, and naught but a dream between.

* * * *

What was life like before there were millennials?

* * * *

Now: Open for business.

Chapter 262

Yet another zombie wandering its delusional mindscape.

* * * *

Nuance is all.

* * * *

The first moment no different than the last.

* * * *

Name that delusion.

* * * *

That demon in You, always calling for more, more, more.

* * * *

Solution? How could there be?

* * * *

Put up or shut up.

* * * *

And what would be the point of opening that Pandora box?

* * * *

There is nothing to be.

* * * *

Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead!

* * * *

Physics ... Chemistry ... Biology ... Patterns within patterns within patterns.

* * * *

There is no other, only You, ethereally eternal, forever present.

* * * *

The web of life is in tatters; a cloud of chaos is descending.

* * * *

So obvious from the long ago.

* * * *

Awareness is all You are; no was, no will ever be, about it.

* * * *

How can there be an end to what never began?

* * * *

What point to a promise that cannot be kept, a promise that is not real.

* * * *

What a sad pestilence the human-unkind.

* * * *

Using words again and again, to fitfully describe that which words can never attain.

* * * *

So many causes, so little time.

* * * *

The future is now, such as it is.

* * * *

Did the math.

* * * *

In cold, dress for cold; in hot, dress for hot; in wet, dress for wet.
Mother Nature will school those who give her their attention,
To discern the common sense that is only rarely common.

Chapter 263

Yet another middleman.

* * * *

The Four E's: Experience, Explore, Examine, Enlighten.

* * * *

Surrender to the isness; become totally untamed.

* * * *

Some women want forever and a day, and will slice off your balls to get it.

* * * *

How can You ever be more than You are right here, right now?

* * * *

A stain across the world.

* * * *

As You look through those eyes, are You witness of time, or witness before time?

* * * *

Another measurement few if any will give a flying hooey about.

* * * *

For all eternity, for all time, two very different states of consciousness.

* * * *

Sand is gold, and gold is sand, in the indivisible dust storm of eternity.

* * * *

Epiphany serendipity.

* * * *

Born anonymous, live anonymous between, die anonymous.

* * * *

The hunger! The hunger!

* * * *

And it's too late, baby now, it's too late, though we really did try to make it

* * * *

Hope is dead. Long live hope.

* * * *

Born alone, live alone, die alone.

* * * *

Bunk.

* * * *

Dust and shadows.

* * * *

What’s your tribe?

* * * *

Get over yourselves, people.

* * * *

Back to the future.

* * * *

Field notes from my Self to my Self.

* * * *

Drift alone, sovereign, indivisible, free of all constraints.

* * * *

You were born attached to nothing more than an umbilical cord.
The challenge when You depart is be attached to nothing at all.

Chapter 264

Fearful people wander in boxes built of dogma.

* * * *

Disloyalty is weaver of many a rough road.

* * * *

It matters not.

* * * *

Yet another mind-made thing pretending it is more.

* * * *

A little slice of forever, whatever that is.

* * * *

When were You taught to feel lonely?

* * * *

The list grows daily longer.

* * * *

Another layer of dust reminding You of your fate.

* * * *

The other is a shadow in your thoughts.

* * * *

Consciousness measures, awareness streams.

* * * *

The Devil may care.

* * * *

Consciousness ebbs and flows; awareness streams.

* * * *

It is the thought that counts.

* * * *

To be free and simple and serenely at ease is not as easy as it sounds.

* * * *

Nothing to assert, nothing to defend.

* * * *

Another truth for the propaganda mills to ignore.

* * * *

All for nothing, nothing for all.

* * * *

The dead are not dead; the living are not living.

* * * *

Is there any label that does not fit to one degree or another?

* * * *

Dice it, slice it, anyway your please, the pie is ever whole.

* * * *

Eternity does not care.

* * * *

Ethereal awareness, ephemeral consciousness.

* * * *

To live as if it is not happening,
To abide in the emptiness of eternity,
Is the every-moment challenge of any seer.

Chapter 265

What matters so much right now, will likely not for long if ever again.

* * * *

Nothing exists without your attention.

* * * *

The mystery is its own teacher, its own student.

* * * *

Jesus saves no one; never did, never will.

* * * *

Has it ever occurred to You to wonder why it is You have never seen your face?

* * * *

Packaged and repackaged as fresh again and again and again, it is, it is, it is.

* * * *

There is no past, there is no future, there is only this moment unending.

* * * *

Are You full yet?

* * * *

The obvious is not obvious to all.

* * * *

Education is only as meaningful as the mind that gives it attention, full or otherwise.

* * * *

Born again or born anew?

* * * *

The world cannot be reconciled but by giving it a resounding no mind.

* * * *

No creature can long abide breaking the laws of nature.

* * * *

No rewind button, sorry.

* * * *

What makes You so sure You exist in the way You think?

* * * *

We can only hear what we are ready to hear.

* * * *

Imitation is limitation.

* * * *

Surviving your daze.

* * * *

You are that prior to all advents.

* * * *

Are You this earthly, temporal, finite, mortal body?
Are You that of which this body is made?
Or are You that which is prior to all form and context,
Prior to consciousness and its innumerable channels of speculation.
Prior even to that inexplicable awareness by which all dreams of time are perceived.

Chapter 266

A blade is not dangerous if treated with respect.

* * * *

Why should You deserve what You do not care for?

* * * *

More high-sounding words that mean nothing to nobody nowhere.

* * * *

The endless subtleties of nothingness are ever-present.

* * * *

How are life and death not the same?

* * * *

Another day of wallowing in a litany of predictability.

* * * *

Pretty hard protecting sheep from a hungry wolf.

* * * *

The answer is not more.

* * * *

The immortality of youth is a many-splendored illusion-delusion.

* * * *

What part of awareness alone are You not tracking?

* * * *

Men create women, women create men, the dynamic is inseparable.

* * * *

Pathogens aplenty in this untamable world.

* * * *

There's the rub.

* * * *

What is luck but the probability of happenstance working your way.

* * * *

Measure, and You shall be measured.

* * * *

It has never mattered at all the way You thought.

* * * *

Enjoy in joy as best ye may.

* * * *

The human paradigm is about itself, not its source.

* * * *

Another day underway.

* * * *

Why on any earth would it ever matter what any other thinks of You?

* * * *

Vanity kills.

* * * *

To know nothing is to know all.

* * * *

Puny human beings.

* * * *

How can anyone expect to be saved from their own ignorance?

* * * *

Living for likes.

* * * *

It takes a lot of work to grow old.

* * * *

Never trust a four-letter word.

* * * *

So much history before all the history we think we know.

* * * *

All fates are but mirages born of imagination.

* * * *

You owe history nothing but what You freely consent.

* * * *

Once upon a time, there was nary a beep anywhere.

* * * *

We are all the same mystery from every get-go.

* * * *

So many things that do not matter; never did, never will.

* * * *

Supply will do whatever it must to gratify demand's hunger.

* * * *

Eternity is closer than You think.

Chapter 267

The great indivisibility plays no favorites.

* * * *

To make up your mind, first You must have one.

* * * *

The most challenging thing not to lose are your mind and body.

* * * *

Fair-to-middling chance any so-called just war is more often than not an oxymoron.

* * * *

And what of that state between agony and ecstasy where only awareness remains.

* * * *

Embrace your insignificance.

* * * *

Insidious stuff, water, that it can both create and nurture life, and destroy it, too.

* * * *

We all play out one meme or another.

* * * *

Lean toward facts; opinions mean squat.

* * * *

The dream is not more real now than the day You exited the womb.

* * * *

Giving to get is not giving.

* * * *

Be here now, be there now, be nowhere now.

* * * *

Those who survive into the grayer years become the relics of time.

* * * *

Everybody has a story.

* * * *

The truth of awareness awaits your discernment.

* * * *

What right do You have to be happy or sad?

* * * *

The mind's capacity for self-aggrandizement, imaginary as it is, is a ceaseless wonder.

* * * *

Be nowhere now.

* * * *

Nothing is real and true but for the programming that assumes it so.

* * * *

You are ever the same as before as during as after.

* * * *

The harvests of mind are quickly devoured.

* * * *

The body is a teeming battleground in a war no one survives.

* * * *

Destiny is the price life pays for existence.

* * * *

Skirting around nothing.

* * * *

There it is again; there it is not again.

* * * *

A secret is not long held by more than one set of lips.

* * * *

Another day of slaving away for DNA.

* * * *

Is it an electromagnetic spectrum?
An electromagnetic matrix?
Or anything at all?

* * * *

You are the quantum mystery playing hide and seek with its Self.
Home base is not as far as You might think.
Ollie-ollie-oxen-free!

* * * *

Beneath the open mask of any newborn,
The untainted awareness, the untrammeled path,
The uncarved block, the tabula rasa, the stillness of eternity.

Chapter 268

How often does either/or really exist in the gray of relativity?

* * * *

The only absolute is absoluteness itself.

* * * *

Much of aging is about wrestling with consequences.

* * * *

Forever moot.

* * * *

Whatever You may think of death, it is an inevitable fact.

* * * *

Where is the world, where is the universe, if You do not remember it.

* * * *

Whatever hope there was, washed away in the pain.

* * * *

Eternity is no more than a heartbeat away.

* * * *

So many things that so many think matter that do not, never did, never will.

* * * *

Let us not quibble over details lest we splinter into vain and dogmatic interlude.

* * * *

Been there, done that.

* * * *

The Fates are indifferent to yours.

* * * *

DNA weary.

* * * *

Embrace the meaninglessness; embrace the purposelessness.

* * * *

Oh, very Tao, what will You leave us this time?

* * * *

We all suffer from one variety of miasma or another.

* * * *

Necessity is perhaps the greatest teacher.

* * * *

There is no word of god, only the words of men.

* * * *

In the never-changing, change is.

* * * *

Sometimes, nothing sounds good.

* * * *

The challenge is to not be your own worst enemy.

* * * *

You are the mystery.

* * * *

Hope for the best; plan for the worst.

* * * *

The movement that is; the stillness that is not.

* * * *

The dark in the light, the light in the dark, the seeds of each in all.

* * * *

If it is not all about You, who, pray tell, is it about?

* * * *

Yet another celebrate-your-trophy moment.

* * * *

Alas and oh well.

* * * *

The imaginary Me-Myself-and-I awakens again.

Chapter 269

Science is only as clear as the mind wielding the technology.

* * * *

Justice is revenge spelled sideways-inside-out-backwards.

* * * *

Best make time now if You do not want to pay a higher price later.

* * * *

The subtlety of forgiveness is its inward healing.

* * * *

Yet another slab of meat with a lavish slathering of vanity.

* * * *

So, who are You using to get your emotional fix these daze?

* * * *

All differences are ultimately not real.

* * * *

Consume until there is no tomorrow.

* * * *

What point to mortal existence if You have no health to partake it?

* * * *

Let the reptiles have it back.

* * * *

What goes up must come down, the joy of statistical certitude.

* * * *

Born free, die free.

* * * *

What would Jesus do? Well, not come back, obviously.

* * * *

Same old shit no matter how well You eat.

* * * *

You are a no-other in my universe, and I am a no-other in yours.

* * * *

True personal power requires no assertion.

* * * *

Very forgettable, indeed.

* * * *

Hell is in the details, and there are plenty to go around.

* * * *

Bring in the clowns.

* * * *

It is a dream, and then it is not.

* * * *

You might kill the body, but You can never kill your Self.

* * * *

Royal flush or zip, play what You got best You can.

* * * *

God is a concept; You are not.

* * * *

You are the only You that is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

What is the body but a cadaver that is still moving.

* * * *

You are that to which You aspire, but only until You are not.

* * * *

If You are trying to be powerful at the expense of others, You are not.

* * * *

Pay attention, You might live longer.

* * * *

There they go again, mucking about in all their imaginary differences.

* * * *

Sometimes it is best to let the missing sheep go.

* * * *

All emotional notions are nothing more than human poppycock.

* * * *

No harm, no foul.

* * * *

One voice, or many, You decide.

* * * *

The most simple truths have a resonating elegance.

* * * *

Supreme being, what does that mean, anyway?

* * * *

Oops.

* * * *

Why is it so many have such a need to label everything?

* * * *

Absurdity will out.

* * * *

You are the mystery personified.

* * * *

All that gluttony and you're still hungry!?

* * * *

You cannot learn well what You do not wish to know well.

Chapter 270

A trap of its own making.

* * * *

The agony and ecstasy of every story is within You.

* * * *

It is never easy being imprisoned in a fading rose.

* * * *

It is all pointless, both literally and figuratively.

* * * *

To call it the heart of awareness is not about some willy-nilly emotional state.

* * * *

Your dream is whether it is all about yesterday or today or tomorrow.

* * * *

It is all so superficial.

* * * *

In the Land of Irony and Paradox, more is less, and less, more.

* * * *

To return to square one is an adventure to which only the rare aspire.

* * * *

Just because You do not like it, does not mean it is not true.

* * * *

The universe is but an imaginary sheen in your imaginary mind.

* * * *

The way of the monkey: for some futures to rise, others must fall.

* * * *

What has science become but the cataloging of unending minutia.

* * * *

Yet another thing You have a hard time wanting to care about.

* * * *

Philosophy is the refuge of untitled kings.

* * * *

All differences are but vain notions fabricated in the mind's eye.

* * * *

Are You a human being or a human becoming?

* * * *

Fate is the price You are going to pay, willing or not.

* * * *

Sorry You did it, or sorry You got caught?

* * * *

All ephemeral, nothing concrete.

* * * *

Are we there yet?

* * * *

Is there any plus without a minus; any minus without a plus?

* * * *

Yet another dead poet.

* * * *

The reality is that You are born and die each and every moment.

* * * *

Iffy at best.

* * * *

The mystery is all.

* * * *

Those forever seeking have yet to really stop and look.

* * * *

Ignorance is its own bewitchment.

* * * *

Memes all.

* * * *

Quicksand is no harbor.

* * * *

History kills everyone sooner or later.

* * * *

Wallowing in pretense, why?

* * * *

You are very much alone, and nothing can save You from it.

* * * *

If nature is your god, and You are a mind-body born of nature,
Then idolatry is really nothing more than another form of narcissism.

Chapter 271

You are solitary witness, alone no matter how big the crowd.

* * * *

Today's headlines are tomorrow's sorrows.

* * * *

The truth, the truth, what is the truth but what You think it is, but likely isn't.

* * * *

The different You, the different me, I am You, and You are me.

* * * *

Where's the humility?

* * * *

Time is a concept to which You need not submit.

* * * *

Everything is born of arbitrary assumption.

* * * *

Critical thinking is the chasm between sage and fool.

* * * *

Yet another face in which vanity will find harbor.

* * * *

Immortal soul, mortal body, forever young playing the gray.

* * * *

The mystery born in You, was born in me, too.

* * * *

Gaia is founded upon differences that are not; it is the requirement of any lila.

* * * *

Alone in their own worlds, the players all play along.

* * * *

Who is the me in You? Who is the You in me?

* * * *

So far away, so long ago, the show, the show, it changes so.

* * * *

A decline of hunger makes for great philosophy.

* * * *

The saving grace of time is in the insight that it is not real.

* * * *

The difference between You and me is just a thought or two or three.

* * * *

Who wins, who loses, just a state of mind.

* * * *

Need and want are mutually exclusive motivations.

* * * *

A little humility, please.

* * * *

To live for applause is a most shallow and debilitating motivation.

* * * *

Consciousness is the inherent flaw that all must endure.

* * * *

Pluck out that thorn of desire, and what is left but an abiding grace.

* * * *

The nothing of now, across the board, for all eternity.

* * * *

The idolatry of form, the idolatry of concept, same thing, really.

* * * *

The clock is not your friend.

* * * *

History comes, history goes, but the passions are ever the same.

* * * *

The cynicism of old men is not easily endured by the young.

* * * *

How true the true, how false the false.

* * * *

Awareness has no reality but through timeless attention.

* * * *

How much does imagination require to see it is but an illusion?

* * * *

How focused ambition must be in order to fulfill great desire.

* * * *

How can You imagine any speculation but less true?

Chapter 272

Any anthill is a crowded city state of the six-legged kind.

* * * *

Memory is an erstwhile taskmaster.

* * * *

How much bother will You be required to endure today?

* * * *

A species that deserves to go extinct if ever there was one.

* * * *

The mystery born anew, born You.

* * * *

Without memory, did anything ever really happen?

* * * *

Another day a-streamin' in the dreamin'.

* * * *

The fog of consciousness masks the eternal awareness, and time plays on.

* * * *

The individual has always been at odds with one group or another.

* * * *

Another day, same mystery.

* * * *

Another day, same monkey.

* * * *

A bar set so low that it will take ages to raise it again, if ever.

* * * *

Sometimes a thousand words, sometimes a picture, paint the largest view.

* * * *

Imagination is the time machine.

* * * *

All history is nothing more than the pretense of imagination.

* * * *

The chaos of destruction is but the stirring stick of creation.

* * * *

Nothing stands alone.

* * * *

It all sounds quite mad, really.

* * * *

We all serve one beast or another.

* * * *

An insider joke without an insider.

* * * *

Civility is the pretense of savagery.

* * * *

Tools are only as necessary as the given job.

* * * *

How are You going to look without that face?

* * * *

Is it, been there, done that, or am here, doing that?

* * * *

True humility precludes pride.

* * * *

The mystery wakes up to another day.

* * * *

And why again do You keep coming back?
What world, what sun have You not wandered

That You must repeat it again and again and again?

Chapter 273

For even one part to be false, it must all be.

* * * *

You are perfection manifest.

* * * *

Principles often prove to be many-layered things in the relativity of circumstance.

* * * *

A little dab of attention will do ya.

* * * *

Extremes are always rough on the majorities who lack the will to resist.

* * * *

What is beautiful, what is not, and who decides?

* * * *

Go ahead, allow your Self to be free.

* * * *

What if all creation is nothing more than an exhale?

* * * *

You appear, You disappear, what of it?

* * * *

It all is what it is; no point judging anything.

* * * *

Watch and wait each and every eternal moment that full attention allows.

* * * *

The frontal lobe is the theater of human consciousness.

* * * *

Why would You want to be that stupid?

* * * *

There is a universe to unlearn, perchance to forget.

* * * *

What's your delusion?

* * * *

Questions of a thousand dreams.

* * * *

Is the present ever quite what it seems?

* * * *

There is no Superman, sorry.

* * * *

Principles have a tendency to change with the given wind.

* * * *

Not often You can choose your neighbors.

* * * *

It is not what You want to be; it is what You want to pretend.

* * * *

Are You perfect yet?

* * * *

Wield that discerning sword with great attention.

* * * *

The world is founded upon distraction.

* * * *

Everything is after the fact.

* * * *

Give full attention to the present upon which awareness sheds its light.

* * * *

Curiosity don’t just kill cats.

* * * *

Perception, perception, perception.

* * * *

How stupid is stupid has yet to be determined.

* * * *

Quantum this.

* * * *

How would You see it all if You did not know so much?

* * * *

Bam!

* * * *

So what?

* * * *

Creativity is its own reward.

* * * *

The quantum matrix born of a quantum mind is a figment of time.

* * * *

Death is hunting for You again today.
Has been since the moment You were conceived.
Will be until your last wheezing breath.

Chapter 274

Watch and wait, it will all happen soon enough.

* * * *

No dogma required.

* * * *

What is food today is only piss and gas and shit tomorrow.

* * * *

Imagination is always running away with itself.

* * * *

The other, it is all out there, doing what You cannot control.

* * * *

Pure awareness is neither smile nor frown.

* * * *

Infinity, what is that anyway?

* * * *

Kicking the world out of your mind is not easy, but it’s not hard, either.

* * * *

Is it death, or merely not being confined to a body anymore?

* * * *

What now?

* * * *

If You are talking differences, You are not talking truth.

* * * *

When has any self-help book ever helped You for long?

* * * *

Are You complete yet?

* * * *

Desire not, fear not.

* * * *

Waste time? How can something that does not exist be wasted?

* * * *

What is food today is shit tomorrow.

* * * *

Who's the alien here?

* * * *

The quantum source abides all.

* * * *

Is anyone ever really who You think they are?

* * * *

Yet another case of something happened.

* * * *

What is nationalism but tribalism on steroids.

* * * *

What is retirement but the last vacation.

* * * *

Words are only as meaningful as they are read.

* * * *

Better You than me.

* * * *

Dogma free.

* * * *

Outside your memory, does anyone or anything really exist?

* * * *

To become, or not to become, that is the question.

* * * *

What notion can a dream long harbor?

* * * *

Flesh can only lie so long.

* * * *

All else is imagination.

* * * *

Same old monkey.

* * * *

To believe totally in nothing is the realm of the no-mind.

* * * *

Danger, Will Robinson! Danger!

* * * *

It is probably not about You.

* * * *

The pittering-pattering of every mind,
Every moment further muddies up the world,
Inexorably caught up in the destiny of consciousness.

* * * *

That most primal thing, fear, has been key in molding this imaginary you,
A conditioned identity that You every day wake up believing real and true.
A state of mind, a state of attachment, a sword by which You live and die.

Chapter 275

Abide in transience.

* * * *

Dare to know; dare to not know.

* * * *

Peering out from a face never seen, a universe never known.

* * * *

Absolute power does not corrupt the absolute.

* * * *

Live desirelessly, live fearlessly.

* * * *

The practice is death while living.

* * * *

Don’t know what I am, but I am surely not anything I think.

* * * *

The things we take for granted likely fill many a single-spaced page.

* * * *

The silliness of time is the silliness of mind.

* * * *

True science has no agenda but truth.

* * * *

The mystery is but a mystery is but a mystery.

* * * *

As I am, so are You.

* * * *

The end of desire is the end of fear.

* * * *

The dowry of life is suffering and death.

* * * *

The permutations of greed are relatively predictable.

* * * *

Chances are, your nose looks best on your own face.

* * * *

Beauty parlors, what a joke; more like a daily dose of Halloween.

* * * *

So, how’s life in the feed lot? Looks like you’re still eating well.

* * * *

The illusions of the flesh are of but relatively short duration.

* * * *

Half-baked or well done, the potato is the same.

* * * *

Another day in the genitalia wars.

* * * *

Look to your awareness to see the truth of You in all.

* * * *

As if it matters.

* * * *

Is it cheating if You are playing a different game?

* * * *

Whether You recline, sit, stand, walk, or run, it all passes the same.

* * * *

What a great deal of work it takes to do nothing well.

* * * *

Every living creature is a genius in its own niche.
Cousins of the same puddle; survivors since life's origin.

Chapter 276

Embrace the aloneness, embrace the sovereignty, embrace the infinity.

* * * *

Everything is forgotten in one sooner or later or another.

* * * *

Generation after generation must learn anew who they can and cannot trust.

* * * *

The best solution to either wealth or poverty is a richness of spirit.

* * * *

Absurdity from dawn to dusk, and all the dark hours before and after.

* * * *

To meet your fate with a full breath, inspires the greatest courage.

* * * *

To break with history, with the chains of time, is the only true freedom.

* * * *

How long can virtue withstand the winds of fierce and bitter consciousness?

* * * *

Discontent is best remedied by regular, sustained breathing.

* * * *

The struggle of existence is ceaseless from first breath to last.

* * * *

Consciousness does not easily relinquish its imaginary universe.

* * * *

Being trapped in the body-mind can often be very trying.

* * * *

As if all your opinions mean diddly-squat.

* * * *

Another footnote.

* * * *

Only the dead have seen the end of absurdity.

* * * *

And that died too.

* * * *

Always so much more to everything than meets the eye of any given mind.

* * * *

Why waste time over things over which You have absolutely no control?

* * * *

Your ignorance is bliss.

* * * *

What some call negativity, pessimism, skepticism, doubt, cynicism,
To the rational mind of the critical thinker, is merely the way it is.

Chapter 277

Layers of subtlety are the hallmark of a sage's thinking.

* * * *

What is death but a dream forever extinguished.

* * * *

Desire will carry on for as long as You are driven mad by its siren call.

* * * *

You are the quantum breeze.

* * * *

Is that all? Seriously!?

* * * *

And what do You hunger for today?

* * * *

Consciousness an insatiable beast that will not easily die.

* * * *

No projection of imagination, no matter how lucid, how fearless, has ever been real.

* * * *

Do not be usurped by gossip, and by the way, it is all gossip.

* * * *

Truth or delusion, You decide.

* * * *

There are no followers in this game; only those who see and those who do not.

* * * *

There are always statistical exceptions, standard deviations, that prove bell curves true.

* * * *

Beware any individual or group that has a big idea looking for true believers.

* * * *

Pleasure and pain serve the same master.

* * * *

If You cannot save your self, how can You save anyone else?

* * * *

Pleasure and pain spawn different outcomes in their cause-and-effect spins.

* * * *

Another day of Animal Farm redux, idem, ibidem, et cetera, ad infinitum.

* * * *

How much more do You desperately not need?

* * * *

Party on, the Reaper is but a breath away.

* * * *

Yabba-dabba-doo.

* * * *

Nothing really matters,
Nothing really does not matter,
Matter being what it is, and what it is not.

* * * *

Life is a marathon, not a sprint, or at least not all the time.

* * * *

Only so much anyone can do to waylay the inevitable.

* * * *

What is any given cosmos but a sensory body, a brain, and a mind imagining it so.

Leftovers and Soundbites Transferred to ‘The Return to Wonder’ from ‘Breadcrumbs 2018’

Chapter 278

What is it You think can be saved that was ever You or yours in the first place?

* * * *

Regarding the maze You meander in your mind, always feel free to take a sit.

* * * *

Histories often whitewash truth, and even more often wash it away completely.

* * * *

Imagination is the creator of all.

* * * *

Taking the world personal is the first and last error.

* * * *

The busy mind loves a conspiracy.

* * * *

Same stage, different universes.

* * * *

Truth or idolatry, You choose.

* * * *

It seemed a priority at the time.

* * * *

Awaken to your mind’s content.

* * * *

The odds nail everyone to a cross of their own making.

* * * *

Imagination is all.

* * * *

You are, You have always been, You will ever be, if time was real, that is.

* * * *

All the clever things we just have to say and do.

* * * *

Does the world, the universe, exist if You give it no thought?
How can time and space and all it many facades
Ever find home in the no-mind?

* * * *

Pleasure and pain are different sides of the same coin,
With just about the same probability in the long haul.

* * * *

Are You able, are You willing,
At least in the here-and-there-every-once-and-awhile,
To boot your world, your universe,
Out of your head?

* * * *

To remain still and clear, even in the most turbulent winds,
The most absurd, intolerable, rancorous moments,
Is indeed one of life's greater challenges.
Even the most enlightened, most awakened gurus,
Surely roll their eyes and grind their teeth every now and then.

Chapter 279

Cause and effect, ebb and flow, there and back, future and past,
How could the dreamtime continue on and on and on without them?

* * * *

The least common denominator
Is the pure awareness You truly are,
That source that abides all dreams as one.

* * * *

Yet another lie.

* * * *

The challenge is to wake up and not get fooled again.

* * * *

Nothing to dogma about.

* * * *

You can never know what will or will not happen once You are gone.

* * * *

Are You slave or master, or simply alone and free?

* * * *

Another day of wandering neuron trails as if they existed.

* * * *

Drams is what happens when busy minds run amok.

* * * *

You are the truth personified.

* * * *

What point trying to convince others of that which offers so little.

* * * *

Cannot prove anything, really.

* * * *

Is habit anything more than mind's attachment to the body's chemical play?

* * * *

Do not believe all the stories You hear.

* * * *

Speculation is not knowing.

* * * *

Yes, that was a lie, too.

* * * *

Negation is the means to a pointless state.

* * * *

What is death but return to the oblivion You have only pretended to know.

* * * *

So many dominos; hard to flick just one.

* * * *

Regarding suicide, not everyone feels obligated to play the game.

* * * *

And not even the hint of squealing brakes.

* * * *

I love my kids too much to bring them here.

* * * *

Yet another factoid so inconsequential as to be negligible.

* * * *

Forget me, forget me not.

* * * *

Setting the windy mind in stone just ain't going to happen.

* * * *

It is only a crime if You are caught.

* * * *

Betray or incite true believers at your own peril.

* * * *

God is but one of the inventions of ignorance.

* * * *

Them assumptions, they sure will take You down many a path.

* * * *

You create your self; You discern your Self.

* * * *

Consciousness is slathered in soot of the quantum kind.

* * * *

No harm in not knowing.

* * * *

Some daze You feel young, and some daze You feel old.
The ecstasies and agonies of the nerve-ridden mortal frame
Weave many shades from light to dark for the mind to endure.

* * * *

Strategy without tactics is as ineffectual as tactics without strategy.
An even-keeled process requires synchronized, all-inclusive design.

* * * *

Do not be too smug in your satori.
It is but a moment in the timeless journey of liberation,
And makes You no superior than any jester saddled up on a corner bar stool.

Chapter 280

How many zeroes will it take?

* * * *

What is any life but the flashes of perception we call memory.

* * * *

Look who's in charge now.

* * * *

Gaia is coming unhinged. Oh woe to the future.

* * * *

What is the world, the universe, but a quantum dream ever consuming itself.

* * * *

Intuition may get the ball rolling, but logical, rational thinking will plumb true.

* * * *

Indifference is its own reward.

* * * *

To truly know nothing is a wondrous state of mindfulness.

* * * *

To find, one must seek, but what do when the quest is complete?

* * * *

It is only in the finite that infinity can frolic.

* * * *

The seeker of peace has to be pretty detached to get by in this world.

* * * *

Everything's the same, and nothing's the same.

* * * *

The Hypocrisy! The Hypocrisy!

* * * *

What bother to carry a world, a universe, around in your wee noggin.

* * * *

There are killer bees, and there are idiot bees.

* * * *

Infinitesimal, finite, infinite, what difference, really?

* * * *

Does it all have to be so predictable?

* * * *

You puny little identity in your puny little body is not what You truly are.

* * * *

The quantum rhapsody must be played alone.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is a collusion of delusion.

* * * *

God must be very small to be rattling around in so many heads.

* * * *

To be content with nothing is a rare calling.

* * * *

To be absolute, or not to be absolute, that is the question.

* * * *

Cause and effect, ebb and flow, there and back, future and past,
How could the dreamtime continue on and on and on without them?

Chapter 281

So many ways to suffer.

* * * *

Your world, your universe, breathe it in, breathe it out.

* * * *

Another day of watching the universe gorge upon itself.

* * * *

Shit happens.

* * * *

Have no of the god that does not exist.

* * * *

The mystery is like a matryoshka doll without the matryoshka doll.

* * * *

What a clingy thing, consciousness.

* * * *

If happens.

* * * *

How meaningless satori if You close your eye again.

* * * *

Discern the awareness where measurement means nothing.

* * * *

How can that which is nothingness ever change?

* * * *

The cascade is underway.

* * * *

Naught but a dream that never really happened.

* * * *

Microscopes and telescopes are but tools, it the mind's eye that discerns.

* * * *

Enough with the pedestals, already.

* * * *

How much is too much?

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is founded upon imaginary confabulation.

* * * *

Find your own hole.

* * * *

What is the body but a cage of flesh and bones.

* * * *

Ciao, ciao.

* * * *

It is your life; spend it how You will, if You have the courage.

* * * *

There is no knowing.

Chapter 282

Answer me this: How is it You have never seen your face?

* * * *

Breathe in one set of moments, breathe out another … Life, ever-changing.

* * * *

Disrespect is a magnet for revenge.

* * * *

All judgment is about differences that exist in mind only.

* * * *

Light monkey, gray monkey, dark monkey; all the same monkey.

* * * *

The sins of men are many, but sin, it is nothing.

* * * *

No need to formalize that which has no form.

* * * *

Why call sex ‘making love’? ‘Making lust’ is far more accurate.

* * * *

There appear to be many mysteries, but ultimately there is only one Mystery.

* * * *

The is-was-will-ever-be of it all.

* * * *

For consciousness to be content requires great discernment.

* * * *

No mask is bound by the part it seems to portray.

* * * *

How could it be arrogant to be what You truly are.

* * * *

From an essential mind, essential things are discerned.

* * * *

Moral compass, what is that, anyway?

* * * *

As differences are to indivisibility, illusion is to reality.

* * * *

Living for likes, is there anything more hollow?

* * * *

Aging is about compensating enough to keep moving.

* * * *

Consciousness is but a subset of awareness.

* * * *

The moment You were conceived, so was death, so why worry?

* * * *

What a thing to spend existence fending off the aloneness.

* * * *

The whole of consciousness is but a quantum-neural storm playing time.

* * * *

The shoulda, the coulda, and the woulda.

* * * *

Conditioning is all.

* * * *

Is truth about You, or are You about truth?

* * * *

All your meanings, all your purposes, are but the fantasies of vanity.

* * * *

Death is disappearing without a trace.

* * * *

The dreamer is the dream; the dream is the dreamer.

* * * *

It is delusion that hurts, not truth.

* * * *

So many of the things we call pleasurable, are they really?

* * * *

Death will happen on a day just like today.

* * * *

Suspend the animation.

* * * *

What are the vanities – power, fame, fortune – but distractions,
From the source of all that is mystery, all that is unknown, all that is eternal.
The impenetrable, ineffaceable, indivisible awareness that is unfathomably ever-present.

Chapter 283

Past and future are but vanity projected upon any imaginary timeline.

* * * *

Good god, look in the mirror, play your gray.

* * * *

Trying to justify your existence is a rat wheel in the mind.

* * * *

Yet another universe created by imagination.

* * * *

Another day of pretend underway.

* * * *

There is no good guy in a home invasion.

* * * *

Religion foments dogma, dogma foments disharmony, disharmony foments destruction.

* * * *

Does anybody really die until You do?

* * * *

Imagination is a time machine that can travel anywhere but the present.

* * * *

Consciousness is an ever-changing show of imagination.

* * * *

Nothing exists for less than a moment.

* * * *

Dream on, Dreamer.

* * * *

Another day of wandering and pondering about in the ethereal manifest.

* * * *

Reject everything; abide in nothing.

* * * *

There are no scriptures, only writings.

* * * *

There is only one mystery in this dreamtime; one mystery with many faces.

* * * *

Forgiveness is its own redemption.

* * * *

What is all this longing for more, more, more, but an emptiness that can never be filled.

* * * *

Every truth a lie unto its Self.

* * * *

The intensity of passion is the source of all pleasure, all pain.

* * * *

A leader cannot lead where followers will not follow.

* * * *

To die every moment while conscious is an meditation worth exploring.

* * * *

What need hath the void for light or sound, or even dark or silence?

* * * *

Waiting for nothing to happen.

* * * *

Spies can be handy, especially if more inspired by loyalty than coin.

* * * *

So many ways to suffer; so little time.

* * * *

A leader who does not value honesty runs greater risks of failure in any long run.

* * * *

Truth is not a thing, nor is it a non-thing.

* * * *

Perfect stillness, perfect Self.

* * * *

Say yes, do yes; say no, do no; say maybe, do maybe.

* * * *

What is this mind that is conditioned to perpetually justify its illusion?

* * * *

Yet another of the usual suspects.

* * * *

Hypocrite!

* * * *

Rhyme? Reason? What the hell are You talking about?

* * * *

Do not just say yes, do yes; do not just say no, do no; do not just say maybe, do maybe.

* * * *

Doubt is the key, and even that only takes most so far.

* * * *

Anonymity within and without is the greatest freedom, and it is free if You can master it.

* * * *

Illusion is all.

* * * *

What is small, what is large, in calling something short or tall?

* * * *

Words are such incomplete, tenuous assumptions.

* * * *

The universe without is but a reflection of the one within, as infinite as it is infinitesimal.

* * * *

What is death but evaporating back into stardust.

* * * *

Philosophy is the solace of those who have not sought out the greater vanities.

* * * *

A new discovery every moment.

* * * *

The flames of power, fame, and fortune singe many an envious wing.

* * * *

The mind is but an obscure eye.

* * * *

Is anything ever good enough for a mind steeped in dissatisfaction?

* * * *

So many Bodhi trees, so little time.

* * * *

What part of ‘without attributes’ don’t You get?

* * * *

Can You ever be too careful?

* * * *

Contentment, the final refuge.

* * * *

For some, even the surest kick to the derrière promotes little effect.

* * * *

Congratulations on holding true to your meme.

* * * *

Objectivity is a myth to which science subscribes, but can never grasp.

* * * *

Vanity rules us all.

* * * *

The monkey-mind is very adept at waylaying any doubt.

* * * *

Art is the remedy for the peaks and valleys of the creative mind.

* * * *

Even blind or deaf or mute or anosmic or numb, You are it and it is You.

* * * *

Yet another clinging to what was as if it matters.

* * * *

All politics is but rhetoric; do not seek truth in the abyss between two or more.

* * * *

Soooo … How is a god man or god woman supposed to behave?

* * * *

Lean air up in them ivory towers.

* * * *

Even the greatest pharaohs, the greatest kings, were nothing more than pawns of fate.

* * * *

Purpose and meaning … Say whaaaat?!!

* * * *

The most likely reason for your cause of death is having been born in the first place.

* * * *

Retirement is about doing as little as possible as often as possible.

* * * *

Once was enough.

* * * *

Patience is more than a virtue; it is a vital aspect to existence.

* * * *

Even the fool has rhyme and reason.

* * * *

What's wrong with that?

* * * *

What happens to the mind when it ceases creating its universe?

* * * *

Sound oxygen management is always good policy.

* * * *

What is death but the end of caring.

* * * *

Enough is never enough for more than a few.

* * * *

The challenge may not be as much about finding the truth as it is letting go the false.

* * * *

Big Bang or Big Speculation?

* * * *

Play the mask.

* * * *

Regarding being completely and utterly detached, it is far easier to talk about.

* * * *

We are all windows of time watching history unfold.

* * * *

Even the village idiot may discern gleaning of wisdom on rare occasion.

* * * *

Existence may be painful, but is it better than nothing?

* * * *

Scars in both body and mind are the reminders of your many misadventures.

* * * *

Your sovereignty is the quantum source within.

* * * *

Nothing defies gravity forever.

* * * *

Is beauty really even skin deep?

* * * *

Show me a boundary, and I will show You it is but an imaginary figment in your mind.

* * * *

What's that about?

* * * *

What conditioning, what groupthink, it takes to charge into the blaze of battle.

* * * *

What choice do You have in the matter, really?

* * * *

Legacy … Posterity … Pfft!

* * * *

So very much alone, and so unhappy about it … Why?

* * * *

However immeasurable the universe and all its creations,
It ever begins with the eternal awareness You are right now.

Soundbites Transferred to 'The Return to Wonder' from 'Breadcrumbs' (Chapters 301, 302, 303)

Chapter 283

Loyalty: Priceless.

* * * *

Grande Nada Supreme.

* * * *

There is only awareness, everything else is babble.

* * * *

More vanity … Ho-hum and yawn.

* * * *

Why make it so hard on your Self?

* * * *

To the moth, I say, let the flame burn alone.

* * * *

Why judge the infinity of possibilities that You your Self are?

* * * *

What is your default setting, little self or Big Self?

* * * *

'Tis so amazing, this non-existent existence.

* * * *

What a wonder those who cannot even begin to look to see what is true.

* * * *

Tired of filling space that does not need filling.

* * * *

Consciousness is playing itself out through You.

* * * *

Get humble.

* * * *

Only You are true.

* * * *

What's your calling?

* * * *

Absolutely under the radar.

* * * *

Holding on to nothing is not an easy thing to do.

* * * *

If everyone gave everything away, what would any get in return?

* * * *

You have as much access to the sun as any who have ever dreamt in time.

* * * *

It is a mind in ever-present movement that creates the other.

* * * *

Happiness is in the unassailable awareness within each and every eternal moment.

* * * *

Identity is merely a cloak of illusion.

* * * *

You are your Self, once again.

* * * *

Sip eternity’s infinite elixir.

* * * *

Did nothing again today.

* * * *

Benign in all things.

* * * *

Raise the bar.

* * * *

Théâtre absurde.

* * * *

Metaphysical, indeed, indeed.

* * * *

Why pay interest on your pleasure?

* * * *

Perhaps the only thing from which You can never be free is the nowness.

Chapter 284

What sense of both freedom and imprisonment imagination can be.

* * * *

What vision can there be for the blind, what sound for the deaf?

* * * *

It is the mind that differentiates all things, not You.

* * * *

The truth all have in common is within.

* * * *

You are as You think … or not.

* * * *

Do not mind.

* * * *

Do nothing well.

* * * *

So beyond any control.

* * * *

The perceiver is in all, and all are in it.

* * * *

You are that from which all creation is made manifest.

* * * *

Perhaps some of the most profound thoughts have yet to be written.

* * * *

If some confining dogma suits You better than truth, so be it.

* * * *

Letting pride sit the back seat is likely rarely a bad idea.

* * * *

Each drop must evaporate to again become whole.

* * * *

You do, indeed, have a fondness for blaspheme.

* * * *

A rich life can be had on a dime.

* * * *

How much is too much, and how little is too little, there's the rub, indeed.

* * * *

What is reality? You.

* * * *

Zounds! It's true!

* * * *

What in any god's name is there to be afraid of?

* * * *

How wearing to care about so many things that have never really mattered.

* * * *

If You had any other moment, when would it, could it, possibly be?

* * * *

Why do You deny your Self, when it is your only reality?

* * * *

Join together in the ground within.

* * * *

God loves dice, Mr. Einstein.

* * * *

Settle for lies, and that is more than likely what You will get.

* * * *

You observe them, and they You, but likely not in quite the same way.

Chapter 285

Even the merest shadow of the movement of time can darken the mind.

* * * *

To see what is really going on, always look between the lines.

* * * *

Bits and pieces flowing alongside in streamtime.

* * * *

A state of mindlessness.

* * * *

What an absurd beast, pride.

* * * *

Why pretend to own anything?

* * * *

Another harbinger of doom, no doubt.

* * * *

This moment, too, is the ether of the nothingness.

* * * *

What to do when nothingness becomes the default setting.

* * * *

The grace of eternal life is in each and every breath, each and every step.

* * * *

A cosmic conspiracy is no doubt afoot for the many that harbor such pointless notions.

* * * *

Real faith, real belief, is the relinquishment of everything in any given moment.

* * * *

To be free of this body, or not, that is the choiceless choice of it.

* * * *

You must discover it totally alone.

* * * *

To neither want, nor not want.

* * * *

You are not the body, You are immortal, figure it out.

* * * *

Nothing honey.

* * * *

Nothing is all right by me.

* * * *

Every tool has its time and place.

* * * *

Every set of eyes a witness to a dream of awareness playing out consciousness.

* * * *

A full breath is the charioteer of the stillness so absolute.

Chapter 286

As if You had any say in the matter.

* * * *

Just another corpse waiting to happen.

* * * *

What are time and space but a function of memory cells.

* * * *

What incredible stress self-loathing places upon the mind-body-spirit.

* * * *

All life is a vast collection of seeds born of the same essence.

* * * *

Reality is in the still immediacy prior to consciousness.

* * * *

A pathless path as clear as awareness its Self.

* * * *

Harmony is in every streaming moment, the only now there has ever really been.

* * * *

Astounding all the things You have known and forgotten, and You ain't dead yet.

* * * *

Memes die hard.

* * * *

True love of Self is the inescapable potential of any given life.

* * * *

How could your version of the universe have existed before You created it?

* * * *

The You that You really are is all You really need.

* * * *

Total madness, or the sanest thing You will ever imagine?

Chapter 287

So much for that idea.

* * * *

None of it really means anything.

* * * *

Through fire, the blade gains immortality.

* * * *

You are not perfect in what You say or do, but in what You immutably are.

* * * *

You are not of the conscious design, merely witness to its play.

* * * *

What does it mean, eternity begins when You die?

* * * *

What is freedom to You, a concept, or a fact?

* * * *

Shields of bullshit.

* * * *

Think jacuzzi bubbles.

* * * *

Thoughts are merely habits, babbling away.

* * * *

Open eyes are so easily enticed into the endless delusions of illusion.

* * * *

What pride need there be when You are the source of all things small to great?

* * * *

Live and learn, die anyway.

* * * *

Knowledge has its limits, that which is prior, none.

* * * *

Never say forever.

* * * *

Are your eyes that closed?

* * * *

You know all … in your dream.

* * * *

Amazing that anyone would take anything for granted.

* * * *

Every life dies, but the essence that is never born, can never die.

* * * *

The unbounded is discerned through limitation awakened.

* * * *

How inflated the mind mesmerized by the senses.

* * * *

Who is there to please, really, but your Self?

* * * *

If You want nothing, what is there to fear?

* * * *

You are innocent of all charges.

Chapter 288

And when all plays are done, You will still be You.

* * * *

Do You see the game You daily play?

* * * *

Memes, You are surrounded by memes.

* * * *

The remedy to self-destruction is intelligence.

* * * *

What can any dream possibly offer to the real You?

* * * *

Undying, this eternal mind born of time.

* * * *

Absolute freedom is the only given.

* * * *

Guard against it being about You.

* * * *

Pretty matter of fact, really.

* * * *

To want nothing is to want for nothing.

* * * *

It is the freedom of those who require nothing.

* * * *

By whatever sword one carries, each perishes alone.

Chapter 289

Know thy Self, and what any other thinks of You means nothing.

* * * *

What do You remember but the remnants of a touchy-feely three-dimensional dream?

* * * *

Prior to romantic notions of love and beauty, nothing.

* * * *

Be totally vulnerable, totally anonymous, totally true to the one and only Self within.

* * * *

You are herein bid to wake up, all You sweet souls and dark villains.

* * * *

How free dare You be?

* * * *

Oh well, indeed.

* * * *

A very detached vision.

Chapter 290

Any hell is of its own making, of its own design.
A set of narrowing, limiting choices,
Born of an imaginary field.

* * * *

Each of us wandering our own infinite universe,
Creating for others to discern what they choose.

* * * *

You really own nothing:
Neither your body, your mind, your things,
Nor even your existence.

* * * *

The last real freedom You had was the moment
Before the seeds of consciousness took root.

* * * *

The limitations of the mind and body,
Real as they seem at the time,
Are entirely imagined.

* * * *

The manifest world is but a temporal quantum dream,
Which all inhabit and play out as their nature demands.

* * * *

The ones who can play the fool are have the advantage on the road to Self-discovery.

* * * *

No matter how much You believe You know,
It is merely bits and pieces of a dream unknown.

* * * *

Seven going on eight going on nine-plus-plus-plus
Way too many human beings on this poor Madre.

* * * *

Merge into the awareness of consciousness,
And what duality can there possibly be?

* * * *

The senses and mind will always deny You your birthright if You allow it.

Chapter 291

The dream will out, and the we who are me will witness it all.

* * * *

The greater the anger, the greater the illusion.

* * * *

Seers walk a singular path.

* * * *

The Way sets the ground rules of the manifest game, not You.

* * * *

A daydream of sorts, and nothing to show for it.

* * * *

What is there to do, really, but love thy Self.

* * * *

Why not?

* * * *

Equal indifference to all.

* * * *

The play of quantum ether.

* * * *

Pretty darned amazing, this seemingly endless mystery to which You are witness.

* * * *

Can You ever be truly happy with what any other offers?

* * * *

Merge into the awareness of consciousness, and what duality can there possibly be?

* * * *

Dread is the anxiety over the seemingly endless variety of pains inflicted by time.

* * * *

The relativity of all things is immeasurable.

* * * *

To see this. is the end of the world as You know it.

* * * *

The brass ring is yours if You dare to be free enough to seize it.

* * * *

Why stick around for bad theater with a wearing and predictable ending?

* * * *

The yoga of mind is the unraveling of the veil.

* * * *

The man behind the mask is dead: Long live the mask.

* * * *

Can You ever be truly happy with what the other offers?

Chapter 292

Never mind.

* * * *

You are absolutely nothing in the most profound sense.

* * * *

How has all this come about, a mystery that has no answer.

* * * *

Be as an infant in the womb – serene, aware, unattached – with malice toward none.

* * * *

What consciousness hath set apart, let consciousness render whole again.

* * * *

Why bother holding on to all the memories of what has only ever been a dream?

* * * *

Every life form is a shard of the Truth, the Life and the Way.

* * * *

Manifestation is the limitation of one form or another.

* * * *

Remember nothing. remember everything.

Chapter 293

Nobody knows.

* * * *

Everything else is self-serving absurdity.

* * * *

Is that something You really need to know?

* * * *

No need to apologize more than once, if at all.

* * * *

Sometimes too weary to continue, yet still You carry on.

* * * *

Just primates in boots and heels.

* * * *

Want everything, want nothing, is there any difference, really?

* * * *

Fools tarry in the world.

* * * *

It all means everything, it all means nothing.

* * * *

Another drop of Soul haunted by the many voices playing out in mind's mortal theater.

* * * *

Attain the immeasurable richness of the complete and utter simplicity within.

* * * *

Explore everything anew every moment possible.

* * * *

And Atlas tossed the world of mind into a new orbit.

* * * *

So much gibberish, none of it truly important.

* * * *

Same old, same old, for the very first time.

Chapter 294

What's to know? What's not to know?

* * * *

Bliss is the eternal orgasm.

* * * *

Get back to what You truly are.

* * * *

Where does coveting really get You?

* * * *

If we were worms, flies or cockroaches, would we be so proud?

* * * *

Whatever You think it is, it is, and it is not.

* * * *

Existence is a means to an end, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

Human drama, human trauma.

* * * *

Dissolving the mind one aphorism at a time.

* * * *

Equanimity is the eternal balance between body, mind, heart and Soul.

* * * *

What name can possibly be attached to that from which all sound flows?

* * * *

Are You ready to call it a life?

* * * *

It's a two-legged thing.

* * * *

Game over.

* * * *

Be ... free.

* * * *

Awareness is the nectar of the beingness.

* * * *

Stand tall, rest assured, You are That I Am.

* * * *

Nothing can be proved; it is an experiential fact.

Chapter 295

Nothing makes some content.

* * * *

Only in awareness are You immortal.

* * * *

Another mind off out in the deep end of wacko.

* * * *

Be as simple or complex as You please, it is the same.

* * * *

The drama of ants will out.

* * * *

Every ear, every mind, its own translation.

* * * *

Nothing matters, everything matters.

* * * *

Alone again, naturally.

* * * *

Anything and everything is samadhi, yoga, union.

* * * *

It is all You, and You it, so what need to think about it?

* * * *

What matter the vanities of this world, or any other?

* * * *

Find the deepest desire, the deepest fear, and erase them.

* * * *

Prior to all cause and effect, You are.

* * * *

Dissolve within.

Chapter 296

Reclaim the birthright that is all You really are.

* * * *

Live now, die now, it is ever the same.

* * * *

You are awareness caught up in a sensory dream.

* * * *

To what would any delusional mind have to compare it?

* * * *

You would not bother with all these words if You were truly done with it.

* * * *

Discerning your universe, one seamless breath, one seamless moment at a time.

* * * *

It is only suffocating if You do not remember to breathe.

* * * *

Just doing whatever comes to mind.

* * * *

Nature is nothing but what it is.

* * * *

Choose your absurdity.

* * * *

In a league of your own.

* * * *

Many are called, and fools are rarely chosen.

* * * *

You will not discern your immortality in the world

* * * *

Just another entry in this stream of consciousness.

* * * *

You are not responsible for what anyone thinks or does.

* * * *

If You know You wouldn't do it again, then regret has done all it can do.

* * * *

What is so hard about being totally free inwardly?

* * * *

Ultimately, there is no answer but You.

* * * *

It is not your dream, or my dream, it is the dream.

* * * *

See which way the wind stills.

* * * *

Quantum menagerie.

* * * *

Be true to your Self.

* * * *

How free is free?

* * * *

You are all potentials.

Chapter 297

Give up knowing, embrace the stillness before time.

* * * *

Introspection, eternally pointless.

* * * *

Time to move on to what I Am is about.

* * * *

So infinite as to be both impossible and plausible.

* * * *

What is wrong with a little compassion toward those who really need and deserve it?

* * * *

We battle over nothing, really.

* * * *

Nothing means nothing.

* * * *

So much not to care about.

* * * *

Hate is a curious undertaking.

* * * *

No harm in admitting what You don't know, which is a heck of a lot, really.

* * * *

Before pride, all so-called sins wander to and fro as they please.

Chapter 298

Truth or idolatry?

* * * *

Believe nothing.

* * * *

Ya had to be there.

* * * *

Another long ago in the same right now.

* * * *

Another day's sweat and toil washes down to the sea.

* * * *

If You could read my mind, love, what a tale my thoughts could tell.

* * * *

What happens when there are too many monkeys in the only tree in the forest?

* * * *

"How many times have I died for You?" the Jester wondered on his newly minted cross.

* * * *

What a jealous, angry, petty, inane god, so many, with such diligence, imagine.

Chapter 299

What a mystery Eden; a shame we did not treat it with much more respect.

* * * *

That moment will come soon enough, no point endlessly worrying about it.

* * * *

Breathe in, breath out, eternal life, now.

* * * *

Do not call it anything, just be alone in the awareness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Allow the clear sky back into your mind.

* * * *

From whence do avalanches begin?

* * * *

Happy Birthday, Son of Santa Claus.

* * * *

You are herein free of all and none.

* * * *

Any discerning drop knows its source.

* * * *

The challenge is to forget it all, and be the You that You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Nobody can ever really see You until they see themselves as You do your Self.

* * * *

You are not required to participate in any way but your own: You are your own law.

Chapter 300

Skin color is no indicator of intelligence; every mind is a universe unto its Self.

* * * *

In the dreams of those immersed in totality, it does not matter what any other thinks.

* * * *

What to say to those who have spent so much of their time not looking for themselves.

* * * *

Except in the dreams of imagination, there has never been an individual soul.

* * * *

What You fear most, what You desire most, is what You have in imagination created.

* * * *

Are You this pretending That, or That pretending this?

* * * *

The freedom of being is in the seamlessness of each and every moment.

Michael's Rabbit Hole

What is Written Here

What is written here,
Has been spoken, written, and lived,
By many in many times and places in human history.
Ever disguised by innumerable masks, costumes, concepts, and technologies,
Its mysterious nature has timelessly confused and frightened,
Those unable to discern beneath the surface.

This aphoristic vision is simply another attempt,
Using contemporary masks, costumes, concepts, and technologies,
To illustrate in thought something as old as old is,
That which has ever yet never been.

It is for those who desire nothing from this manifest dream,
But that it be a journey into freedom.

Best wishes.

The Stillness Before Time 1996

The Matrix

Another aphoristic journey,
For those who see, hear, feel, and breathe,
A mystery which can never be, but what it has ever been.
An array of thoughts on what is known, and what will ever be unknown.
Reflections from a mirror given over to the sojourn of sages and the fools they become.
For the dancers and singers who chuckle at the theater of imagination.
Those who seek to tread immortal waters, fearless.

The Stillness Before Time Website 2000

Of the Human Journey

Mortal existence is not easy. It never has been, and never will be, for any creature sown of this garden orb, this smidgeon of quantum dust, floating in the vast, immeasurable unknown. What follows are thoughts about the human journey; its theatrical paradigm and the fare existence offers, and the choices all must resolve, very much alone, in the sojourn through the veiled maze of space and time, of consciousness, with all its dualistic notions. It is a journey of ecstasy and agony, courage and fear, love and hate, absurdity and insanity, irony and paradox, life and death. It is the ineffable, insoluble mystery, born of the passionate mind, and the ever-flowing array of perceptions, of patterns, every human being faces, in the movement through birth, sickness, injury, aging, dying, and death.

These reflections are written to help promote a larger vision of where we as a species are heading. One that attempts to look beyond humankind's many seemingly irreconcilable divisions. One that values insight and wisdom. One that elevates rather than detracts. One that seeks to foster a sense of guardianship, rather than destruction and manipulation, of our little dust ball garden, and the many life forms it has spawned.

We live in a time period similar, yet increasingly unique, among the many eras come and gone before. Excessive population, coupled with unprecedented, unrestrained industries and technologies, and the consumption frenzy they feed, are driving our petri dish experiment of so-called free will, toward a rather bleak outcome. All the absurdities, all the insanities, we have so carelessly, foolishly, needlessly wreaked upon the earth's magnificent diversity, are huge rebounding tsunamis, awaiting our arrival in time. The rules of the manifest game are simple and uncompromising, and those who bend and break them, must eventually pay the price that Mother Nature, chief arbiter of all things dreamtime, is more than capable of exacting.

As long as we human beings battle over pride-filled, tribal differences, we inevitably embrace a fate of our own synergistic, instinctual, self-absorbed design. The monopolistic win-lose divisiveness wrought since long before history's invention, since our egocentric, competitive, voluntary secession from the garden, spirals us down a path of annihilation. What we have done in all our arrogance, has created a time already nightmarish for many, and will only exponentially accelerate, for those to whom we are now ancestors. And we are nowhere close to discerning a common vision, a truly cooperative paradigm that might sidestep it.

We leave it to future generations, to create solutions to problems, all have aided in forging. We vainly hope that political, economic, and religious leaders will shepherd us to salvation, but they cannot, because the collective vision is too full of limitation and polarity. Despite all our canny attributes, we as a species have not yet fully fathomed our interconnectedness, our inherent kinship, to the indivisible totality. We have not grasped, that time and space, do not exist as any more than a play of consciousness, a collusion of imagination. Nowness is the only ephemeral, eternal reality, and the decisions, the choices, each of us make in this moment-to-moment flowing, of this ever-changing theater, create the dreamtime future.

So many of the leaders we have chosen to follow, with all their insecure, parasitic ambitions for power, glory, and wealth, only wax the slide with empty promises, and compromising, shortsighted decisions. Though many are highly intelligent in many clever ways, too few have the wisdom and integrity, to truly serve those they pretend to lead. The result is, that along with there being no political or economic solution to the dilemma now unfolding, our dysfunctional paradigm has created a spiritual crisis, well beyond all the vain pretensions so many call religion.

No one has ever, will ever, can ever, see the world exactly the same as anyone else. We are like snowflakes and fingerprints, patterns woven of a mystery, to which all creation is witness in one form or another. Time and space are magical illusions, and each and every one of us is an equal participant, in a vast theater of consciousness, spontaneously playing itself out, in seemingly every possible way. All our knowledge, all our histories, all our schools of thought, the countless frames of reference we imagine individually and collectively, dreamily overlap and merge like ripples, crisscrossing to and fro upon the same sea of relativity.

Words, whatever the language, are conceptual icebergs, each and every one of us envision and translate differently. Thoughts of culture, tradition, ethnicity, gender, morality, currency, politics, religion, ad infinitum, inspire an array of responses, often conflicting because of rigid, dogmatic attachments to time. Yet, at the origin of all consciousness, that quantum field from which this grand three-dimensional mirage has come to pass, is very much the same indivisible oneness, the same universal, eternal truth, despite all our sophomoric, meaningless arguments, over the endless permutations of knowledge, we ourselves have contrived.

All differences are fabrication, make-believe, fantasy, whimsey, delusion, born of imagination. All polarizations, whether cultural, racial, sexual, geographic, economic, political, religious, mythological, and on and on, are illusive deceptions, born of the play of matter, of light and sound, and the theater they together weave. Each of us imagines a personal universe, in which all travel very much alone, despite all the sensory evidence to the contrary. Until one can see past the attachments to an individual life, the many differences seem real, but ultimately, they are not, never have been, and never will be. It is a dance too vast, for any mind to more than intuitively discern, and perchance fathom, that it is lead dancer in its spirit-mind-body chronicle.

We are passing through a holographic epoch of time, in which the seemingly countless dramas of human existence, are available for all who have capacity and means to explore. What evolved of geographical isolation, can now be witnessed in whatever fashion predisposition allows. There is a tendency, due to the aberration of pride and the quest for false glory, to argue one mythology's supremacy over another, yet is any collusion, more than a conceptual adaptation to time and circumstance? Is any one version, any one dream of consciousness, any one play of imagination, from the ultimate-reality perspective, really, truly, in any way, superior, to any other? Might may make right, but it does not make truth.

No one gets out of this manifest existence alive, and every human being ever born comes to grips with that truth, in whatever way capacity and limitation allow. Some create hells for themselves, while others discern within, a quality, a virtue, a harmony, that has been given countless names across the world. Most of us, of course, wander the purgatory between. In the journey of life, each of us swims an ebb and flow, in which the individual spirit-mind-body plays out incalculable variations of the passions born of desire and fear.

The life any of us creates, with all its perceptions and interpretations, is a blend of voluntary and involuntary choosing. Traditions are creations every cultural grouping, every societal mindset, fabricates, in order to maintain continuity in those the genetic lottery casts into its geographic realm. No one is bound to continue believing anything, but through the conditioned choices of imagination, that some call free will. Those who discern their own law, see this manifest play far differently than those, who, for whatever reason, cannot see past their attachments to the narrow propagandas of history, whatever the scale.

The gist of these reflections, is to encourage those who see their immeasurable nature, to become that to which they aspire. Intuitively, spontaneously free, to meet the moment as it unfolds, whether or not it fits the vision of any other individual or group. In the statistical bell curve of any rise and fall, of any creation and destruction, there are always the initiators, and those who tag along well after. Those who entertain the greatest vision, are already among the many who do not. Whether the reader sees it as a fact or not, we are all that which is the same indivisible upwelling, the same inexplicable mystery. Eternity is very much present within every part and particle, every quantum of the dreamtime to which all are witness. It is a vision so spaceless, so timeless, so infinite, so infinitesimal, as to be intrinsic to all creation, from You, to the farthest reaches and beyond.

Is the human species, with all its competitive predispositions, capable of comprehending and responding to a larger vision of itself? With all that is facing us, do we have the luxury of time? Probably not. More than very unlikely, in fact. Though the transformation of consciousness is an instantaneous matter, we as a species are caught in the juggernauting wave of collective ignorance, avarice, hedonism, narcissism, and countless attachments to choices made in times long before our brief little window, our tiny little scratch of the timeline. We may agree the problems ahead are nearly insurmountable, but a paradigm shift into a cooperative, balanced, intuitive, holistic, realistic mindset, is too much of a change for most to even begin to fathom, much less enact, at this point in time.

Despite the countless lessons offered by history, we are too attached to building mountains of false gold, practicing divisive religion, maintaining rigid traditions, following disingenuous leaders, promoting the idolatry of personality, supporting destructive institutions, fabricating egocentric class structures, producing adverse technologies, consuming insatiably in every conceivable way, destroying irreplaceable diversity, and killing one another because our ancestors could not get along any better than we, for all the same myopic, space-bound, time-bound, evolutionary, imaginary reasons.

Recognize it or not, the human species is fast-approaching a tailspin of its own design. It is inevitable that this garden planet, and all life that dwells on it, will someday return to its origin. That is the nature of the vast changing, the creation-destruction of each passing moment, in which we all choicelessly, spontaneously participate. The indivisible, impersonal totality; that which relatively few fully discern, much less quest total surrender.

The question is, will we go out with nobility, humility, integrity, and discipline; as fully-evolved human beings, harmoniously realigned with the source of our origin, guardians of what is left of the garden that birthed us all? Or will we exit like fruit flies, churning feverishly for the last dollop of honey in the bell jar; like rats, vying savagely for the last crumbs at the bottom of the cage?

Each of us makes that decision in every step, in every breath, in every deed, every word, every thought. We individually create our own unique, imaginary versions of the universe, and how we work it out together in the impromptu theater of consciousness, only time will tell. The essential quantum reality is not about contrived differences. It is not about futile, conceited pursuits, meaningless paths to glory. Life is an opportunity to perceive, within and without, a vision of an integrated relationship with that which is infinitely, infinitesimally greater than its many parts.

It is the true discernment that each and every one of us, including every angel and every demon, including all creatures small to great, including every infinitesimal, absolute speck of quantum dust swirling within, to the furthest indivisible reaches of the unknown, is equally That I Am, to which mystics across the world, throughout time, point. There is no other.

Each and every one of us is the same indivisible eternal oneness, the same absolute, immeasurable, timeless genesis, playing out the relativity of dreamtime. We are all connected, inseparable, no matter the exterior, no matter the capacity, no matter the frame of reference. No religious middlemen, no stairways to heaven, are necessary. This indelible insight is absolutely free to all discerning enough, to see clearly, that the ethereal thing called truth, is the momentary, intangible, undeniable birthright of the timeless awareness, imbued equally within all quantum creations. This intuitive vision of the clarity beyond form, and the exploration of right living it brings about, is the only true revolution.

This inexplicable mystery we call life, this beyond-boggling organization of matter, is an opportunity to witness the vast unfathomable diversity of this manifest theater, this grand play of creation and destruction, of known and unknown, in whatever way each individually imagines. It is the potential within all, to see that every form born of space-time, is merely one of a ceaseless kaleidoscoping of shapes, of facades, of masks, of patterns, all veiling the same source, the same awareness, the same witness; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

The singularity of totality is beyond the scope of the mind, beyond the irrational concoctions of superstition, beyond the rational explorations of science. It is beyond the wordplay of any belief system, beyond the egocentric weavings of individual persona, and the countless delusions spawned of ignorance. We are all alone, together, and how we as a species finally choose to dance the dance, sing the song, walk the walk, and talk the talk, is ultimately, in this mind's eye, the true legacy of the human journey.

Best wishes,

M

The Stillness Before Time 1996

Got God?

Do You believe in God? If so, describe what You mean by that?

Godness is the "I am That I Am" within each of us. It is the everything and the nothing. It is the smallest particle to the greatest whole. It is the isness, the nowness, the awareness, the timeless indivisible, unborn, undying source of this infinite, unknowable mystery. It is the creation, preservation, and destruction of every part and particle playing out the grand theater, the eternal kaleidoscoping holograph of space-time. That spark of divinity, of the Self within all selves, is the witness acting out every dreamtime imaginable.

Each and every life form is the immortal totality splintered into mortal fare. The source of life, of creation, is more than any measurement can ever explain or define. All attempts to grasp it, all the traditions, symbols, rituals and concepts, all the speculations ever devised in this garden world, or any other, are equally limited as anything but intuitive reflections. They are all merely a means to an end, not an end in themselves.

Time is a fabrication of consciousness. It is the virtual reality of the mind; the cotton candy of imagination. The ephemeral, momentary nowness is the only reality. Every life form, no matter who, what, where, when, why, or how, is very much of the same evolving creation, the same source, the same light, the same dreamer, the same witness, the same amness, the same uniqueness, the same absolute oneness. No matter how You slice and label it, we are all holographs of the same essence.

If You were raised in a religious environment, has that had a positive or negative impact on your life?

Organized religions across the world clutch vainly to beliefs founded upon geographic assumptions whose foundations have all become brittle and stale in this shrinking world. Groups throughout time have again and again claimed to be the standard-bearers of truth, but have all too often created far more conflict than community in their ethnocentricity. The net result is that the many propagandas of history are weighing us down with clashing notions. Notions that no longer hold water when examined closely.

The fact is that we are all the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and those blind to this most simple, obvious understanding, those attached to literal translations and dogmatic collusions, cannot help but perpetuate unnecessary confusion and disintegration.

Religious traditions, with all their customs, folklore, symbols, rituals, and concepts are products of time and its inevitable limitations. Their value is that they remind us of our relationship with the mystery of our existence. But to vainly cling to any as more than temporal tools, to battle over them in any way, to use them as anything but maps home, presents a narrow vision of the eternal quest. The word is only sound, and no sound can more than echo through the expanses of eternity.

Organizing the spiritual quest tends to box godness into a concept. And in the journey beyond concepts, into that which is immeasurable, there are no boundaries, no assumptions, that withstand that which creates, preserves, and destroys all illusions. The source of time is bound to no form, and inevitably harvests all.

Do You believe in heaven, hell, and judgment day?

Heaven and hell are states of mind, plays of consciousness, that only seem real where the now of time meets the road. Heaven is a sense of intuitive unity, an understanding, a clear harmony, a serene contentment. Hell is its divisive counterpart filled with unending prejudice, complexity, and contention. It is the passionate mind playing out the dualistic weavings of desire and fear, and the suffering they endlessly bring to fruition. Every day is judgment day for those confined by the illusory, dualistic play of the senses. In separation we are demons, in unity we are angels. Who has not tasted every potential to some degree?

Can prayer heal the sick?

If You really have faith, do You need to pray? Sickness, injury, aging. and dying are inevitable in this mortal theater. Oblivion of personal identity is the undeniable fate of all forms. Yet that quantum essence each of us truly is, is immortal, and this very simple realization creates a far different view of life, than most seem destined to entertain at any given time. What each of us really is, is far greater than birth and death, and the limitations of any manifest theater. And praying to imagination for mortal immortality, is rooted deeply in the quicksand of ignorance.

Are your religious/spiritual beliefs separate from your political ones?

Every action ripples. Every cause creates effect, and every effect becomes cause to the next effect. Those aware of this tend to walk more attentively in their day-to-day actions. Separative choices lead to disintegration; holistic ones to integration. Through interactions with others we show what we value. Are religion and politics separate? All division is the play of the time-bound mind. As long as we as a species value power, fame, and fortune more than we value right relationship, as long as we are in the grips of worldly attachment, as long as we worship mammon and idolize form, we journey toward an inevitable, synergistic fate of our own creation. The paradigm from which we spawned is no longer functional, and the bell is daily tolling louder.

Describe a spiritual experience You have had recently.

Is there any moment that is not spiritual, magical, mysterious? Whether sitting on the porcelain throne, or caught up in an inexplicable vision, every moment's unfolding is ultimately very much the same. We may or may not be tuned in, we may prefer some moments to others, but in reality, the ungraspable is sky to all the cloudy creations of consciousness, wherever or however they unfold. Pay attention to the vastness within, or meander through every sensory, dualistic diversion the world offers, it is all the same ephemeral virtual reality. Life is an opportunity to reflect upon the indivisible oneness within and without, and to take it as any more than a three-dimensional, quickly passing mirage, misses its greatest potential.

What is the soul?

What is not the That I Am? What is not the ground of all creation, preservation, and destruction? What is not the indivisible, immortal, absolute reality, that permeates all seen and unseen? What is not the same

quantum mystery residing in everything, from the smallest particle of an atom, to the farthest galaxies of all creation? Godness, as discerned through consciousness, is as expansive or limited as any given personal vision, yet cannot be confined by any. Ultimately, there is no other. The ocean of godness, of isness, of hereness, of nowness, is all, including the drop of awareness reading this. The proof of it is that no one, no creature ever birthed upon this spinning garden has ever, will ever, or can ever discern more than a reflection of its own face. All forms are splinters of the same witness, the same oneness, the same faceless unknown. All attributes, all measurements, are born of the illusion of the quantum matrix of space-time, and to be bound by any reverie is the delusion of ignorance.

"Got God?" was a response to a seven-question survey of Chico News & Review readers published in April 1996.

The Stillness Before Time 1996

Ten Reflections

I

Become a conscious, sovereign human being, awakened to the intuitive wisdom of Self, witness to the reality and unreality of this timeless-spaceless mystery of time and space.

II

Respect this diverse garden world, and the inherent rights of all creatures great to small. They are all masks of the same creation. There is no other.

III

Treat others at least as well as You would prefer they treat You. Do not expect them to return the favor, or to learn from your example. No one will ever be You.

IV

Live and let live; live and let die; grasp and release; give and take; win and lose; forgive and forget; inhale and exhale; fly and land; swim and drift; rise and fall; open and close; lock and unlock; come and go; start and stop; begin and end; flow and resist; tense and relax; be and allow; create, preserve, destroy.

V

Moderation in all things. Gluttony, greed, sloth, envy, wrath, lust, and pride are the roots of limitation, the source of suffering. The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism. Take delight virtue, in integrity and simplicity.

VI

Share what You have to share. But not in such a manner that it is degrading or disempowering to those You serve. Giving to get is not sharing.

VII

Play win-win whenever practical. Unmitigated competition is ultimately a dysfunctional paradigm. Avoid unnecessary conflict. No one really wins a fight. There are plenty of cooperative, egalitarian opportunities for those seeking the inherent ground.

VIII

Bring children into this world only if You intend to truly care for them. There are far too many human beings already. Life is arduous enough without a harsh, imbalanced beginning.

IX

Do not put false wealth above real relationship. Learn to listen to the many voices of nature. Learn to see with its many eyes. Mountains of gold do not compare with a child's joy in a mound of sand, a bird's, in the morning sun, or a dolphin's, in the passing wave.

X

Creation and preservation and destruction are equal partners in this kaleidoscoping light and sound show, playing out in the infinitesimally infinite aloneness of this dreamtime quantum theater. Deeply understanding this, may lessen the suffering of your relatively brief, more than a little absurd existence. Try not to take it all so seriously that You cannot laugh, at least occasionally, at this temporary mind-body, at this transient identity, this ephemeral, ever-changing, three-dimensional illusion, to which You are so attached.

The Stillness Before Time 1998

The First Page

We are all created of the same source,
By whatever name You might wish to call it.
Our sense of individuality is merely a fleeting illusion,
Born of the attachment of consciousness to mind-body-spirit.
In reality, we are all equally the same awareness permeating all things.
All dualistic notions are vain delusion fabricated by imagination.
Yes, it all seems real and true enough at any given moment,
But if You fully contemplate the ever-present now,
You will discern that this state we call life,
Is really nothing more than a very temporary,
Touchy-feely, three-dimensional, sensory reverie.
The indivisible, absolute mystery, pretending existence.

* * * *

Everything comes and goes, appears and disappears,
Changes in each and every inexplicable moment.
A magical mystery tour of bewildering origin.
And to those many so full of themselves,
Unable to perceive the unfathomable,
That every moment beckons their attention,
How did the mindboggling become so mundane?

* * * *

Discern the indivisible awareness prior to all attributes,
All genders, all languages, all ideologies, all creeds, all geographies,
All families, all friends, all acquaintances, all antagonists,
All anything, all everything, under any given sun.
Discern that which is solely awareness,
Unblemished by any perception,
Born of conscious design,
Mortal or otherwise.

* * * *

Every existence is entirely unique,
In this grand, magical theater of time and space.
The unfolding of the song of mystery is a creation extraordinaire,
In every way, shape and form into which the mystery,
Has spontaneously, choicelessly unfolded.
You are one of countless dreams,
All witness to the totality,
That which is prior to all perception,
That which is absolute, both within and without,
That which is real, that which is true, that which is ever You.

Who Can Out-Do Anyone?

Who can out-Wittgenstein Wittgenstein?
Who can out-Schopenhauer Schopenhauer?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-Lao Tzu Lao Tzu?
Who can out-Heraclitus Heraclitus?
Who can out-Kafka Kafka?
Who can out-Buddha Buddha?
Who can out-Plato Plato?
Who can out-Yogananda Yogananda?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-James James?
Who can out-Ram Dass Ram Dass?
Who can out-Ashtavakra Ashtavakra?
Who can out-Watts Watts?
Who can out-Marx Marx?
Who can out-Descartes Descartes?
Who can out-Patanjali Patanjali?
Who can out-Arendt Arendt?
Who can out-Nietzsche Nietzsche?
Who can out-Sartre Sartre?
Who can out-Locke Locke?
Who can out-Thoreau Thoreau?
Who can out-Emerson Emerson?
Who can out-Bacon Bacon?
Who can out-Descartes Descartes?
Who can out-Vonnegut Vonnegut?
Who can out-Krishna Krishna?
Who can out-Hume Hume?
Who can out-Machiavelli Machiavelli?
Who can out-Comte Comte?
Who can out-Whitman Whitman?
Who can out-Rousseau Rousseau?
Who can out-Russell Russell?
Who can out-Hobbes Hobbes?
Who can out-Foucault Foucault?
Who can out-Kierkegaard Kierkegaard?
Who can out-Mill Mill?
Who can out-Confucius Confucius?
Who can out-Osho Osho?
Who can out-de Beauvoir de Beauvoir?
Who can out-Aquinas Aquinas?
Who can out-Carneades Carneades?
Who can out-Hess Hess?
Who can out-Diogenes Diogenes?
Who can out-Smith Smith?
Who can out-Parmenides Parmenides?

Who can out-Pascal Pascal?
Who can out-Chomsky Chomsky?
Who can out-Thales Thales?
Who can out-Wollstonecraft Wollstonecraft?
Who can out-Muhammad Muhammad?
Who can out-Shankara Shankara?
Who can out-Sina Sina?
Who can out-Derrida Derrida?
Who can out-Epicurus Epicurus?
Who can out-Kant Kant?
Who can out-Aurelius Aurelius?
Who can out-Socrates Socrates?
Who can out-Dewey Dewey?
Who can out-Aristotle Aristotle?
Who can out-Voltaire Voltaire?
Who can out-Hegel Hegel?
Who can out-Holshouser Holshouser?
Who can out-Plate Plato?
Who can out-Socrates Socrates?
Who can out-Heidegger Heidegger?
Who can out-Arendt Arendt?
Who can out-Zoroaster Zoroaster?
Who can out-Jesus Jesus?
Who can out-Camus Camus?
Who can out-Spinoza Spinoza?
Who can out-Krishnamurti Krishnamurti?
Who can out-philosophize the weight of history?
Hemmed in by the sages of the ages, we are, we are.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim 2012
(Revised and Expanded 2022)

Proof Enough

If You are genuinely earnest in your inquiry into true Self,
The unquestionable fact that You have never seen,
Nor will You ever see, your own face,
Is surely evidence enough.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim 2012

The Last Page

Every one, the same quantum indivisibility, playing the manifest theater real.
Every one, the immortal essence, peering through mortal eyes, feigning a mortal game.
Every one, as free, as aware, as their shard of spirit demands, and mind allows.

* * * *

Those, whose destiny it is to become seers, ponder many things,
Until they gradually become aware of the foundation of consciousness itself,
And in that observant attentiveness to the awareness that never sleeps,
Their minds discern that from whence all things come and go,
And in that awareness merge back into the indivisibility,
Of the eternity that is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Is there any creature, any form, fashioned in this vast universe,
That does not journey to the conclusion of its paradigm?
All nature is naught but patterns within patterns.
All functions of the same choicelessness.
All programming of quantum design.
Indivisible within one and all, for all eternity.

* * * *

The quantum indivisibility is sightless,
Soundless, senseless, odorless, and tasteless.
Only in consciousness does any universe appear real.

* * * *

If the world, if the universe, was truly real,
How could it, would it, every instant be changing?
Only You do not change, only You have ever been the same,
Only You have ever been the one and only You,
Awareness, witnessing a dream.

* * * *

The Tao, by whatever sound You call it, is always the same.
The same as when You were born; the same as when You die.
The same as before You were born; the same as after You die.
Life is a brief opportunity to view it the same while You exist.

* * * *

That quantum essence that You truly are, cannot die, for it was never born.
You are eternity, the stuff of stars, come to life in a dreaming of time.
There is no who, no what, no where, no when, no why, no how.
You are the nothing more, the nothing less, the nothing but.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim 2012

Make-Believe is Not Forever

All groups, all cultures, since the origin of language,
Have used their natural environment to communicate their world.
The sun, the moon, the planets, the stars, the climate, the geographical features,
The myriad fellow creatures from small to great, all played parts in every mythological paradigm.
In these our modern times, we use our own creations to decipher the universe about us.
Technologies, politics, religion, business, media, personalities, ad infinitum.
Every conceivable mind-made, artificial, contrived invention,
Has all but usurped the relationship with nature.
The rules of the game are ever the same,
But ignorance leaves us deaf and blind and dumb,
To the one and only reality, that all creation is eternally interwoven,
At such an indivisible level, as to make any part, absolutely inseparable from anything else.
Imagination, and all its fabricated notions, all its dualistic concoctions,
May believe it can control this biosphere, this cosmos,
But it cannot make-believe for long,
Much less forever.

Hope for the Best, Prepare for the Worst

The world is changed. You can feel it in the water.
You can feel it in the earth. You can smell it in the air.
Much that once was is lost, for none now live who remember it.
All bell curves collapse, and where will You and yours be, when the dominos really begin falling?
If You have not already begun taking steps, it is time to think hard, prepare strong,
For a when-shit-hits-the-fan rough road in the times rapidly unfolding.
Batten down the hatches, lock and load, watch and wait.
Hope for the best, prepare for the worst.
May sound trite, but it be true.

The Mystery You Are

There is no middleman between You and the mystery You are.
There is no need to perpetually struggle over questions that have no answer.
There is no need to believe, to worship, to follow, to pray, to grovel, to tithe, to dogmatize,
To dread judgments from an on-high, to quake over imaginary heavens and hells.
You are That I Am, You are that which is unborn, enduring, undying,
As untainted and free, as You allow your state of mind to be.

* * * *

You are the mystery of You, the wonder of You, the eternity of You.
Only sensory perception, imaginary notion, separate you,
From that most inescapably authentic reality.
Realize it, grapple it, know it, be it.

* * * *

How can the here-now, the ever-present moment, ever be born, destined to one day die?
How can that which is without attributes, that which is indivisible, ever exist?
How can there be light or dark? Sound or silence? Right or wrong?
How can there be any this, any that, in an indelible mystery,
In which space and time are not, have never been, will never be?

* * * *

Despite all assertions to the contrary, humankind is not the be-all-end-all of this manifest mystery theater.
We have certainly played out a remarkable reverie in our trifling fragment of space-time,
One perhaps not replicated anywhere else across the starry-starry cosmos,
But our egocentric, ethnocentric, geocentric hullabaloo,
From whatever prelude to whatever finale,
Has never really been more,
Than vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity on steroids.
At best a negligible undulation in the electromagnetic spectrum.

* * * *

Being cultivated, being trained, being domesticated, to be a human being,
Does not make You any closer to mystery, than any other life form.
Every single beast has evolved from the same quantum origin.
The only difference between You and any other organism,
Is an inexorable egocentricity born entirely of imaginary notion.
The entire human paradigm, is nothing more than a collusion of imagination,
Made possible by the evolutionary happenstance of an resourceful, group-oriented mind,
Two arms, two legs, a larynx, opposable thumbs, and high-capacity lungs.
No critter ever born into this mystery ever stood a chance.
And, being far too clever for our own good,
Neither, ultimately, do we.

Who Does Anything?

Who contemplates?
Who perceives?
Who knows?
Who cares?
Who feels?
Who loves?
Who hates?
Who hopes?
Who believes?
Who does anything?

In Every

In every yes, a no; in every no, a yes.
In every truth, a lie; in every lie, a truth.
In every good; a bad; in every bad; a good.
In every vague, an exact; in every exact, a vague.
In every blessing, a curse; in every curse, a blessing.
In every unknown, a known; in every known, an unknown.
In every intangible, a tangible; in every tangible, an intangible.
In every abundance, a shortage; in every shortage, an abundance.
In every superiority, an inferiority; in every inferiority, a superiority.
In every inexplicable, an explicable; in every explicable, an inexplicable.
In every immeasurable, a measurable; in every measurable, an immeasurable.
In every intelligible, an inscrutable; in every inscrutable, an intelligible.
In every open hand, a closed fist; in every closed fist, an open hand.
In every creation, a destruction; in every destruction, a creation.
In every brilliance, a dullness; in every dullness, a brilliance.
In every positive, a negative; in every negative, a positive.
In every logic, an absurdity; in every absurdity, a logic.
In every infinite, a finite; in every finite, an infinite.
In every deep, a shallow; in every shallow, a deep.
In every right, a wrong; in every wrong, a right.
In every large, a small; in every small, a large.
In every whole, a part; in every part, a whole.
In every plus, a minus; in every minus, a plus.
In every savant, a fool; in every fool, a savant.
In every gray, a gray; in every gray, more gray.

Are You?

Who are You?
What are You?
Where are You?
When are You?
Why are You?
How are You?
… Are You? …

The Sound of One Hand Clapping

The sound of one hand clapping is the sound of …
The big bang five trillion big bangs ago,
The moment just before a sneeze,
The other hand clapping,
A dust ball swirling,
An atom splitting,
A minnow winking,
A wave's furthest reach,
The wiggle of a loose tooth,
Dust settling upon a dewdrop,
The moment before a door slams,
Wind wafting along the edge of a rock,
Time changing on the face of a digital clock,
A water balloon bursting through a chain link fence,
The brush of a butterfly's wing upon the surface of the moon,
A paper plane gliding through the stillness of a room,
The ground falling toward a descending plane,
Sunlight reflecting off a beetle's back,
A wheel bouncing above the road,
A mosquito's needle piercing,
A gnat flapping one wing,
The space between the eyes,
A crippled cockroach dancing,
A tear tugged downward by gravity,
A spit wad just before smacking its target,
Angels dancing madly on the proverbial pinhead.
The pause between breaths, the breath between pauses.

Awareness Is

Neither one nor two,
Neither single nor double,
Neither solid nor ephemeral,
Neither everything nor nothing,
Neither what is nor what is not,
Neither living nor nonliving,
Neither right nor wrong,
Neither time nor space,
Neither here nor now,
Neither good nor evil,
Neither true nor false,
Neither judge nor jury,
Awareness is.

Groupthink

The groupthink creates.
The groupthink conducts.
The groupthink influences.
The groupthink manipulates.
The groupthink persuades.
The groupthink controls.
The groupthink harvests.
The groupthink destroys.
The groupthink perseveres.

Who? What? Where? When? Why? How?

Who is there to become?
What is there to realize?
Where is there to arrive?
When is it going to happen?
Why is there no end to questions?
How will You ever be free?

Turtles-All-The-Way-Down-All-The-Way-Up

How many star-filled universes, may have come and gone, before the so-called Big Bang,
Or Creation, or Genesis, or Turtles-All-The-Way-Down-All-The-Way-Up,
Or whatever other metaphors, minds may have conjured up.
And how many, will come and go, after this rendering?
And how many, are simultaneously happening right now?
And what was, and will be, before and after, any or all of them?
As if there could ever be, any before or after, any timeless fabrication,
Before or after, what may well have never really happened in the first place.
Anything and everything, is on the table, in the indivisibleness, of all things quantum.

What Do You Your Self Intuit?

What is it little old You discerns in this theater, into which You have without choice been cast?
Without all the countless devices, we toolmakers have devised to measure our universe,
Without all the sciences, without all the mathematics, without all the technologies,
Without all the things the monkey-mind will do to quantify to the nth degree,
What is it You for your Self alone intuit, You for your Self alone deduct,
What is it You for your Self, without any influence from any other,
Discern real and true, in this immeasurable, beyond-all-pales enigma?

Who is the Who?

Who is the who, who desires? Who is the who, who fears?
Who is the who, who plays out any action, plays out any passion,
But the indivisible awareness, cloaked by the attachment of consciousness,
To the mind-body, presenting itself, pretending itself, colluding itself, real and true.

A Quantum Reverie

The entire human spectacle, and all its countless histories,
Is nothing more than ever-changing, temporal, imaginary perception.
A make-it-up-as-we-go, spontaneous kind of thing, that really is not any thing at all.
A holographic dream, which all are genetically programmed, culturally conditioned, to play along.
An enigmatic quantum reverie: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Very bemusing to all concerned, indeed, indeed.

Catching the Drift

Time to get another trim, cut another nail.
Time to eat another steak, drink another bottle of wine.
Time to take another jaunt, another walk, another shit, another piss.
Time to fill another form, smog another car, pay another bill, lace up another shoe.
Time to abide another debate, cast another stone, suffer another injury, endure another death.
How many times does one need to do something or another, to catch the drift?

Nature's Dogma

Nature's dogma is the unwritten law determined and enforced by quantum mechanics:
Irrevocable, irreversible, unalterable, unchangeable, immutable, undeniable,
Incontrovertible, indisputable, permanent, binding, absolute, final.

You Are All

It does not matter how You are.
It does not matter why You are.
It does not matter who You are.
It does not matter what You are.
It does not matter when You are.
It does not matter where You are.
You are all the same consciousness.
You are all the same awareness.
You are all the same dream.
You are all the same now.
You are all the same me.
You are all the same You.
You are all the same quantum.
Call it God, call it Buddha, call it Tao,
Call it Allah, call it Brahman, call it whatever,
You are all the same prior-to-consciousness mystery.
If truth does not bring You the harmony of peace, nothing will.

Naught But a Genomic Configuration

Ultimately, as complex, as intricate as humankind may be,
We two-leggeds are ever nothing more than a genomic configuration,
Set in motion in the quantum stardust, chemical reactions, of the long, long ago.
We are fabricated of nature, and every moment reside in its fold,
No matter how hard we try to disconnect ourselves,
No matter how hard we try to be more.

The Sins of Imagination

Eternity, the mystery that is prior to consciousness, is immaculate, unblemished, spotless,
Unsullied, undefiled, untarnished, perfect, flawless, faultless, pure, pristine,
Impeccable, stainless, pure, virtuous, incorrupt, above reproach.
The so-called Original Sin is really about separation,
About being born into the dream of time,
About being born into mind.
And given that there is no choice in the matter,
Given that no creature has ever had any voice in its being born,
What sin, what wickedness, what offense, what estrangement, can there truly be?
To be timelessly present, is to erase all notions that inspire the insipidity of creeds across the world.

Imaginary From Any Get-Go

All histories, all stories, all accounts, all chronicles, all parables, all narratives,
All folklores, all legends, all myths, all sagas, all fables, all fairytales,
All tall tales, all fish stories, all jokes, all puns, all yarns,
All anecdotes, all witticisms, all descriptions,
Are imaginary from any get-go.

Ever the Same Now

The day You die, will be a day just like today.
You might be sleeping, and have a stroke.
You might be bicycling, and have a heart attack.
You might touch an appliance, and electrocute yourself.
You might be swimming, and a gulp of water cause You to drown.
You might be cruising down a freeway, and a truck crash across the midway.
You might be wandering some downtown, and a mugger pull out a knife.
You might be sitting in a theater, and a shooter enter a side entrance.
You might be immobile in a hospital, and wheeze your last breath.
All beginnings, all endings, all betweens, are ever the same now.

True, Whoever Wrote It

It may or may not have been Charles Darwin who penned,
"It is not the strongest of the species that survives, nor the most intelligent that survives.
It is the one that is the most adaptable to change,"
But it is true, nonetheless.

Both Real and Unreal

The great are not great, nor are they insignificant.
The known is not known, nor is it unknowable.
The wise are not wise, nor are they foolish.
The moment is not real, nor is it unreal.

A Witness to the Play

You are not a noun: a person, a place, a thing.
Nor are You a verb: an action, a state, an occurrence.
You are, and You have always been, and You will always be,
The stillness of eternal, immortal, absolute awareness,
Witnessing the ever-kaleidoscoping quantum play.

Will There Come a Moment?

The stillness, the eternal life of the awareness prior to consciousness,
What more could You possibly be than the supreme virtue of the eternal unicity?
Will there come, a moment, when You never again subscribe to the manifest quantum matrix?
Will there come, a moment, when the mind born of time, no longer calls You?

Think Again

You have been brainwashed, hypnotized, conditioned, programmed,
Indoctrinated, molded, convinced, mesmerized, trained, habituated, spellbound, inured, compelled,
Into believing this world and all its creations are real and important.
Think again.

Evading the Clutches of Illusion

To pretend an identity, does not mean You are obligated to believe it.
You are the creator of your dreamtime world, your psychic prison,
And only reside there because desire and fear anchor your mind,
And draw You back, again and again, into the clutches of illusion.

When Were You Not?

Call it God, call it Jehovah, call Yahweh, call it Allah, call it Buddha, call it Tao, call it Brahmin,
Call it whatever resonating sound your nimble mind and lucid tongue might concoct,
When were you and yours, and absolutely everyone and everything else,
Not this most-assuredly-exactly-the-same-across-the-board,
Whodunit, whatdunit, whereunit, whendunit, whydunit, howdunit?

Born to Die

Extinction is an inherent, intractable fact of life.
Most of what You once remembered is long-forgotten.
Granted, it may still be locked somewhere in the neuron trail,
But for all practical purpose, access denied, is the same as forgotten.
It was never more than vague, imaginary perception anyway,
So, oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

The Barking Buddhas

Does a dog have Buddha nature? Is a dog any less Brahman than You?
Maybe dogs are born awakened, and are hanging out patiently, for us to figure it out.
Is the bouncy, tail-wagging, barky little puppy, gazing happily up at You,
Really just wondering, when the fuck You are going to zen up?

Nothing At All, All-ing All Over

Nothing to be, nothing to do.
Nothing to see, to hear, to taste, to smell, to feel.
And yet, being, doing, seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling, all the while.
Such is the awareness, the cosmos of the quantum mind.
Nothing at all, all-ing all over.

Nada, Nada

There is no who.
There is no what.
There is no where.
There is no when.
There is no why.
There is no how.

What You Are Not, What You Are

You are not the body-mind identity.
You are not consciousness.
You are not the world.
You are not the universe.
You are not the quantum stardust.
You are that which is prior to all creation.
You are the spaceless-timeless eternal moment.
You are the awareness, You are the indivisible unicity.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

An Ocean Without Shore

Who-what-where-when-why-how, is That I Am?
Who-what-where-when-why-how, is that which those who quest truth,
Are ever seeking within, are ever seeking without; sailors, sailing across an ocean without shore.
Why is that, which is everything and nothing; why is that, which is nothing and everything;
So trying, for the smoke of consciousness, of imagination, to discern and embrace?

An Indelible Mystery

The body issues forth,
From the indelible quantum mystery,
From the bonding of the seeds of male and female.
The brain gradually interprets the senses, to engineer the mind of self.
The mind that is molded, sculpted, conditioned; the mind that ever bends to its given nurture;
To its environment, to its window of time; all fostered by the play of imagination.
An ever-expanding universe of consciousness, burst into being.
An indelible quantum mystery all the while.

As Real As the Man in the Moon

We are all just actors here; players, thespians.
Automatically, spontaneously, extemporaneously,
Playing out the perceived, imaginary, temporal roles,
Nature-nurture has patterned us to believe, real and true.
But really no more real, than any man in the moon.

The Play of Waves

Beginning becomes end; end becomes beginning.
Wax becomes wane; wane becomes wax.
Rise becomes fall; fall become rise.
Flow becomes ebb; ebb becomes flow.
Cause becomes effect; effect becomes cause.
The dream of time, is the play of waves ever roiling.

No Changing the Given Destiny

The Fates: Clotho (Spinner), Lachesis (Allotter), and Atropos (Inflexible),
Will transport You wherever, however, whenever they will,
No matter your otherwise fruitless efforts,
To vainly change the given course, this way or that.

Breadcrumbs 2015

If You Must Think, Think Well

The rational man, the irrational man.
The brilliant man, the obtuse man.
The kind man, the unkind man.
The wise man, the daft man.
The good man, the bad man.
The strong man, the weak man.
The pliable man, the stubborn man.
All end up in the same dusty graveyard.
No one matters near as much as they think.
And if You must think, must ponder, think well.

To Stand Aloof

It is the mind-body's instinctual patterning, to always seek the illusion of security,
That gradually morphs it, into so many variations of fear and loathing.
To stand aloof from the herd, to stand free and clear of all,
Is not a state, a quality of mind easily attained.

A Tale of Sound and Fury

The mind-body is about the consumption of its quantum dreamtime, in every way imaginable:
Food, drink, sex, power, fame, fortune, spirituality, materialism, et cetera, et cetera.
An unremitting quagmire, and ultimately all much ado about nothing.
As William Shakespeare puts it in Macbeth's soliloquy:

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing.

The Unbearable Grace of Being

Anger, annoyance, irritation, antagonism, resentment, rage – eats away at the mind-body,
In ways that make liberation from its passion, more and more unlikely.
Forgiveness, challenging as it is, is the healing,
The grace that leads to the unbearable lightness of being.

The True Scientist

Why should You, would You, ever blindly believe, what You cannot discern for your Self?
Why accept another's assertion, if no convincing, tangible evidence, is available?
You, scientist, have the right, the obligation, to explore any hypothesis,
Without unwarranted pressure from any individual or group.

Of the Vain and Hollow

No, You are not going to change the ever-changing world.
This garden orb will spin on and on, the same as it always has.
Your brief window of time, will be just another vain, hollow flurry,
In a seemingly endless emanation of vain, hollow flurries.
Our vain, hollow drama is not near as critical as we,
For whatever reason, always seem to believe.

To Be Born Again

Your personality, all You imagine yourself to be, and not be, is born of desire and fear.
To be free, to reclaim the vulnerably of awareness, You must still all thought,
Silence the psyche, and merge back into the timelessness of eternity.
To do so, is to be born again, into the indelible indivisibility.
Into the absoluteness, into the eternal mystery, that is prior to consciousness.

As Free As It Gets

The awareness, the stillness, the nothingness, the absoluteness,
The aloneness, that You truly are, and are not, is as fused to reality, as You can get.
Residing in the timelessness of here now, You are free of the senses,
Free of the churnings, of mass, of vectors, of velocity,
Free of the light cavorting the darkness,
Free of the identity You are not,
That You have never been, will never be.

The Omniscient-Omnipresent-Omnipotent Eye

It is through scrutiny, through inference,
Through deduction, through induction, through intuition,
That You can even begin to grasp the subtlety of the mystery You most truly are.
And in all that, You discern, there is nothing to which You can cling.
You are but one eye, of the awareness witnessing all:
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.

Are You Mu, Yet?

Mu is a concept of negation used in Zen Buddhism,
But explored in a variety of other traditions prior to that.
It is a term defined as ‘no’, ‘not’, ‘nothing’, or ‘without,’
As nothing, not, nothingness, un-, is not, has not, not any.

[1] Nonexistence; nonbeing; not having; a lack of, without.
[2] A negative.
[3] Caused to be nonexistent.
[4] Impossible; lacking reason or cause.
[5] Pure human awareness, prior to experience or knowledge.
[6] The 'original nonbeing' from which being is produced.

Same Mystery, Another Day

What is the relationship between the awareness and the quantum indivisibility?
Are they one in the same, or is awareness prior to all creation, all preservation, all destruction?
What relationship can there possibly be, between the nothing, and the everything?
Between the awareness observing, and the energy field manifesting?
Once You discern You are not the manifestation,
What is there left to be, to do,
But whatever needs being, needs doing.

The Unwavering Witness

The world spins and spins and spins.
The cosmos glimmers and glimmers and glimmers.
And You, unwavering witness through all eternity, through all eyes.
Naught but awareness – indivisible, immortal, immaculate.

A Paradigm of Absurdity

What a human-paradigm absurdity, to diligently, relentlessly strive, to be a historical footnote.
Even more so, to be the title to a chapter, a book, a movie, or a university course.
And wackiest-beyond-the-pale, of any and all, is to be the source-point,
To some obnoxious, overbearing, sanctimonious religion.

The Self-Actualization of Creation

In creation, be first your own audience.
If others appreciate it, applaud it, great; if not, why care?
Draw what You want to see, play what You want to hear. write what You want to read.
Bring into manifest reality, whatever it is You feel called to experience,
Whatever summons the attention of your eye.
Create for your Self.

Of Ductless Glands and Viscera

What would this garden world become if humankind could just throw out all the memes –
Political, economic, religious, philosophical, cultural – and start all over again.
Can anyone even begin to envision what that mindset would be?
Would we, could we, truly create anything different?
Is it not obvious that the monkey-mind,
Is too embedded in all its emotional passions,
Is too established in all its ductless glands and viscera,
Is too bound to all its illusory urges, to be free of the jungle of origin.
The fate of humankind, of the world, of the cosmos, is etched in the sands of quantum.

The Samaritan's Futility

No matter how aware any, You in any human form, might be,
We are all caught up, in every variety of habituated thought and action.
When dealing with minds, going round and round, in dysfunctional, circular loops,
Well-intentioned advice and support, are generally futile and exhausting.
How many times any well-meaning Samaritan gives it a go,
Is always dependent on the level of sainthood,
To which s/he feels committed.

The Dualities of Consciousness

All creatures from small to great, have the same awareness as You.
It is only imagination, that endlessly counterfeits the notion of duality.
It is only imagination, that continually divides Youness, into me and them.
It is only imagination, that deludes itself separate from the indivisible.

You, the Intelligent Designer

Without all those memories, without all that knowledge,
Without the collusion of all the myriad others around You,
Who-what-where-when-why-how, would You have ever been?
The quantum feast, is an indivisible handiwork, of intelligent design.

Eternity's Quantum Womb

The newborn knows nothing of space and time, knows nothing of any other,
And it is the longing to rediscover the timeless birthright, the no-mind of awareness,
That calls cosmic seekers, few and far between, to quest without and within,
Until they are reborn into the stillness of eternity's quantum womb.

Stand Alone, Sovereign

Why be a true believer, in anything, or anyone?
Why allow the slaves of ignorance access to your mind and body?
Why trust any mass movement to take You anywhere, You cannot reach on your own?
Let the one-percenters and their minions wage their own wars.
Let the corporate empires fall on their own swords.
Let the creeds play out their dogmas.
Stand alone, sovereign.

A Crunchy-Chewy-Gooey Figment of Imagination

Everything You think You are, everything You believe the cosmos to be,
Is nothing more than a subjective, haphazard collection, of vague perceptions.
A neural algorithm, evolved, naturally-selected, since life's unfathomable conception.
Organic fiber bundles, firing this way and that; lightning storms, thundering away inside skulls.
You are nothing more, than a figment of imagination; crunchy-chewy-gooey, playing out every illusion.

The Commonality of Suffering

Is it any wonder, so many across the board of human existence,
Mitigate their mundane existence, using whatever escapes are available?
Whether it be religion or sports or politics or drugs or soap operas or any whatever,
The suffering of consciousness, of sickness and injury and aging and dying,
Is an affliction, all humans equally share, no matter the given lot.

The Light of Awareness

It is the eye of awareness, that shines out upon the world, that shines out upon the cosmos,
But it is imagination that devises your version, your account, your interpretation,
Your translation, your rendition, your exploration, your understanding, your conclusion,
Of all the myriad experiences, that come and go, within the sensory perception of the given vessel.

The Human Paradigm in a Nutshell

You know because You agree to know.
You esteem knowledge because your conditioning,
Has disciplined You to commit to memory minutiae unending.
It is the underpinning of all identity, and commotion and spectacle unending.
The human condition, the human paradigm, in a nutshell.

The Depthless Depths

The entire human paradigm,
Is but a bare scratch of Earth's history,
And far, far less, in the cosmic genesis before that.
And who can ever know, how many more creations before that.
Turtles all the way down, does not even remotely grasp,
The depthless depths, of this boggling mystery.

Everybody's Faking It

Trust your Self, trust your intelligence, trust your intuition, trust your story.
Project confidence into whatever You say, into whatever You do.
Even if You do not know what the hell You are saying.
Or what the god-damned hell You are doing.
Fake it all the very best You can.
Everyone else is, too.

The Solitude of Rationality

The mind seeks solutions, clarifications, explanations, remedies, resolutions, results, antidotes, cures.
And many if not most minds, will create one answer or another, if one is not easily available.
Hence, the proclivity toward assumption, superstition, prejudice, stereotyping,
And all the myriad other varieties of illusional-delusional cogitation.
To be rational is to stand alone, aloof from the unyielding cloud of ignorance.

Nature's Way

If You were completely on your own,
Would it have ever occurred to You, to imagine some deity?
If You had no other mythological influence, no other source other than your own eye,
Would it have ever occurred to You, that You were in any way separate,
From nature's here now, playing out all about You?

The Many Hats of Existence

You have seen and done and thought many things, You have donned many hats.
And none of it would have happened without the corporeal mind-body.
None of it would have happened without the vehicle of creation.
But You are not the vehicle, You are not the medium.
You are the awareness, You are the witness.
You are the source of all creation,
In your temporal speck of a cosmos.

Mind Your Own Awareness

Most human beings are absurdly happy, absurdly content,
With their given conditioning, their given frame of reference, their given idolatry.
To be a seer, critical thinking is required, and – doubt, disbelief, skepticism, cynicism – are rare attributes.
No point in trying to debate, to persuade, to convert, any true believer.
All must ultimately discern truth alone, in their own way.
In other words, mind your own awareness.

One Monkey, With Many Faces

It is the same babble all across the world.
The same desires, the same fears, the same passions.
The same relationships between people and activities and things.
Male and female, families, lovers, friends, acquaintances, strangers, enemies.
Home, food, work, politics, education, theater, art, sports, hobbies, et cetera ad infinitum.
There is only one monkey in the world; one monkey, with many faces.

Nothing More Than an Imaginary Creation

Look left, look right, look up, look down, look all around.
Everything perceived, is mind-eye's projection: arbitrary, capricious, whimsical.
Random, chance, unpredictable; casual, wanton, unmotivated, motiveless, unreasoned, unsupported.
Irrational, illogical, groundless, unjustified, personal, discretionary, subjective.
The You, that You, in the inseparable moment, imagine You are,
Is nothing more than quantum-mind fabrication.

The Inevitable Consequences

You may well be able, to do just about anything, with that finite cadaver,
But You cannot do anything, to any great degree, all the time,
Without the bite, of some inevitable consequence,
And more than likely, quite a few.
What fate, what destiny, are You crafting?

Tick … Tick … Tick … Time Is Running Out

Humankind has been playing out its pattern of dualistic self-absorption, for thousands of years.
And through most, it was possible, with relatively minimal consequence, to plunder nature in every way.
But those daze, are long over; consequences, are daily becoming more apparent, more amplified.
Clean air, clean water, clean ground, seemingly limitless resources, are all plumbed out.
There is a looming wall, fast-approaching – tick, tick, tick – time is running out.

The Trickery of Consciousness

In the tale 'The Emperor's New Clothes,' a tale of a vain king, swept up by a deceitful notion,
The young child, too young to understand the desirability of keeping up the pretense,
Cries out the truth no one else dared: "But he isn't wearing anything at all!"
And if You step back a bit, You will clearly see the human paradigm,
Is based entirely, on the vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity trickery, of consciousness,
An imaginary dreamtime reality, to which the eternal truth has no allegiance, whatsoever.

From Who to How

Who is the who, who who's?
What is the what, what what's?
Where is the where, where where's?
When is the when, when when's?
Why is the why, why why's?
How is the how, how how's?

Forget the Who-What-Where-When-Why-How

Forget who You think You are, and all You think You know.
Be the awareness prior to consciousness, with none of the bothers,
About who and what and where and when and why and how,
And all the illusional designs, to which mind subscribes.

A One-Time Cabaret

No, You will not be back.
It is a one-time cabaret for each and every player.
Different strands of DNA, all witnessed by the same unborn-undying awareness.
Nothing personal about it, despite all notions to the contrary.

The Real Kool-Aid

What a beast, deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA), in its mindless quest for immortality,
That it would relentlessly persevere in propagating consciousness,
Into so many hazardous, torturous circumstances:
Ailments, illnesses, infections, viruses, syndromes, diseases,
Maladies, disorders, accidents, disasters, misfortunes, catastrophes,
Mishaps, malaise, mayhem, turmoil, havoc, bedlam, anarchy, pandemonium,
Calamites, conflicts, and every other sort of indescribably painful whatever, ad infinitum.

The Infinity of Hells

The details, the details.
The nuances, the nuances.
The minutiae, the minutiae.
The particulars, the particulars.
The elements, the elements.
The niceties, the niceties.
The facets, the facets.
The facts, the facts.
The parts, the parts.
The aspects, the aspects.
The specifics, the specifics.
The finer points, the finer points.
The infinity of hells that havoc the mind.

Seemingly

Seemingly mortal, yet not all the time.
Seemingly carefree, yet not all the time.
Seemingly arrogant, yet not all the time.
Seemingly egocentric, yet not all the time.
Seemingly narcissistic, yet not all the time.
Seemingly sociopathic, yet not all the time.
Seemingly psychopathic, yet not all the time.
Seemingly courageous, yet not all the time.
Seemingly intelligent, yet not all the time.
Seemingly attached, yet not all the time.
Seemingly relaxed, yet not all the time.
Seemingly intense, yet not all the time.
Seemingly foolish, yet not all the time.
Seemingly this or that, yet not all the time.
Seemingly so many things, yet not all the time.

What Will You Do?

T-Shirt Karma,
Coffee Mug Dharma:
What Would Jesus Do?
What Would Lao Tzu Do?
What Would Nietzsche Do?
What Would Siddhartha Do?
What Would Muhammad Do?
What Would Zoroaster Do?
What Would Krishna Do?
What Would Waldo Do?
What Will You Do?

Forever Inexplicable

Awareness, the source of all creation, knows nothing.
Self-knowledge is but the imaginary fabrication of consciousness.
Without the matrix of quantum indivisibility, without the dream of otherness,
There would be no reflection, there would be no inquiry into the mystery of all mysteries.
And even in that reflection, as expansive or focused as it might be,
The inexplicable remains forever inexplicable.

The Passions

The passions can be a heady mix of emotions, often impetuous, barely controllable.
From Wikipedia, a list of the A-to-W ways, it can play out in any of us: affection, anger,
Angst, anguish, annoyance, anticipation, anxiety, apathy, arousal, awe, boredom, confidence,
Contempt, contentment, courage, curiosity, depression, desire, despair, disappointment, disgust,
Distrust, ecstasy, embarrassment, empathy, envy, euphoria, fear, frustration, gratitude, grief,
Guilt, happiness, hatred, hope, horror, hostility, humiliation, interest, jealousy, joy,
Loneliness, love, lust, outrage, panic, passion, pity, pleasure, pride, rage, regret,
Remorse, resentment, sadness, saudade, schadenfreude, self-confidence,
Shame, shock, shyness, sorrow, suffering, surprise, trust, wonder,
Worry, and who knows how many honorable mentions,
In the hard-wiring, of the jungles of long ago.
We are the Planet of the Apes, indeed.

You, Scientist

Trust your Self.
Trust your own mind.
Trust your own awareness.
Trust your own perception.
Trust your own intuition.
Find your own way,
You, scientist.

Ebb and Flow

Ebb and flow,
Yield and resist,
Listen and speak,
Receive and impart,
Retreat and attack,
Maneuver and fire,
Block and strike,
Give and take,
Yin and yang.

What You Cannot Know

You cannot feel that which cannot be felt.
You cannot see that which cannot be seen.
You cannot hear that which cannot be heard.
You cannot taste that which cannot be tasted.
You cannot smell that which cannot be smelt.
You cannot know that which cannot be known.

Who, What, Where, When, Why, How

Who, what, where, when, why, how … am I?
Who, what, where, when, why, how … are You?
Who, what, where, when, why, how … is anyone?
Who, what, where, when, why, how …….. is anything?
But the same indivisible upwelling permeating everything.
Call it by whatever vibration You choose, it is the same clayness,
The same omniscience, the same omnipotence, the same omnipresence,
The same unborn-undying awareness, ever creating its Self anew.

Be the Light

See the light,
Hear the light,
Touch the light,
Taste the light,
Feel the light.
Be the light.

Mystery, I Calls It

Some call it, God.
Some call it, Allah.
Some call it, Yahweh.
Some call it, Brahman.
Some call it, Quantum.
Some call it, Jehovah.
Some call it, Shiva.
Some call it, Tao.
I call it, Mystery.

Liar, Cheat, Thief, Murderer

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief,
And I daily plot murder and rape and pillage and mayhem,
But I am only a hypocrite when bored out of my mind, and just can't help my Self.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief,
And I daily plot murder and rape and pillage and mayhem,
But I ain't no gol-durned hypocrite, unless of course, the truth don't bear telling.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily.
But I am only a hypocrite when given moments of vanity force my hand.

I may be a liar, I may be a cheat, I may be a thief,
And I may daily conspire every variety of murder and mayhem,
But at least I ain't no Jesus-loving-god-forsaken-double-dealing hypocrite.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily.
That said, hypocrisy and pretentiousness are not strangers at the table, either.

I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and daily plot murder and mayhem,
Between bouts of excessive debauchery and inordinate treachery.
But at least I am not a hypocrite more often than vain notion calls.

I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and plot murder and mayhem daily.
And whatever that does not deal with makes me a hypocrite, too.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily,
And sometimes, when the mood strikes, I even go rogue and dip into hypocrisy.

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily,
And let us not leave out all the hypocrisy that dallies between the cracks.

How many worship some imaginary deity, praying for blessings, for forgiveness,
And then spend every other moment possible in one pursuit or another,
Lying, cheating, thieving, even plotting murder and mayhem,
Never discerning their hypocrisy and self-deceit.

You are a liar, a cheat, a thief, and daily plot murder and mayhem,
Between stretches of excessive debauchery and inordinate treachery.
But at least You are not a hypocrite, more often than vain notion calls.

Do not even for a second believe that I did not more than a few times play the demon.
I am a liar, a cheat, a thief, and plot murder and mayhem daily.
And I am guardian serving and protecting all.
I am consciousness,
Every facet unfurled as the given time calls.

Stay Tuned

More soon ... Of that there can be little doubt for as long as these mortal lungs are still drawing air …
So stay tuned, You Wascally Wabbit.